

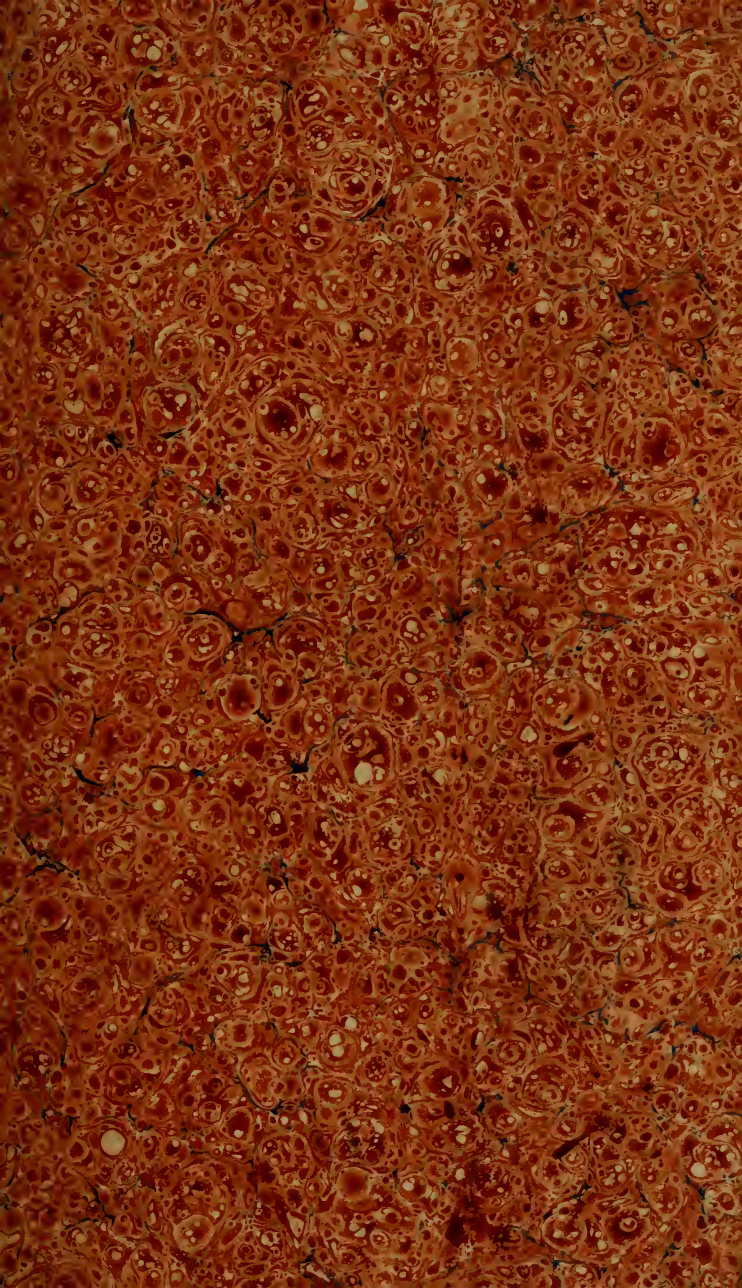


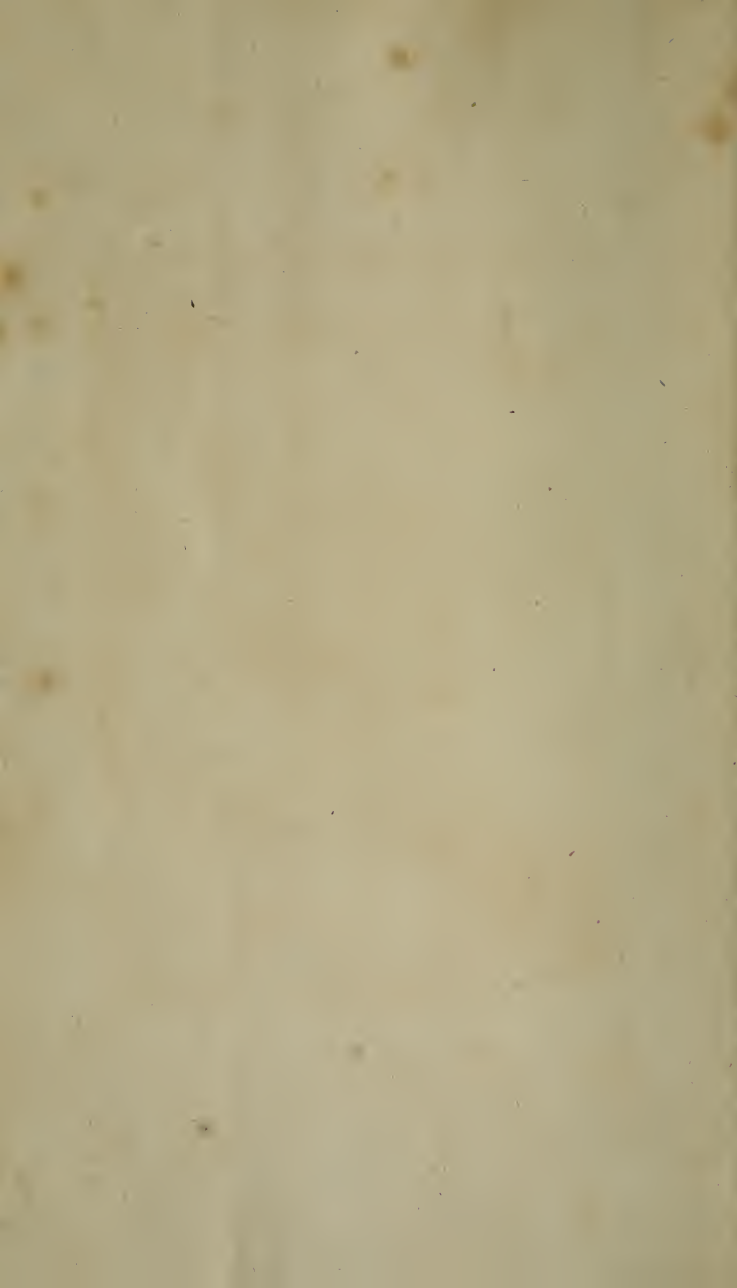
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George Daniell?









CONTINENTAL
ADVENTURES.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Adeste sultis, præda erit præsentium,
Logos ridiculos vendo.

PLAUTUS.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:

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CHAPTER XIX.

“SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.”

I pray Sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold ?

Wilt thou love such a woman ? What to make thee an
instrument, and play false strains upon thee ?

SHAKESPEARE.

LETTER XVII.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

Grindelwald, Sept. 12.

Thank heaven, the poor invalid is better !—
The fever has considerably abated, and though
his recollection is not clear, there are gleams of
returning sense in his wanderings which afford
hope for his amendment. ‘I have *now* some

hopes!’ said the surgeon this morning, with considerable confidence. ‘There is a perceptible improvement.’

How grateful these consoling words were to me, you may easily imagine! The Pastor himself returned to day from Berne. He seems a very amiable, retired, contemplative sort of character, with a fine mild expression of countenance, and great simplicity of manner. Conceive my surprise and pleasure this morning, soon after his arrival, to hear a well known voice at the house door, impatiently ask for ‘Miss St. Clair,’ in English!—and though the inquiry might as well have been made in Hebrew—indeed better, for I suppose the good Pastor understands that venerable tongue—it was not, you may believe, long in being answered, by my flying into Lady Hunlocke’s arms. She comes expressly to stay with me as long as I am obliged to remain.

‘Did you really think,’ asked the warm-hearted generous woman—‘that I would leave you here all alone, to act the part of sick nurse without a friend near you—and perhaps run the risk of losing your character too, by that very deed of generosity and greatness of mind, that ought to exalt it above all praise. But this is a sad

censorious world, Caroline, and you shall not be the victim of its misconstruction, if I can help it. You are now staying with me,—with a matron—a widow—a steady sedate chaperôn—with an old lady, in short, not with a young gentleman—and the world can say nothing against it.’

Lady Hunlocke! old! steady! sedate! widow! matron! and chaperôn! Excellent! She is certainly not a bit more steady or sedate, and not *very* much older than myself. Still, it is true that she is a widow—a handsome widow—a rich widow—a fashionable widow—and consequently a most incomparable chaperôn;—besides being endowed with that high privilege exclusively confined to fashion—‘that she can do no wrong.’

‘It will be no penance to me,—no sacrifice to me,’ she said eagerly, in answer to my objection to her giving up her time, plans, and pleasures, for my sake. ‘I won’t pretend to interfere with your *métier* of nurse. I am no use at all in a sick room—can’t keep quiet—can’t hold my tongue—am nothing but a nuisance—am sure to be turn’d out. But my nominally being here with you is all that is necessary for appearances—for your sake;—and I can amuse myself as well here as any where else—with rambling on the rocks, and the moun-

tains, and the glaciers—taking special care, however, of my neck—for I am sure no chivalrous knight will save mine, *for me*, at the expense of his own. It is, I assure you, quite as pleasant to me to be here, as any where else; and when this interesting Unknown gets well, you and I will make our tour of the lakes and mountains together. It will be delightful! It will be romantic! I shall enjoy it far more with you alone, than if any one else were with us.’

Dinner was now ready, at which she joined the primitive trio of the good Pastor, his wife and his old mother, after arranging her dress, and taking possession of the little apartment which they gladly consented she should occupy. She insisted upon my lying down for a few hours—(as I had not been in bed for two nights)—which I did, in the little apartment which communicates with the poor invalid’s room, leaving the nurse, who, by the way is, I find, the village midwife, to keep watch by his bed side, with orders to awaken me whenever he should stir.

EXTRACT

FROM

LETTER XVIII.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

Lady Hunlocke has been amusing herself this morning with assisting to transform me into a Swiss girl,—by attiring me for the first time, in the costume of a *Paÿsanne* of the canton of Berne. The dress to be sure is uncommonly grotesque, but although the same, in make, that is worn by the women, working in the fields, it is also the costume of all the rich farmers' and small landed proprietors' wives and daughters—and the holiday suit is composed of very handsome materials. It consists of a black velvet boddice, embroidered with minute coloured beads, and with gold, studded with gilt buttons, hung round with a long silver chain, and laced up in the front with red ribbon. Beneath this jacket appear the full white shift sleeves, and a habit shirt, terminated at the throat with an embroidered velvet collar, to correspond to the boddice. The petticoat, either plain or trimmed at the bottom, as fancy dictates, is worn *very short* by the Bernese girls, but I have taken the liberty to make

mine cover my ancles. White stockings and shoes, with neat square buckles in front, which make the foot look remarkably small, complete the figure. But by far the most extraordinary part of the Bernese costume, is the head dress, which consists of an immensely broad sort of black frill, made of open horse hair, from the top of the back of the head to under the chin, standing out like the wings of an immense moth. It is set into a little flat piece of black velvet, which just covers a small patch on the back of the head, and beneath which the Bernese girls wear two immense long plaits of hair, like tails hanging down their back, which (admire the rustic simplicity of these unsophisticated mountaineers!) is generally chiefly made of *false hair*! I was rather refractory respecting these tails; but Lady Hunlocke was absolute; and as my own hair is sufficiently long and thick for the tails of any Bashaw, she plaited it herself into two long queues, which hang strait down my back, so that I cut the most ridiculous figure possible. But in this warm weather, this fashion is most agreeably cool, so that I am now perfectly reconciled to it. The silver chain I wear is lent me by the Pastor's wife, who assured me she received it from her great, great, great grandmother;—for this article of

finery, and even the horse hair winged head piece, which seems to wear for ever, generally descend from generation to generation. The rest of the dress is new, and my own. Lady Hunlocke is so delighted with it, and thinks it so becoming, that she is determined to get one, ‘and try what execution she can do in it,’ she says, at the first fancy dress ball or masquerade she goes to. My metamorphose, now that I am attired in this garb, is so complete, both in figure and face, that Lady Hunlocke declares she could scarcely have recognised me herself; and it has just been effected in time—for this morning, to my unspeakable joy, our poor patient has spoken for the first time, and opened one of his eyes. Of course he was not allowed to talk, or to ask any questions,—but he seemed soothed by the sounds of his native tongue, made me promise to stay by him, and then composed his head again upon the pillow, as if at ease and free from all pain or inquietude, excepting the weakness consequent on the fever, which is now gone, and the loss of blood. The surgeons—for we have got a famous practitioner from Berne, as well as his first attendant—seem to day to entertain sanguine hopes of his recovery, but a relapse, of which there is still great danger, would, they say, probably prove fatal.

LETTER XIX.

DOUGLAS STUART BREADALBANE, ESQ. TO THE
HONOURABLE PERCIVAL TOLLMARSH.

Grindelwald, Sept. 19.

DEAR TOLL,

I have been tumbled over a huge precipice,—have broken one of my two arms in two places—and my only head in at least two hundred:—am besides covered from head to foot with thumps, bumps, lumps, and bruises—am all over black and blue, and other colours, multifarious as the rainbow, but infinitely less lovely, have utterly spoiled at once my *Manton* and my beauty;—have been shaved, bled, blistered, leeches, physicked, fomented, and tormented for a full fortnight, without ceasing—am shut up in a little bed room, in a little parson's house, in the midst of great inaccessible Swiss mountains, (which alas! I can no longer scramble over) where not a soul (except one) can understand a single word I say—in short, there never was such an unfortunate fellow;—and yet, Tolly—I am the happiest dog alive!

You who know me so well, will easily conceive that I am in love—and you are right, Toll,—I am ;—but, but I am ashamed to tell it—I am in love, desperately, irrecoverably in love with—with—a Swiss Payſanne—a sort of servant.—No ! by heavens it is impossible ! She cannot be !—and yet she is :—she is a sort of attendant, or humble companion, or fille de chambre of Lady Hunlocke's,—she says so herself !—And what is worse—she is the second Abigail I have fallen in love with within this fortnight !

By heavens ! this country is under witchcraft, and I have neither the use of my eyes, ears, nor understanding since I entered it ! I saw in a night-cap—an elegant lovely young creature, blushing, trembling, beaming with mind and sensibility—yet full of dignity—her soft glance penetrating to the soul—her ecstatic voice winning the very heart—and lo !—in another hour—and without a night-cap, this angelic vision was transformed into a starched, prim, sharp old maid of a waiting woman—who accused me, forsooth, of having stolen her rings ! And it actually was the same, for the rings were found upon the candlestick in my room, which I had taken away from hers by mistake, instead of my own, having gone to give her a light—allured by her syren voice while she

called for one at the top of the stairs ; and she produced, in further proof of her identity, an egregiously absurd epistle that I had left upon her table, to apologise for the liberty I had taken, forsooth, of kissing her fair hand,—which so violently shocked and offended her, that she left the apartment with the air of an indignant Queen. I actually quoted Lord Byron to this starched pinner of caps ! But there was little need, when I saw her again, for me to quote Lord Byron any more to her, or adjure her like him.

‘Maid of Athens !’—(or lady’s maid,) or

Old maid ! O !—before we part,
Give, O give me back my heart !

For back came my heart of itself, the moment I saw, without night-cap or candle-light—the ‘maid’ to whom I had given it. I offered her back, at the same time, a red garter I had carried off from her chamber, as a ‘relic’—but the jade would not have it. You cannot conceive what a ridiculous figure I cut, Toll ! I was the jest of all the waiters and chamber-maids in the inn.

It does not signify, Toll, it certainly must be the devil, or one of his most particular agents, that haunts me in the shape of this confounded waiting-maid, and looks so elegant a creature ;—for the

same vision or something like it, appeared before me again in broad day-light, closely covered with a veil—but with the same grace—the same enchanting air it wore in the night-cap, when it made a fool of me; but this time it evidently came for the express purpose of breaking my neck—and it very nearly succeeded. It enticed me to the edge of a precipice, and pretended to be falling—and in catching hold of its petticoats, I some how rolled over myself,—though I don't know very well how, for my remembrance of the affair is very confused. May be it tossed me over. All I know about the matter is, that I came to my senses some days after, in bed, with my bones broken—and that this confounded waiting-maid, or devil, or whoever she was—had melted away in the mean time, into thin air. But lo and behold! she revives again in the shape of another waiting-maid, infinitely more charming than the first, though very like her—but Swiss. And O! Tolly! such a creature! Could you but see her! Could you but hear her! Never was there a voice so enchantingly sweet—so touchingly expressive. It speaks to the very soul—

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

It is heaven itself to hear it. It would still the most angry passions to rest. It breathes from all that is dearest, sweetest, most angelic in woman's gentle nature. It is harmonized by feeling, by purity, by tenderness, by loveliness, by sweetness, by perfection more than earthly ! It is the same voice I have heard all along, from them all—in the night-cap—on the glaciers—and in my bed—even before I came thoroughly to my senses. It must be the devil !

But she is an angel Tollmarsh !—She may be a waiting-maid for aught I know—I suppose she is, since she says so—but she is an angel !—that is positive. Could you but see her eloquent countenance—her bewitching glance—her enchanting smile !—Could you see the rich glossy ringlets playing round the fine, open, clear forehead—the deep blue expressive, and yet laughing eyes—glancing from beneath the long eye lashes—the bright bloom on the soft cheek, varying every moment, and mantling over the delicate complexion—the ivory throat—the hand and arm models for a statuary—the pretty little saucy foot, peeping under the smart petticoat—the exquisite shape—the fine commanding air—the native dignity of carriage—the light elasticity, and yet the grace of motion—the artlessness, the

simplicity, the naiveté, the playfulness, the wit; the spirit, and talent, and sensibility of this bewitching creature—you would not wonder that I am in love—distractedly in love with her.

And distracted indeed I must be—distracted it is enough to make any man, to be in love with a waiting-maid,—and I can't help myself. What am I to do? Am I to enact Pamela, and marry her?—Make a fool of myself!—Make a spectacle of myself, for the finger of scorn to point at!—Sully the noble blood of all the Breadalbanes with the ignoble alliance of a little Grisetete!

No, never! It cannot be. And yet, Tollmarsh, I cannot live without her—she must be mine!—Yet, by heavens, there is no other way than marrying her. I durst no more offer to take the smallest liberty with her, than with an Empress! Nor would I sully that purity, that heavenly modesty, that exquisite delicacy, if I could. But I must change her very nature before I could effect it—and then I should no longer adore her as something brighter and better than mortal. But it could not be. If I were to offer to—Pshaw! she'd fly off at a tangent, and never see nor speak to me more. So far from allowing the smallest liberty, she won't listen to a word like love,—not even the most distant expression of admiration! I see you smile, incredulous.

lous ;—and it is incredible—but it is actually true. When the word ‘charming’ escaped me to day, it was curious to see how she pouted her coral lips—the pearly teeth just seen between them—and frowned with her lovely brow, and said—‘*I won’t be called charming. If you call me charming, I will go away and see you no more—never!*’ She was quite in earnest. There is not a particle of affectation about her—and her power over me is such, and she is such a little absolute despot, and keeps me in such order and such awe, that for the soul of me I dare not disobey her. You would not believe it, Toll, but I am the most submissive slave to this little gipsy, that ever bowed to woman.

And this is the end of *me!* *Me*, who used to make all the women with whom I happened to fall in love, run after me, court me, think of nothing but me, and break their hearts about me! Now the tables are turned, and by a little Swiss peasant, (for such is her origin), though her patroness gave her a good education; and from having been with her a great many years in England, she speaks English like a native. She speaks French, too, beautifully; and that confounded German, that I suppose is her native tongue, she speaks so as to make it melody.

‘But why is she here?’ you ask. Why, her mistress, (I suppose I must call her), Lady Hunlocke, a dashing fashionable widow, is staying in this house, and indeed, I understand she has remained here out of pure compassion to me, entirely that ‘her girl,’ as she calls her, might nurse me—for which heaven bless her! And this lovely girl of hers, whom I perceive she treats like a companion and friend, (and no wonder) has attended me day and night through my illness—watched over me incessantly, while I was stretched insensible on what seemed to be the bed of death; and, as the surgeon assured me, by her unremitting care and judicious treatment, has saved my life. Her devoted watchfulness and assiduity, and extraordinary judgment, he declares, are beyond all conception. She seemed to know, by intuition, all that ought to be done, or guarded against. Such was her sense and presence of mind, that, in all sudden emergencies and changes, she used right means without delay—when delay might have been fatal. She thought of innumerable things which never could have occurred to him, but proved of incalculable benefit. ‘But for her,’ he said, ‘I hardly think you would have been here.’

She has saved my life; she has been my guardian angel;—and yet she disclaims it all. She will hear nothing on the subject, seems pained and distressed when it is alluded to, and assured me, with energy, that she had been the cause of nothing but evil to me.—What she meant by this I can't imagine—she would not explain. I suppose she sees I am in love with her—has sense to know that I cannot, or ought not, to marry her—and so thinks I owe her nothing but evil, for making me miserable.

Lady Hunlocke, who pays me a short visit every day, evidently sees my passion, and seems to be inexpressibly delighted with it. She says 'Carline,' (for that is her strange name), 'is a most wonderful and admirable creature, with finer natural endowments of mind and heart, than any being she ever knew.' Even the old Doctor says, and he is not in love with her, that 'Mademoiselle Carline is a most extraordinary and superior young woman.'

Would that she had not been a waiting maid!

I am miserable with my perplexities and uncertainties, when I think about them—but the moment I hear her voice and see her smile, I am in heaven. I should not be writing to you now about

them, my good friend, I can tell you—if she had not left me, under the pretence of taking the air a little ; but she is up with the lark, and out walking long before my eyes are unclosed to the light of day ; and I believe she went away, only because the old German woman, who sits here knitting all day long, acting the part of duenna, left the room for some reason or other, and Mademoiselle Carline is so punctilious, she won't stay with me a single moment alone.

Here she comes !—Preceded by the old grandmother,—like Hecate and Hebe. I hear her voice ! Adieu ! Tolly adieu !

LETTER XX.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

Grindelwald, Monday, September 22.

My last letter* would inform you, that through the mercy of Providence, our patient was out of danger. He is now so well, that we might leave him with perfect safety, and safe conscience; but though extremely anxious that we should have gone to-day,—especially as Philips, Lady Hunlocke's man-servant, arrived yesterday from Interlachen, recovered from his fever,—I have not been able to persuade Lady Hunlocke to set off. She defers it from day to day, under some pretext or other—and continually importunes me to let her have the '*éclaircissement*', as she called it, before we go. Now I never mean to have any '*éclaircissement*' at all. I probably never may see Mr. Breadalbane again so long as I live, and desire always to continue '*Mademoiselle Carline*' in his belief and remembrance. However, as Lady Hunlocke has promised—and I know she will keep her word—never

* Not printed.

to disclose the truth to him without my consent, which I never will give—I feel easy on that point. Lady Hunlocke has made out that he is Breadalbane of Breadalbane, nephew and heir presumptive of Lord Roslin, just coming of age and into possession of a large paternal property in Fifeshire. This discovery has set her inventive genius to work, and I really believe is the sole cause why she is so averse to go;—not that she cares a straw for him herself, but I see clearly that she wants him to take a fancy to me—a fancy which idleness and opportunity may possibly generate—but which absence will assuredly speedily annihilate.

But the season is now so far advanced, that unless we set off almost immediately, it will be impracticable to make our proposed little tour of the High Alps at all—so that I believe we shall really go the day after to-morrow—at least she has promised me that she will; and also, that she will not acquaint Mr. Breadalbane with her intended departure. I am interrupted by a summons to the sick room, from the surgeon.

Monday Night.

How shall I relate to you my dear Georgiana, the scene of this morning! It has overwhelmed

me with agitation and distress, such as I never before experienced.

I was in Mr. Breadalbane's room, after the surgeon's departure, and had just finished bandaging the wound on his head, when the servant opened the door, and said in her native German or rather Swiss, the only language she can speak—that 'a gentleman was coming up to see the gentleman.' At the same moment I heard upon the stairs, the voice of Mr. Lindsay! I knew it too well to be mistaken. Had I left the apartment, I must have met him at the door. There was barely time—so few are the stairs in this little dwelling—for me to fly into the little room, or rather closet, which communicates with Mr. Breadalbane's room, and lock myself in—but even this I could not accomplish before Mr. Lindsay had caught a glimpse of my retreating figure—though fortunately not of my face. There, I was compelled to remain during his whole visit, which I believe lasted two hours; for the little place I was in has no other outlet than through Mr. Breadalbane's chamber, to which it appertains.

You can never conceive the feelings of shame and confusion which overwhelmed me, while secreted in this equivocal and humiliating situation! To be found by Mr. Lindsay, although he knew not

that it was me, in the bed-chamber of a young Englishman, his friend—shut up with him—attending upon him (as he himself told Mr. Lindsay) night and day—hiding myself and shrinking as if with conscious guilt from detection—in concealment, in disgrace—under an assumed name and character! O Georgiana, the thought rushed over me with burning shame and agony. ‘What if he could—if he ever should know who it was—would he think of me?’ He could not know the motives from which I acted—which God knows were pure and blameless. He could not know the critical situation, and the cruel circumstances which compelled me to such a step. He could not know the scrupulous care I have taken to guard my necessary attendance upon him from real or apparent impropriety or familiarity—for to Mr. Lindsay I must have seemed quite alone with him. He did not, I am certain, observe the old woman with her knitting, who walked out the same moment he walked in;—neither did Mr. Breadalbane ever mention the fact, that she sits constantly in his room when I am in it—nor that Lady Hunlocke is staying in the house, and that I am with her. I—I only was mentioned—and mentioned in terms that must have given Mr. Lindsay the impression

that I was living with him—as— — —I can scarcely write it— — —as his mistress!— Whether this was from inadvertence or design, on the part of Mr. Breadalbane, I can scarcely say; I am inclined to think the former. But be that as it may, to me the consequences were equally dreadful. All—every thing seemed to conspire to stamp me in his eyes, with light conduct and lost character!

The partition which divided me from them, was merely a thin slip of wood, composed of ill joined planks, and covered with paper, which afforded no obstacle whatever to the passage of sound, so that I heard every word they said—yet I durst not speak to tell them so, lest Mr. Lindsay should recognise my voice.

After the first greetings and inquiries were over, Mr. Lindsay told his friend that, being by chance at the little inn at Grindelwald, and hearing of the accident which had befallen a young Englishman, he had called at the Parsonage, merely to know if he could be of any use to the supposed stranger; and learnt, to his great surprise, that it was Mr. Breadalbane. ‘But,’ he continued, ‘I am sorry my visit should deprive you of a more charming companion. I caught a glimpse of the prettiest

little foot and ankle, and Hebe like figure, darting in at that door, Breadalbane! Really you are a happy fellow!

‘I am, Lindsay, I am. She is an angel!’

‘A Swiss one, I perceive, by her dress.’

‘You needn’t laugh Lindsay—she *has* been my guardian angel. She has nursed me day and night with the most unremitting tenderness, and even made the hours of pain and confinement enjoyment.’

‘But won’t she come out? I should like, of all things, to see a Swiss angel.’

Mr. Breadalbane now crossed the room, and besought and importuned me through the door with unwearied perseverance, to come out to see his friend. I durst not speak, and therefore maintained an obstinate silence.

At last Mr. Lindsay came to the door, saying in a low voice, ‘Let me look through the key-hole at this coy little girl of yours, Breadalbane, since she won’t show her pretty face.’

I squeezed myself up into the smallest possible compass, in the only corner of the little room which the key-hole did not command—so that he looked to no purpose. But I felt like a guilty thing shrinking from detection, and the confusion that overwhelmed me, while secreted in this equivocal situation, could scarcely have been exceeded

had I been discovered,—and had I really been the debased wretch I seemed.

Finding their perseverance vain, they retreated to the window, and Mr. Lindsay began to rally his friend on his pretty little Swiss mistress.

‘Hush ! she will hear !’

‘Impossible ! I am speaking so low.’

‘Speak lower still.’

‘But how comes she to understand English ?’

‘O ! she was in England a long time, with an English lady.’

‘What ! as *file de chambre* ? Have a care, Breadalbane ! Your little unsophisticated *Pay-sanne*, with so much knowledge of the world as London and Paris impart, may prove a very dangerous concern, shut up in this romantic cottage ; with ‘all appliances and means to boot,’ to win your inflammable heart.’

‘Your wisdom for once, Lindsay—like mine always—comes too late ; for my heart is already ‘lost and won.’

‘Nay then !—what ! is it come to that ?—Has ‘*the Jungfrau*’* broken your head, and a *Jungfrau*

* The ‘Jungfrau, or young woman’—the name of the mountain upon one of the glaciers of which, Mr. Lindsay had been told that the accident had happened to Mr. Breadalbane.

your heart? Beware of Jungfraus, Breadalbane ! They are mischievous things to you. I am afraid this 'Jungfrau' will not prove so icy as the other.'

'This 'Jungfrau,' as you call her, though icy enough herself, has already melted the ice of my heart, and turned my head.'

'Then turn her head—head and shoulders too,—turn her off altogether—forthwith—and let your melted heart freeze again—it will soon harden.'

'Never ! she has made an impression upon it that no time can efface.'

'Nonsense !—Impressions made upon a soft heart like yours—like the impressions your pretty 'Jungfrau' makes upon her prints of butter—may soon be filled up.'

'I don't know what you mean by a soft heart—but—'

'Nay, don't redden so, my dear fellow—I did not say a soft head, for that you have not ;—but a soft heart, that takes, like wax, the impression of every new charmer, and melts before the beam of every bright eye—you most certainly have.'

'It is easy for you to talk, Lindsay, whose heart is so hard and flinty that no impression can be made upon it at all.'

'Ah, but flints may be broken, though they won't yield to every slight impression.'

‘What! A sigh, Lindsay!—From you!—why what has befallen you? You are as thin and pale, and look as melancholy! What—are *you* in love?’

‘What if I am?’

‘Why, then—it doesn’t seem to agree particularly with your constitution—that’s all.’

‘My constitution probably suffered more from a foolish expedition to the top of Mont Blanc—than your’s from a tumble to the bottom of the Jungfrau.’

‘What! have *you* been at the top of Mont Blanc?’

‘I have—and a most precious fool did it prove me to be! I was ill, confined to bed, insensible, and delirious for days after it. If a good-natured, sensible, young English physician had not, by chance, been at Chamouni, and attended me with indefatigable care, I suppose I should have died;—and, indeed, it would have been no matter if I had.’

‘Heavens, Lindsay!—why you are in for it with a vengeance. I am sure you seemed happy enough when I saw you in July at Geneva. When did all this happen to you?—after your Mont Blanc expedition?’

‘No, no, before!—I had no ‘Jungfrau,’—no sweet little *Suisse* to watch over my sick bed, or pillow my aching head in her soft arms!—No little

charmer to make even confinement sweet—or sickness happy, like you, Breadalbane !

‘ She *has* made me happy,’ he exclaimed ; ‘ I never was so happy before.’

‘ And, in return, you mean to make her miserable?’

‘ No, I don’t ! I wouldn’t make her miserable for the world. It would be my delight to make her happy—a sweet enchanting’—

‘ Breadalbane ! I wish from my heart you were safe out of her clutches.’

‘ What the devil do you mean ?’

‘ Pray, don’t storm ! It is of no use—I am not going to quarrel with you—either about this worthless girl or any thing else. Only listen to me patiently, while I speak to you as a friend. I have no doubt you are in the toils of an artful designing woman, who has probably made a fool of half a dozen men before you—but who pretends the utmost tenderness and devotion to you, and you alone—solely to gain her ends, which will prove your ruin. She *can* have no character to lose, else she would not live with you openly this way, in defiance of decency—and if she has succeeded in persuading you that you are the first who has had her, and that you have ‘ won her

unsuspecting virgin heart,'—why, she is so much the more dangerous.'

'By heavens, Lindsay ! you are enough to drive one mad ! You are utterly mistaken. I tell you she is fit to grace a throne.'

'And I tell you you are fit to grace Bedlam.'

'Phsaw, Lindsay ! You don't know of what or whom you are talking. You are blaspheming one of the first and best of beings. I tell you she is purity itself—she is an angel !'

'I wish she was one in good earnest, with all my heart. I wish this same Swiss angel of yours mayn't play the devil with you—nay, perhaps entangle you for life.'

'She has done that already !'

'What in the world !—You do'nt mean'—

'I don't mean that I *am* married to her.'

'Why, surely you would not be mad enough to think of it !'

'Perhaps I may be mad enough to do it, though.'

'Good heavens !—you must be out of your senses. Breadalbane, my dear fellow !—for God's sake do not commit such a rash act ! Do not blast your prospects, your hopes, your happiness, by such insane infatuation. Think of the indignation of your uncle—the loss of his inheritance—the

exclusion from society—the scorn, the contempt, the derision of the world,—think of the degradation you would feel, and the lasting repentance that would embitter your whole life !’

‘Ay, there it is,’ said Mr. Breadalbane despondingly—‘I do think of it all. But what the devil can I do? I cannot live without her, and if I don’t marry her she will leave me.’

‘I wish she would, from my soul!—but she won’t; depend upon it. I wish *you* would leave her.’

‘I can’t.’

‘You must. What in the world, you don’t mean to carry her back to Scotland with you—to present her to your uncle—to take possession *with her*, of your family estate and honours—to disgrace yourself for ever !’

‘I don’t know what to do, Lindsay.’

‘Then, I’ll tell you. Put a welsh wig—or a couple of night-caps over those long fillets of linen, that encompass that battered and broken head of thine. Get into a char, and at the hazard of your life, set off to Interlachen with me, this very day. From thence you can go down the lake of Thun, and the Aar, to Berne, all the way by water, slowly—and the moment you are able,—leave

Berne, and post to Scotland as fast as you can go.'

'Post to the devil!—Go to day! Leave her here!—I can't—I won't. Besides, I might perhaps die in consequence.'

'Better die than marry!'

'How can you have so little feeling, Lindsay, when you own you are in love yourself!'

'If I am, at least, I don't give way to it, as you do.'

'Why, you are in love still—so what better do you do?'

'Tear myself from the object of my attachment, though it rends my heart asunder!—Submit to misery rather than dishonour!'

'Dishonour!—then your situation resembles mine! To marry the woman you love would dishonour you.'

'It would.'

'And where, when, and how did *you* fall into this scrape? Was your's an adventure among the Alps, too?'

'It was, but I cannot explain the particulars. It was to a far different person.'

'That I'll swear—for Carline has not her prototype on the face of the earth.'

‘Carline!—is her name Carline?’

‘Yes, is the name of *your* flame Carline too?’

‘No—yet not very different.’

‘Is she Swiss too?’

‘No.’

‘English then?’

‘No matter what or who she is. Spare me any questions on this subject.—I cannot bear them, nor is it in my power to answer them. Suffice it to say, I have sacrificed love to honour.—Never will she be mine. There exists an insuperable barrier to my union with her—but it is one I can never explain.’

‘You raise my curiosity to the highest pitch. Only satisfy me again on this one point, and perhaps it may give me resolution to imitate your example. Is the reason that you don’t marry her, really that it would dishonour you to do so?’

‘Yes—I do not marry her solely because it would be dishonourable to do so.’

‘And you love her?’

‘Aye—as man never loved woman.’

‘Lindsay, I honour you from my soul. You are a noble hearted fellow. I see what you feel—I see what you suffer—I see what self-command you have exerted, to have atchieved such a victory

over yourself. But you have too much spirit—too much proper pride—to forget what is due to yourself, to the world, to your own station and character—to the hopes and feelings of your father!’

‘O Breadalbane,’ exclaimed Mr. Lindsay, in a tone of great agitation, and almost of anguish, ‘for God’s sake spare me—spare me this!—You know not what you say! Load me with censure if you will but not with undeserved praise! My father’s wishes have not, unfortunately, guided me in this respect—in avoiding a misplaced attachment. And I am now properly punished!’

‘But your father is particularly anxious that you should marry—is he not?’

‘Yes—it is his most earnest wish. But, Breadalbane, let us drop this painful subject—I cannot explain myself. I am sufficiently miserable, if that is any consolation to you.’

Georgiana,—I cannot relate any more that passed. You may conceive the feelings of shame, of humiliation, of indignation, of wounded pride which struggled within my heart, during this dreadful conversation. Every word that was spoken was a dagger to me.

Mr. Lindsay did not go, until after a long remonstrance, he had wrung from Mr. Breadalbane

a positive promise that he would not marry me, and that he would return to Scotland without me. He might have spared himself the trouble of requiring this promise had he known all !

O Georgiana, to what degradation have I exposed myself ! To what dreadful consequences has one moment of imprudence led me ! To be looked upon as an abandoned wretch—without principle—without honour—without character ! Whose only aim is to *seduce* a young man and take him in, under the hypocritical semblance of humanity—to marry me ; or failing that, to be glad to become his acknowledged and established mistress ! What dreadful debasement ! How can I ever bear to look up, after knowing that such imputations, however unjust, have been thrown upon my conduct ! And by Mr. Lindsay !—But I can write no more—I cannot go on to-night with my miserable story—which, alas ! is not yet concluded. For ‘bad begins, but worse remains behind.’ To-morrow you shall know all.

CHAPTER XX.

RECOGNITION.

Deleo omnes dehire ^{he} ex animo mulieres.

O *Caroline!*

Thou that wast yesterday without a blot ;
Thou that wast every good and every thing
That men call blessed ; thou that wast the spring
From whence *inferior maids* drew all their best ;
Thou that wast always *pure*, and always blest
In faith and promise ; thou that hadst the name
Of virtuous given thee, and mad'st good the same
Even from thy cradle ; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in ! Oh ! what a fall
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamy,
And I to live to know this ! *Faithful Shepherdess.*

But fare thee well, most foul ! most fair !
Thou pure impiety and impious purity,
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of horror !

SHAKSPEARE.

LETTER XXI.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

I BROKE off yesterday, when Mr. Lindsay took his departure. Scarcely had he left the room,

before Mr. Breadalbane flew to the door of my little prison, supplicating me to come out. I was too much overcome at that moment to appear. He continued to implore me to open the door—to speak to him—to come to him—in every term of earnest, and even passionate intreaty, that language could furnish. I could scarcely speak, but I commanded myself sufficiently to articulate, with composure, ‘that I would come soon.’ For a few moments he was silent—then again renewed his entreaties with more fervour than ever. At last, while leaning his whole weight against the frail door, it burst open, and he almost fell into the room. I started up from the little bed, (usually occupied by the nurse), on which I had thrown myself—and endeavoured to make my escape, but he prevented me.

‘Good heavens!—in tears! Dear, dear Carline! Loveliest and dearest of women!—what has occasioned this distress? Have I any share in your sorrow? Have I given you any uneasiness? Have I called forth those tears?’

‘No—no! Let me go!—let me go!’ I exclaimed—but he so placed himself, that unless I had violently hurt his broken arm, I could not get through the door way, while, in a voice trembling

with agitation, and hanging over me with the tenderest solicitude, he exclaimed—

‘Do not leave me, dearest Carline ! For God’s sake, do not leave me ! Stay with me !—Let me soothe your sorrows—let me dry those tears !—O Carline ! you will break my heart.—Do not go—I intreat, I implore ! Do not force yourself from me—only hear me.’

‘No—no !—I cannot ; let me go !’ I articulated in broken accents—but the more I struggled to disengage my hand, the closer he pressed it in his.

‘Nay—force it not from me—beloved of my soul ! Let me hold this dear hand in mine, for the first time.’

‘And for the last !’ I said, angrily—struggling to free myself from him.

‘Say not so !—Carline, Carline, you will drive me to desperation !—For God’s sake break not from me thus—in anger, in sorrow, in tears ! Only hear me !’

The agitation into which he had thrown himself, might, I began to fear, have the most injurious effects upon the still precarious state of his wounds and head ; nor could I get from him without injuring his broken arm.—My spirits were exhausted, and, wholly unable to contend with

him any longer, at last I passively allowed him to seat me upon the sofa, in his room, and to place himself by my side.

He attempted, with great tenderness and delicacy, to soothe my distress—to draw from me its cause—said all he could think of to tranquillise and console me—and most vehemently vowed he never would leave me.

‘But I must leave you ;’ I said, in the most determined manner,—‘and that immediately.’

‘Never—never !’ he exclaimed. ‘Never will I part with you but with life. You are dearer to me than all the heart of man holds most dear.’

‘Mr. Breadalbane !’ I exclaimed, interrupting him,—‘this is language I will not listen to—and I insist upon it’—

He interrupted me by pouring forth the most ardent protestations of love.

‘Insult me not with professions of love. I will’—

‘Insult you ! No—by heavens, I cannot insult you ! There is not a thought of you in my heart, inconsistent with your own angelic purity. No words can speak the deep, the sincere respect I feel for you. O Carline ! could I but hope that you felt for me any part of that devoted, that passionate love that fills my whole soul for you,

how willingly would I resign for you the world and all that it contains! How gladly would I live for ever with you, buried in seclusion—

The world forgetting—by the world forgot!

O Carline be mine! Give me your love—give me your heart—give me yourself!

‘Never! never!’—I indignantly exclaimed—bursting into a passion of tears. ‘Is this your respect? Let me go! I will not be detained.’

But he threw himself on his knees before me, he opposed my passage with the invulnerable shield of his broken arm. He execrated himself for causing my tears, but vowed he meant me no disrespect. He swore his intentions were honourable—in fine, he implored me to be his wife.

‘Never!’ I exclaimed—(he looked perfectly thunderstruck with amazement)—‘Never! nor will I listen to one word more on this subject. Let me go instantly, I insist!’

‘No—by heavens’—he at length exclaimed, recovering from his astonishment—‘you shall not leave me thus! Cruel as you are, you *cannot* leave me in this torturing state of suspense and agony.’

But I am unable to relate minutely what passed. I told him that nothing should induce me to listen

to one word he could utter on such a subject, and that if he persisted in it, I would leave him instantly, and never see him more.

Finding me in earnest, and immoveably determined to do what I said, he was at last obliged to submit, and to give me what I peremptorily required, his word of honour not to renew the subject.

He was evidently much surprised at this determined refusal and prohibition; but it was equally plain that it increased his respect and admiration.

‘Admirable! adorable being!’—he exclaimed, ‘how little did Lindsay know you!’

At these words, overcome with my feelings and with the remembrance of the dreadful conversation I had overheard, I buried my face in my handkerchief, and rested it against the arm of the sofa, to conceal my agitation; when, just at the moment he had respectfully pressed my hand to his lips, as he said, ‘to seal his forgiveness,’ he started, and abruptly uttered an exclamation of astonishment—I looked up, and beheld Mr. Lindsay!

He was standing transfixed with amazement. Confusion unspeakable overwhelmed me. Embarrassment seized Mr. Breadalbane. All remained fixed and mute as statues. If the earth could have

opened and swallowed me up, I should have welcomed it as a relief. Mr. Breadalbane at length attempted to stammer out something, which was, however, perfectly unintelligible;—but Mr. Lindsay started—clenched his hands together—struck them against his forehead—and exclaiming ‘Almighty God,—is it possible!’—rushed out of the room and the house.

It is utterly impossible for any language to describe the state in which he left me. Stunned, stupified, and senseless, I stood immoveable—hearing nothing—seeing nothing—my glazed eye fixed on vacancy—until, as Mr. Breadalbane has since told me, he became alarmed—(for my intellects I suppose.) The sound of Lady’s Hunlocke’s voice, as she got out of her char at the door, roused me. I flew down stairs, and in accents scarcely intelligible from haste and agitation, implored her to send directly to the inn to stop and speak to Mr. Lindsay. A few broken incoherent words, served to explain to her quick perception something of the truth. She instantly dispatched a messenger—but in vain—he was gone. The servant said that the moment he left the house, he mounted his horse, which was in waiting at our door, and set off over the mountains, at a rate

that precluded the smallest hope of overtaking him. Only a few minutes had elapsed between his departure and Lady Hunlocke's arrival, yet such was his speed, that she had not met with him in the valley.

O Georgiana! the agony of mind which overwhelmed me from that dreadful moment in which Mr. Lindsay appeared before me, no human being, not even yourself, can conceive! To seem a lost guilty wretch in the eyes of any one, must always, to a woman, be one of the greatest of earthly misfortunes;—but to be considered such by him, is almost more than I can bear. For in proportion to our estimation of others, is our value for their good opinion; and I certainly cannot but entertain the highest esteem for Mr. Lindsay's character; nor, however cruelly wounding may be his judgment of me, however ready he may be to admit the belief that I am the most abandoned and depraved of women, could, I am certain, my esteem for him be shaken without the most positive proof of his unworthiness or misconduct. I know no one of whose mind, heart and principles, I think so highly; none on whose rectitude and honour I have so unhesitating a reliance; none capable of the same high-minded greatness, of the same noble generosity and unmingled virtue. He possesses

that elevation of mind, and magnanimity of spirit, that render him incapable of an unworthy motive or selfish feeling. If ruin were to be the inevitable and immediate consequence, he would deliberately do whatever honour and principle demanded; if greatness and renown were to be the certain reward, he would not stoop to one act he disapproved.

A man like this but lives and breathes
For noble purposes of mind; his heart
Beats to the heroic song of ancient days.

He would sacrifice his interests, his passions and his happiness, to principle and honour. Of this indeed he gave a decided proof yesterday, when he said 'that he never would marry the woman he loved, because he could not marry her without dishonour.' I own my curiosity is raised to the highest pitch, to penetrate this mystery. How could it dishonour him to marry any woman whom he loved? Mr. Lindsay is the last man in the world to form a low or unworthy attachment; and in point of fact, I *know* to a certainty, that when we first met in Switzerland, he had no such attachment, nor indeed any attachment at all—nay he expressly said yesterday to Mr. Breadalbane, that he had formed this attachment lately, in

Switzerland, and not to a Swiss. From you, my dear sister, I never had a thought concealed; and to you I will own that I think his attachment was to me. The lines he wrote in the album at the Montanvert, so immediately after he left us at Lausanne—his agitation at parting—his conduct at meeting me unexpectedly in Chamouni—nay even his countenance and manner in that dreadful moment of recognition yesterday—strongly impress me with this persuasion. Yet if so, how could he have thought it would dishonour him to marry me? Now, indeed, that he believes me to be degraded—abandoned—lost to all sense of honour and of shame—beyond all doubt he would justly spurn at such an alliance;—but it was yesterday, when he had not the remotest suspicion of my being with Mr. Breadalbane, that such a marriage he said would dishonour him. Dishonour him! Good heavens! What could he mean? It could not be the connexion; for my family is descended from ancient Scottish nobility, and is as honourable as his own. My father was a baronet; and though he might certainly look to an infinitely higher alliance, indeed to any—yet that he should consider such a connexion to be dishonourable, seems quite incredible. If,

however, it really be the cause, I must say that if his pride is so great, his feelings cannot be very deep;—if his ambition is so powerful, his love cannot be very strong. His attachment to me, if it had been worth the name, would have triumphed over my want of rank. But this surely cannot be the cause. Proud indeed he is, ambitious he is—but his is that pride, that ambition—which are—

The glorious fault of angels and of gods,

the pride that raises man to be a hero—not to seek vulgar distinction; the ambition that aspires to honour, not to power.

Of that low ordinary pride and ambition which make rank and wealth the great objects of life, he is utterly incapable; and whatever may be the mysterious obstacle to his union with the woman of his choice, whoever she be, I cannot believe that the want of these requisites have any part in it.—It could not then be my situation—could it be my character or conduct? Could he even before the fatal meeting of yesterday, have heard any thing against me? But from whom? Could Mr. Heathcote—but no! Mr. Heathcote is a man of honour, and utterly incapable of forging or utter-

ing base calumnies,—nor do I know any one wicked enough, nor indeed who has any imaginable motive, to traduce my character to Mr. Lindsay: neither is he a man that would lightly credit false and malignant aspersions. Surely he could neither have heard nor believed any thing against me, in the short time that elapsed after we parted at Lausanne, till we met in Chamouni!—when he was sufficiently wretched, and hopelessly in love—as appeared both from his countenance and demeanour, and his lines in the album.

After all, I may be wrong in thinking it myself, who is the object of this extraordinary attachment—which is at once so strong and so powerless, so ardent and so hopeless; the cause of so much misery and yet so thoroughly vanquished. It may be another whom he loves—but—I own—I still think — — —: however, whoever it be, or whatever be this insuperable barrier to his union, must remain for ever involved in mystery. He said there was an obstacle which could never be overcome, and never be explained. What that obstacle is I can never know; and since it surpasses the bounds of ingenuity to conjecture in what it can consist—it is vain to perplex myself in attempting

to fathom this inscrutable mystery. What I have infinitely more at heart is the desire to clear my character in the eyes of Mr. Lindsay, without which I can have no peace.

I have always observed, my dear Georgiana, that heroines of novels, who are the only persons I believe that ever get into such scrapes as mine—all reasonable women in real life (excepting myself) having sense enough to keep clear of them,—always submit passively to the load of obloquy their own folly and imprudence, combined with untoward circumstances, have brought upon them; and yet, like injured innocents, they think themselves extremely ill used that any one should presume to believe even the evidence of his own senses against them. These indignant fair ones are much too high and mighty to deign to drop a word in explanation of the worst appearances—but maintain a dignified silence, reasonably expecting that they are to be considered spotless and innocent in the midst of the most incontrovertible apparent proof of their guilt.

For my part, not being like these heroines, in any thing—except some of their absurdities—I have no notion of sitting down quietly under imputations

and appearances so disgraceful as these I now labour under ; and Lady Hunlocke, after hearing what has passed, is decidedly of opinion that it is indispensable to clear my character by disclosing the true state of the case, and all the circumstances attending it, to Mr. Lindsay ;—and as this explanation will come much better from her than from me, it is fortunate that she is well acquainted with him. She has already written to him—a simple but complete statement of every particular : and when Mr. Lindsay knows that the accident befell Mr. Breadalbane in consequence of my rashness, and of his saving my life,—when he knows the necessity of my constant attendance upon him, from the extent of his danger and from his having no human creature near him who could understand a word he said ;—when he finds that I assumed the dress and character of a Swiss, and passed for Lady Hunlocke's attendant, in order that he might feel more at ease in accepting my services, than if he knew I was an English lady—and especially the lady whose life he had saved ;—when he understands that she herself is living in the house, and that the Pastor's old mother never leaves his room when I am in it,—and that both Lady Hunlocke and myself would have left him the moment he

was considered out of danger—had she not been obliged to wait for the recovery of her servant from a fever :—and finally, when he learns that we positively go the day after to-morrow—I trust he will not only fully exonerate me from the dreadful inferences and imputations which he cannot but have drawn from what he has seen and heard—but even cease to condemn my conduct. I have also compelled Lady Hunlocke, most reluctantly, to add, that I particularly request him to preserve the strictest secrecy respecting my real name and character to Mr. Breadalbane, to whom I am determined never to divulge it. She herself is most unwilling to keep this a secret from the latter any longer—but I am determined upon this point. She has also represented to Mr. Breadalbane, the misconstruction his friend must have put upon my appearance and situation, and the necessity of doing me the justice to vindicate my character and conduct from the unjust aspersions he has been the means of casting upon it. He exclaimed ‘by heavens! he must think so!—he *does* think so!— ——’ and instantly sat down and wrote to him a letter which he showed to Lady Hunlocke, and which she assures me is a most complete vindication of my character, and will, of itself, refute all Mr. Lindsay’s

suspensions. I intreated Lady Hunlocke, for my future justification, to keep copies of Mr. Breadalbane's letter, and of her own—which she has done ; Mr. Breadalbane most cheerfully consenting to copy his. With these letters Mr. Breadalbane has sent to Mr. Lindsay a letter he wrote two days ago, but had not sent off, to another friend of his, a Mr. Tollmarsh, which, he told Lady Hunlocke, would prove still more satisfactory and convincing to Mr. Lindsay, respecting my conduct, than any thing he could now say. In this, perhaps, he judges right, as Mr. Lindsay might impute his present declarations to his wish to save my character at the expence of truth. These letters were immediately sent off by an express to Interlachen, where I hope he will receive them this very night.

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not feel that ‘the wife of Cæsar ought not even to be suspected!’ But let me try to think of this no more—for regret is vain.

Yesterday evening, after a long conversation with Mr. Breadalbane, Lady Hunlocke declared herself quite a convert to my plan of still maintaining my Swiss character with him.—The cause of this sudden change, I find, is a scheme which has seized her inventive imagination of marrying me to him as a Swiss *Paÿsanne*, and then discovering me to be Miss St. Clair. ‘Never,’ she declares, ‘was there any thing so romantic, even in romance itself, as this marriage will be—nor so dramatic as the *dénoûment*!’ The only fault of this sagacious plot is, that there never will be any *dénoûment* at all. In the first place, Mr. Breadalbane will come to his sober senses—and never himself do any thing quite so silly. A little time, a little absence, a little thought, and a little distraction—I have no doubt, with his volatile disposition, would soon suffice to cure him of his passion—even if he knew me to be Miss St. Clair; but they most undoubtedly will, now that he supposes me to be ‘*Mademoiselle Carline*.’ It is for this very reason, Georgiana, chiefly, that I wish him still to consider me a humble Swiss

peasant. The sooner he forgets me the better—both for himself and me. For himself, on account of his own peace and quiet ; for me, because, after what has passed, it is most important that no further intercourse should exist between us. His attentions towards me now, would wear an extremely equivocal appearance. But I will own to *you*, Georgiana, and to *you* only—that I have another reason also ;—I am most desirous that Mr. Lindsay should *know* that I have carefully avoided Mr. Breadalbane's suspecting who I am, since he might think that to avow my real character and situation, was done with the view of leading Mr. Breadalbane to marry me—and I should be very much hurt if he entertained such a suspicion. I am too proud to wish to lead any man to think of marrying me ; and certainly the way to prevent Mr. Breadalbane from thinking of it is, to continue in his belief in the lowly rank of a lady's maid or humble dependent upon Lady Hunlocke—as I most sincerely wish to do. I have at last carried my point of setting off to-morrow. I hope to carry my point too of setting off without Mr. Breadalbane's knowledge.

Tuesday Evening.

Mr. Breadalbane, whom I had not seen when I wrote this morning, has been so ill, I fear in consequence of the agitation which he underwent yesterday,—and made himself so miserable because I absented myself from him, that, at the surgeon's desire, I was obliged to resume my office of nurse. Lady Hunlocke accompanied me to his room, which, however, she very soon left, to take her usual morning excursion. I kept him perfectly quiet the whole morning by the threat of leaving him; but, after dinner, being undeniably much better, and having lulled 'the Argus,' as he calls the old Swiss lady, fast asleep in her easy chair, by the potent influence of the tumbler of punch which he himself mixed for her, (I believe with that view), I could not prevent him from talking; and in spite of all my prohibitions, he soon got back to the subject he had begun yesterday—the inexhaustible subject of his love. In vain I attempted to silence him—in vain I attempted to leave him. He seemed so distressed—he looked so miserable—he intreated me with such respectful earnestness to stay with him, and to hear him—he implored me so humbly not to silence him with

indignation—not to treat him with unkindness—not to drive him to despair—that I was compelled to submit, lest agitation and disappointment should really occasion a relapse, which the surgeon seemed to apprehend this morning. I thought, too, it was perhaps better, before we parted for ever—which I expect we shall do to morrow morning—effectually to remove from his mind the expectation I saw he still entertained, that I would marry him. At first I endeavoured to treat all he could say on the subject as mere unmeaning gallantry; but my raillery could not prevent him from being serious. I provoked him with laughing off all his protestations of devoted and eternal love—and then I laughed at him for being provoked.

But I know, dear Georgiana, you are longing to hear what passed, and that nothing less than a full, true, and particular account of ‘says he,’ and ‘says I,’ will satisfy you. I cannot, however, my dear Georgy, pretend to remember the whole—or even the half of this long colloquy—but all that I can recollect of the nonsense uttered on both sides, I will faithfully rehearse.

After solemnly declaring his intentions to be strictly honourable, and pouring forth the most passionate protestations of unalterable love—to all

of which I was utterly incredulous—he said, at last, in an offended tone,—

‘You do not believe me, then? You think I say what is not true?’

‘I think you believe it all to be true—just at this moment’—

‘But that I don’t know my own mind?’

‘Few people do. To know one-self is, we are assured, the crown of all wisdom; and the mind, of all things, is the most difficult to understand.’

‘Carline—Carline!—you will drive me mad.’

‘Nay, then—rather than do that’—said I, attempting to go away.

He stopped me, intreating me to hear and believe him.

‘Believe what a man says who is mad!’ I exclaimed, ‘why I must be mad too!’

‘I am not mad—I’—

‘Why you know, Mr. Breadalbane, you cannot deny, that your head is not quite right at present,’ said I, maliciously eyeing the bandage and plasters which enveloped it.

He could not help laughing, but immediately burst afresh into the most vehement declarations of love.

‘You think I rave!’ he exclaimed.

‘I know you do. All men rave when their head is not right. These are just delirious ravings, attendant on the state of your head! They will soon subside, and then you will come to your senses again.’

‘How can you sport so cruelly with my sufferings? How can you irritate the wounds’—

‘How can you say I irritate your wounds, when you know I have bound up all your wounds, and tried to heal them?’

‘But you inflict, every moment, wounds far more severe.’

‘Then I am sure I had better get out of your way,’ said I, moving off.

‘You dear bewitching, cruel girl!’ he exclaimed, as he caught my hand, ‘why will you treat me with this unfeeling levity? Why fly me thus?’ and he poured forth a torrent of passionate eloquence, in the midst of which the old lady began to snore aloud, and I began to laugh.

‘Confound the tiresome woman;’ he exclaimed, impatiently, ‘I wish she was at Jerusalem!’

‘Me, did you mean?’ I asked innocently.

‘You—O Carline!—you?’

‘Only because I should myself like very much to be at Jerusalem, so I was going to thank you for your good wishes.’

‘Cruel, cruel Carline !—Then you wish yourself far from me—you wish yourself out of my reach ! Is not this your wish ?’

‘O no !—I only wish to cross the great Scheideck, and the Grimsel, and the Furca.’

‘You provoking girl ! O Carline ! you would not torment me thus, if you knew how ardently, how devotedly, I love and adore you—how—(Confound that old woman’s snoring.)’

‘Suppose we awaken her !’

‘Not for the world—for then’—

‘Suppose, then, you awaken yourself !’

‘Awaken !—why, I’m not asleep !’

‘You’re in a dream, at least—a dream from which you will awaken ; sooner or later.’

‘If it *is* a dream—it is a dream of love, which will last my life, for—

My life shall be a life of love,
One long, long, dream of thee.’

‘I do hope,’ said I, laughing, ‘it will be rather more profitably employed, than in dreaming it away, of any thing.’

‘Dreaming of you—living for you—living with you !’ and then he went off upon the exquisite pleasure and profit of spending life with me ; and,

without stop, diverged into the misery of parting with me now ;—at last ending with—‘ When, O when, dearest Carline, shall I see you again ?’

‘ I don’t know, indeed—I suppose, never.’

‘ Never !—and can you say so with that cruel indifference? But you do not—you cannot think it!’

‘ I think so—because our roads lie in opposite directions. You are going to Scotland—and I am going— — —I don’t know where.’

‘ But I do—I know where.’

‘ Indeed ! then you know more about me, than I know about myself.’

‘ I know you are going with Lady Hunlocke.’

‘ *Going* with Lady Hunlocke, certainly, but not *going* to stay with her—not going to live with her!’

‘ No—I hope not ! I hope you will *live* with one who adores you, who lives but for you, who’—

‘ Not I ! It is much more likely I should live with those who don’t care a straw about me.’

‘ No such people could be found. But supposing such there were, could you prefer living with such cold insensible wretches, to living with one who adores you—who lives but for you—who lives only while he lives with you?’

‘ In the first place, it is by no means clear to me, that you would not, in a very little time, be

one of those very 'wretches,' as you call them, who don't care about me; and of whom almost the whole world is composed. In the second place, it is quite impossible I can live with you.'

'Impossible! and why?'

'Because our path in life is different. Two parallel lines, you know, can never meet—and our lines of life, though not parallel, run directly away from each other—so that they can never meet either. Your line and mine set off, for instance, at Grindelwald, in diametrically opposite directions, you upon one line, and I upon the other. We shall at last be the very Antipodes of each other—nay, I may spin round and round the world in concentric circles, and yet my line of life lies so far asunder from yours, that I never shall cross you again.'

'You will never cross me!—then if you will not cross me, you will comply with the wishes of my heart. You will be mine now, and for ever! You will never leave me! O promise me, Carline! Dearest, loveliest girl! beloved of my soul! promise that you will be mine! Promise me that you will marry me!—and now!—to-morrow! Promise you will never leave me'

'I will do what is far kinder. I will promise that I *will* leave you—and leave you for good.'

‘Cruel, unfeeling girl! Yes, leave me! leave me now, and never see me more! Leave me’—

‘You know I must not contradict you in any thing just now, for fear I should make you ill—so I will leave you as you desire.’

‘You little barbarous’—

‘Don’t call me names. I won’t provoke you by contradicting your wishes. I am gone.’

‘Not yet! I have you safe, and since ‘you won’t contradict me in any thing I wish’—since you will grant me all I can ask—tell me you will love me! say you will be mine, by all the sacred and endearing ties of love and marriage! O give yourself to me for ever, and let me thus seal’—

I broke from him, but not before he had covered my hand with kisses. I was very angry, and would have left him, but he threw himself on his knees before me, declaring he would not rise until I had forgiven him. But unluckily, the sight of him in this attitude, recalled to my remembrance the image of poor Lord Lumbercourt when he went down upon his knees, and could not get up again,—and I burst into a fit of laughter. He rose in indignation.

‘You deride me, Madam, you treat me with scorn and contempt. You make a fool of me.’

‘Indeed I don’t. I can’t—because’—

‘You find me a fool ready made to your hands, I suppose! You are right. I am a fool—a most egregious fool.’

‘You know I must not contradict you, whatever you say just now, upon any account. So if you *say* you are such a fool’—

‘You arch little enchantress! Who could listen to that sweet voice, and see those dark laughing eyes, thus beaming with the light of wit and fancy, and cherish a feeling except of love and adoration for you! But you do make a fool of me, Carline, you know you do.’

‘So far from it, that I would prevent you from making a fool of yourself.’

‘You can make me what you please.’

‘Then I would make you wise.’

‘And how would you manage that?’

‘Make you remember that I am your nurse, and never can be any thing more to you. Make you be wise enough to make yourself happy, and forget me as fast as possible.’

‘Cruel, cruel Carline!’

‘“I would be cruel only to be kind.” To be what you call kind, would be cruel indeed to you. And it is very cruel to you, to make you ill with talking to you so long. So adieu, for a little while.’

‘No, no! you must not—you shall not leave me in this cruel suspense! Stay, I intreat, I implore you to stay! O Carline, do not trifle with me thus. Be serious! Tell me you will be my own—my life—my love—my wife!’

‘I will be serious then, Mr. Breadalbane; and since it must be, I seriously tell you that I will *not* be your wife. I never will. Believe me when I say so, and do not let that belief give you a moment’s pain. Mix again in the world—fill that part in society which your situation and fortune demand from you—and in a very, very short time you will forget me.’

‘Never, never Carline, while I breathe.’

‘Try!—I’ll engage you will succeed,—and believe me it is the wisest thing you can do.’

‘It is a thing I *can* never do—I *will* never do. I could not if I would, and I would not if I could. Forget you! No! O Carline! say you will marry me—say you will go with me to my home and my country, that it shall be to you a home and a country too?’

‘Scotland is not my country. If it were, I would go home to it as you do.’

‘Say it shall be your country!’

‘No, I never mean to change my country.’

‘Never! Good heavens! will you never consent to change it!’

‘I never would *live*, I never would settle permanently in any other country than my own—not to possess all that wealth and honour could offer in another.’

‘Is that possible? You surely are not so ardently attached to those cold and frozen glaciers; so unlike yourself.’

‘O you know the Swiss are so afflicted with the *Maladie du Pays*, that they leave fortune, friends, and distinction, in every other land, to return to it in poverty, loneliness, and obscurity.’

‘I wish from my heart you would answer me one question.’

‘That depends upon what question it is.’

‘Are you not a native of England?’

‘If I answer that question, will you promise to ask me no more questions—from the catechism—of ‘Who I am?’ ‘Who were my father and mother?’ ‘My godfather and godmothers?’ ‘What is my name?’ And ‘who gave me that name?’

‘I will promise;’ said he, laughing.

‘Then I will answer your question—I am not a native of England.’

He again resumed the old theme of making love, which I thought was really too much.

‘Mr. Breadalbane,’ I said, interrupting him, ‘I have now listened to you a long time ; will you listen to me for a very little ? and will you allow me to give you one piece of advice ?’

‘Gratefully !’

‘It is never to marry a foreigner—never to marry a woman in a station inferior to your own—and never to marry any woman whatever till you are thirty.’

‘And pray why ?’ said he, laughing.

‘Because you are very volatile, very imprudent, very enthusiastic, and very, very romantic. You will be in love at least thirty times before you are thirty—and unless you make a firm and unalterable resolution that you never will marry till you are thirty—it is, at least, thirty to one that you make some foolish marriage, (such as you want to make now, for instance),—which you will repent of thirty hundred times, before you are thirty.’

‘He laughed—but implored me over and over again to marry him, and save him from repentance.’

‘No, no !—You are safe with me. I have more regard for you than to marry you. But you will never have such another escape !—Never expect it !’

Depend upon it nobody else will ever do you such a service, as to refuse to marry you. So beware ! never make another offer.'

'I never will, that I swear, by'—

'Don't swear by any thing—

If a man talk of love with caution, trust him,
But if he swear, he'll certainly deceive you.'

'Deceive you !' he exclaimed.

'Deceive me you can't; but you deceive yourself.'

'*Swear* not at all;' or if you will swear;—swear to forswear swearing and making love.'

He again urged his devoted unalterable passion ; —again supplicated me to say I would marry him.

'Well I will,'—I exclaimed, at last, wearied of the subject, 'when you are thirty—that is, if we happen to meet one another then—and neither of us are married—and both of us wish it.'

At that moment, to my inexpressible relief, the maid brought in tea, and with tea came Lady Hunlocke, so that the conversation could not be resumed.

CHAPTER XXII.



DEPARTURE.



Parting is worse than death—'tis death of love.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,
'Mong a' the cares that grieve me,
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me.

Song.



LETTER XXIII.

FROM S. D BREADALBANE, ESQ. TO THE HON.
HORACE LINDSAY.

Grindelwald, Sept. 28.

SHE is gone, Lindsay—she is gone! Stole away this morning with the lark, while I, like an insensible dog, was lying wrapped in dreams of her lovely self. She is gone—and I am left here alone, the most miserable—no, I am one of the

most happy of men; for I shall see her again, and see her I hope, never to be separated more.

I sent you a few days ago, an epistle, containing a few plain truths and simple facts respecting the cause of her stay here with Lady Hunlocke, by which means she has been the preserver of my life. I also sent you another old epistle, originally addressed to Tollmarsh, but composed of such egregious folly and nonsense, that I thought it too bad—even for him, though exactly calculated for you;—the cause of which peculiarly flattering compliment is, that I conceive its contents better calculated to remove any misconstruction that my thoughtless rattle might have created in your mind, respecting the character and conduct of the adorable Carline; and to prove more effectually the perfect modesty, purity, and punctilious propriety of her manners, than any thing I could now say. Lady Hunlocke's letter indeed, would alone be proof sufficient—but mine to Tollemache, is proof incontrovertible of the scrupulous correctness of her whole conduct:—For, Lindsay, she is as chaste as the ice of her native mountains, and as pure as their spotless snow; though she is neither like ice nor snow in any other respect; being endowed with feelings—

aye, and passions too—as exquisitely warm and tender, as ever thrilled in woman’s bosom, or made man happy. But I send this epistle after the other, and I hope you will receive them both together, to tell you that I have unwittingly misled you almost as much with respect to Carline’s real situation, as to her character. I understood she was actually *fille de chambre* to Lady Hunlocke. But she is not Lady Hunlocke’s maid—nor any lady’s maid—though that she is a maid, I’ll stake my life. How could I ever believe she was a lady’s maid! But the little gipsy herself led me into the error—why—the Lord only knows! Lady Hunlocke now says that she is a *protegée* of hers—but is quite a companion—sits with her, lives with her, visits with her, associates with all her friends—and is the life and soul of society and conversation. Her manners, talents, and accomplishments, fit her for any sphere. She has no Swiss connections at all alive—so that you perceive, my good friend, *all* your sapient objections to my union with her are removed, and I may marry her.—And I will. But I wish you would write me your advice on this head as soon as possible.

As soon as she and Lady Hunlocke have made their tour of Lucerne, &c. she is going with her

Ladyship to stay with a Colonel and Mrs. — — Somebody (I have their names down), at Lausanne —and there I shall go too ; and there, Lindsay, I shall marry her !—In ten days I shall be of age, and nobody—nothing can prevent my doing as I please. As to asking my uncle's consent, it is nonsense. He would as soon consent to my marrying a bear, as a foreigner. No ! I will take her with me—present her to him as my wife—he will suppose her to be an Englishwoman, (nobody would suppose she was not), and she will win his heart—a little witch !—I know she will, in no time ; and before he hears who she is, he will be as delighted with her as I am. It is utterly impossible for any human being to know her and not to love her. Even you would love her, Lindsay, yourself,—I know you would.

How little did you know her, when you thought she wanted to take me in to marry her ! I must acknowledge to you, (to my shame be it spoken, for having so little firmness and resolution) that even on the very day after the assurance I had given you that I would leave her, and form no permanent entanglement with her—I was so completely overcome with her tears and distress, which I fancied to be caused by having overheard me say

to you, I would leave her, that I actually offered to marry her,—even, when I believed her to be a waiting woman. But never shall I forget the noble dignity with which, surveying me with a glance which spoke more than words could say, she decidedly refused me—forbade all reply—imposed silence upon me—and interdicted all renewal of the subject, on pain of my never seeing her more! I adored her for the pride, the spirit, the delicacy, the nice sense of honour which dictated this resolution—and I was ten thousand times more resolved to marry her—even then—when I thought her another Pamela; than I should have been if she had jumped at my offer.

I could have worshipped her for refusing me—and yet not one of the feelings of impassioned love and admiration, that throbbed at my heart, would the proud little despot allow me to utter. I was compelled to hold my tongue, although ready to choke. At that very moment you, Lindsay!—you! stalked into the room, and stood staring at us,—like—like—; no, I never saw any thing look like you, Lindsay, at that moment,—you looked so horrible—horror struck I mean. What brought you back again I never yet could conceive—unless you had a prescience that I was going to make a fool of

myself, and chiose to be witness of it ;—or, what is more likely, wanted to catch a glimpse of Carline yourself.

Now Lindsay, my dear fellow, do write to me, and give me your advice—I long for it.—Direct to the Poste Restante, Lausanne, for I shall be gone from this stupid place—(stupid beyond all expression, now that she is gone!)—by to-morrow. I would have been off to-day after her, although the surgeon says it would be madness, and talks of death, but that there is not a vehicle or animal of any kind to be had. I know I must go very slow, else I shall not be able to go at all, to Lauterbrunn. A char ride of three leagues the first day, to Interlachen ; about the same distance the next, then down the lake of Thun by water ; and, if necessary, I can go down the Aar, in a boat, to Berne. There I mean to stay, to way-lay the lovely Carline on her return, and escort her and Lady Hunlocke to Lausanne. I know they are to be at Berne in ten days—and thus I shall see her three days sooner than if I went to Lausanne, which Lady Hunlocke fully expects me to do—though Carline knows nothing of my intentions of following her to Lausanne, nor even that I know that she is going there ;—it is a secret between Lady

Hunlocke and me. Yet the little gipsey surely must imagine that I will not give her up so easily.

I could not, however, get the arch dissembler even to say that she would be glad to see me again ; but she has far too much delicacy to shew any desire to attract me—too much pride to court my advances—and too much honour to lead me into a connexion which she is sensible is beneath me ;—though it cannot be beneath any one, however noble, to ally himself with a being so noble by nature as she is—

Nor is it strange that worth should wed to worth,
The pride of genius, with the pride of birth.

Now congratulate me upon my happiness, dear Lindsay, and believe me, I wish from my soul that the obstacles to your union were effectually removed, and that you were about to be united to the woman of your choice.

Ever your's,

S. D. BREADALBANE.

LETTER XXIV.

FROM THE HONOURABLE HORACE LINDSAY, TO
STUART DOUGLAS BREADALBANE, ESQ.

DEAR BREADALBANE,

November 4th, 1816.

My advice—like all advice—will probably reach you when too late; for so long a time has elapsed between the date of your letter, and my receipt of it, that I have no doubt you have, before now, put in execution your purpose of marrying—respecting which you desire to have my advice. It is a very common occurrence for a man to ask the advice of his friends, when he has quite determined upon doing any thing himself; but it is not quite so common for him to receive from them advice, exactly conformable to his own wishes and resolutions—though this case is yours.

I have at length received, together with all your letters from Grindelwald, a letter from Lady Hunlocke, of the same date, any one of which would have been sufficient completely to change my rash and unfounded opinion; and I write to you for the sole purpose of expressing my perfect

conviction of the irreproachable character and faultless excellence of the admirable woman you love, and to whose generous cares you owe your life. I see nothing the least objectionable in her situation, now that I know the truth; and therefore I can conscientiously give you the advice you wish—viz. to marry her—if you have not already done it. It will be not only the happiest, but the wisest action of your life.

That you may make her as happy as I am sure she deserves to be—is the fervent wish of,

Dear Breadalbane,

Your constant friend,

HORACE LINDSAY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PROPHECY.

The seer speaks sooth.

This blue is of the deepest blue,
She loves not virtue, but virtù;
She through the summer's day can chatter,
Of doctrine, science, mind and matter;
She scorns all knowledge that's of use,
Her sole delight's in themes abstruse,
She's learned—but a learned goose.

ANON.

LETTER XXV.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

Meyringen, Sept. 28.

At length we have bid adieu to Grindelwald,—but not to Mr. Breadalbane—for we bade him no adieu at all. We decamped softly in the still dawn of morning, while he was fast asleep—unsuspicious of our operations. The good Pastor promised me

to aid our plans, by taking good care he should not be able to hire any mode of conveyance this whole day—else, he is so rash and impetuous, that I should not have wondered if he had been mad enough to have attempted to set off after us. Heaven be praised, I have for ever bid an adieu to ‘Mademoiselle Carline,’ and the costume Bernoise! ‘Richard is himself again!’—or, in other words, I am once more Caroline St. Clair.

St. Clair!—The name reminds me of a very curious coincidence. Mr. Breadalbane one day told me, that the family name of the ancient possessor of the celebrated Roslin Castle, which now belongs to him, in consequence of the attainder of the Barons of Roslin, was St. Clair—and that once, when he was a boy, an old gray headed Carle, dressed like a Highlander, and endowed, I suppose, with the second sight—came to the place, leant upon his staff, gazed long and steadfastly upon the ruins of the castle and chapel, and at length deliberately uttered the following extraordinary prophecy:—

St. Clair shall have Roslin,
And reign o'er its halls,
While the Esk keeps its bed,
And the ivy its walls.

Its *castell* though in ruins,
Shall see new towers fall,
Its chapell though little,
Outstand great kirks all.

St. Clair for a season
May fall from the reign—
But St. Clair to proud Roslin
Shall come back again.

Proud St. Clair ! Proud Roslin
No mortal can sever—
For St. Clair with Roslin
Shall flourish for ever.

No other word would the old man utter—except this strange jumble, which he repeated over and over again. The lines are clearly English ; but the neighbouring Scottish peasantry, among whom this prophecy is still current, accounted for that by observing, that the Carle, being an old Highlander,—apparently of the clan of the St. Clair's, and who had probably borne arms in the rebellion with the attainted and imprisoned Baron of Setoun and Roslin,—would naturally speak in English, because the Highlanders, whose native language is Gaelic, learn English as a foreign tongue, and never speak the lowland or broad Scotch.

But the most curious part of the prophecy is still to come out. Mr. Breadalbane it seems, had been

teazing the old man with the idle curiosity and insatiate questions of a boy, when he addressed him with this doggerel :—

*You will seek for a Saint Clair,
And seek long in vain,
Yet you'll wed with a Saint Clair
At last, to your gain.*

If Mr. Breadalbane had known that he was repeating those lines to a St. Clair, how astonished he would have been ! Lady Hunlocke having once got hold of them, keeps continually repeating,

*He shall wed with Miss St. Clair
At last to his gain—*

until the very sound is wearisome to me. But most certainly never will the prophecy be fulfilled. Never at least will Mr. Breadalbane wed Caroline St. Clair ! Our family is, as you know, descended from a branch of the ancient Barons of Setoun and Roslin ; from a younger brother, who in the rebellion of 1715, espoused the side of the rising House of Brunswick, instead of the falling House of Stuart ; and in consequence settled in England. I have often heard my father mention it.—I therefore felt much interested in all that Mr. Breadalbane told me of the ancient House of St. Clair.

Well might they be called ‘the Proud!’ For the Saint Clair was Lord of Orkney, Prince over hundreds of tributary chieftains, and at his splendid court, at Roslin castle, ministering Barons waited at his table, and served him in vessels of gold and silver; and his Princess’s maids of honour consisted of more than fifty noble ladies, decked in chains of gold. The pride and pomp of the St. Clair’s, of Roslin, far exceeded all recorded in Scottish story.

But instead of talking about Roslin Castle, which I shall probably never see at all; or about its possessor, Mr. Breadalbane, whom I shall probably never see again,—I ought to tell you about Meyringen, which we are come here expressly to see.

By sun-rise this morning, mounted, as usual, on a clumsy cart horse, and uneasy Swiss saddles, and attended by Philips, Lady Hunlocke’s faithful servant, who still looked more ‘pale and wan’ than any ‘fond lover,’ after his fever, we left the romantic vale of Grindelwald, and ascended the Scheideck,—a rugged, bare, black, ugly hill. The long slaty ridge at the top of it, called the Ass’s Back, which we attained after a climb of about two hours and a half, afforded us some grand views of the Faulhorn, the Schwartzhorn, the Well-

horn, and all the ‘horns;’ but particularly of the Wetterhorn, which is the grand object of the pass of the Scheideck, as the Jungfrau is of the Wengern Alp. The Wetterhorn, (or Weather-horn), so called from being the weather glass of the whole country, is generally enveloped in vapours, and clouds, and storms; but we beheld it bright and unclouded,—as, close to us on the right, it reared its tremendous height of twelve thousand feet, its sides spiked with glaciers, and its summit hoary with eternal snow. While gazing upon it, our guide suddenly set up the most tremendous shout, which was vociferated from a hundred thousand echoes—like terrific voices, hidden within the deep unknown caverns, and mysterious recesses of the icy mountains, inaccessible to men; and heard for many minutes, as fainter and fainter in distance, their strange portentous sullen murmurs at last gradually melted away. It was like the voices of a thousand mountain spirits calling to each other. I never heard sounds so unearthly as those of this wonderful echo of the Alps.

We stopped at a chalêt upon the mountain, where we sat a long time, gazing at the tremendous avalanches from the Wetterhorn, opposite; and regaling ourselves upon curds and cream,

which we eat out of the wooden bowls, and with the wooden spoons manufactured by the cow-herds upon the mountain. There were six of these dairy-men living in this rude chalêt, and making cheese; but no woman. One of them had his milking stool oddly strapped round him—and its single leg sticking out behind, like a tail, had a most ludicrous effect in walking about; though when employed in milking, it very commodiously propped itself upon the ground. The descent of the Scheideck the whole way,—nearly five leagues—among noble trees and rocks, with the sublime and ever-varying forms of the snowy mountains, towering far above, close on the right, is supremely grand and beautiful. The glacier of Schwarzwald, between the Wetterhorn and the Wellhorn—the still more enormous glacier of Rosenlauri, lying between the Wellhorn and the Engelhorn, and descending very near to the path, on which we rode—and the view from a romantic bridge, thrown across the wild torrent of the Reichenbach, of this stupendous scene of icy mountains and glaciers, surpass the powers of language or painting to describe.

A very short advance, and we reached the brow of the hill, where an enchanting prospect of totally opposite character, burst upon our

delighted gaze ; presenting a most striking contrast to the icy wastes we had just been contemplating. Stretched immediately at our feet, below us, lay the beautiful valley of Hasli, covered with browsing herds, and fertile harvests, and scattered cottages, half hid in trees. I never saw a scene of more cheerful industry, and rural beauty. We had already passed one fine cascade, that of the Säulibach, falling among shadowy ^{and} trees. We now walked to visit the celebrated fall of the Reichenbach, which foams down the side of the precipice, descending to Meyringen. Like many of the cascades in Switzerland, it consists of several successive falls—and like most cascades every where, perhaps it rather disappoints expectation.

We were taken into a summer house to see the upper fall—but I hate looking at waterfalls through little windows; it always reminds me of peeping through a glass eye hole at a puppet show. Lower down we saw five of the falls at once—a very pretty sight ;—then we saw a single fall, which was not so pretty ;—then another cascade falling beneath a bridge—apparently projected by nature, but left unfinished ; and its jutting abutments of rock are connected by rude mason work. This had a pretty effect :—Still another cascade, the last, and I thought

by far the finest of the whole, completed our view of the five falls of the Reichenbach. Only two—the upper and the lower, are considered of sufficient importance in this land of waterfalls, to be named as falls—though the rest would make most respectable, and even renowned cascades in England. As if we had not had enough of cascades for one day, however, no sooner had we arrived at the Sauvage at Meyringen, and contemplated the upper fall of the Reichenbach from the gallery behind the inn—from whence its silver line of light playing among the dark trees and rocks, had a beautiful effect—than we set off to see another cascade on the opposite side of the valley—of which I will in pity spare you the description.

At the Table d' Hote we found a party of about twelve, among whom were several English, all perfect strangers to us; and a few foreigners. The conversation, if such it can be called, consisted almost entirely of a sort of monologue, carried on by a most perfect specimen of a *blue stocking*, who did not by any means follow Mr. Jeffery's witty and sensible advice—to wear her petticoats long enough to conceal her stockings;—on the contrary, her only aim seemed to be to display them. She descanted upon the whole

geology of Switzerland,—upon primitive and secondary formations,—upon the granite, gneiss, schistus, mica-slate, trap, basalt, grauwacke, plum-pudding stone, primitive limestone, stalactites, serpentine, steatite, magnesian stones of all kinds; and upon transition rocks—at the mention of which a grave looking gentleman opposite, interrupted her by turning to his companion, and deliberately observing, so loud that every body could hear—

‘Transition rocks must mean a transition to something else—so, thank heaven, we shall have a transition, before the lady quite petrifies us—or ‘forgets herself into stone.’

‘I wish she would forget herself to stone, or at least forget her stones,—and not forget that we are not stones,’ replied his friend, very audibly, but affecting to speak apart to him alone.

The fair *blue*, though she did look a little out of countenance, yet darted on them a glance of indignant contempt—and still undismayed, she only changed her ground, and treated us with history and antiquities. She favoured us with the Roman name of almost every place in Switzerland, taken from the Itinerary, and with an epitome of the ancient history of the whole country—from ditto. She next informed us, as if it were a discovery of

her own, and not a current tradition, told by every peasant one sees, and related in every book one opens—that the people of this part of Switzerland were descended from a colony of six thousand Swedes, who, in the fifth century, being pressed by famine, abandoned their own country, and wandered to this beautiful valley of Hasli, where they settled. An ancient song, still sung among the peasants of Oberhasli, is the only record of this emigration. But the superiority of form and feature, particularly in the beauty of the women, over the inhabitants of the rest of Switzerland, and the softer tones of their dialect, seem to attest their distinct origin. The men are extremely fond of gymnastic sports, and practice a peculiar mode of wrestling, which has been described in several publications.

The fair blue was at last stopped in her career, by her old assailant pulling a book out of his pocket, and asking his friend ‘if he would not read a page or two out of the history of William Tell, just to relieve the young lady—who must be tired with repeating so much from the book—for the entertainment of the company.’

Still undismayed by the sarcastic smiles and palpable derision, which followed this speech,

she immediately singled out a solemn Armenian, who formed one of our motley party, and whose flowing beard, white turban, and floating robes, certainly presented a most extraordinary figure—the last I should have expected to have met with in the midst of the Alps. She accosted him from the other end of the table, in every foreign language she was mistress of,—and in some that she was not. But in vain—the old Armenian only shook his head in reply. An Interpreter who attended him, informed her his master had not the honour of understanding her. She then desired the Interpreter, in French, to inform him, ‘how much concerned she was that she could not have the satisfaction of carrying on any conversation with him.’ On this being expounded to the Armenian, he turned his head round to the Interpreter, and with extreme solemnity, made a high sounding speech—which, on being translated, was—

‘Has the young lady then any very important communication to make to me?’

All the gentlemen laughed without mercy, and indeed, manners—and nobody could help smiling, except the Armenian and the fair blue herself, who, somewhat discomfited, began to say, ‘that she had not any very important communication to make, certainly’—but the renewed laughter of the

gentlemen here stopped her, and the Interpreter having repeated this fragment of her speech to the Armenian,—he gravely said, ‘In that case I cannot see that there is much to regret in my not being able to understand the young lady, since no good could come from our holding communication together.’

In spite of the laughter of the gentlemen when this speech was interpreted, the indefatigable fair one still persevered, and desired the Interpreter to tell him ‘she had some questions to ask him.’

‘If they are questions, such as she ought to ask and I to answer,’ rejoined the imperturbable Armenian, ‘tell the young lady she had better speak to me in English.’

The fair blue now inquired, in her mother tongue, which she seemed to consider quite a degradation to use, ‘What were his motives for visiting Switzerland, and whether he admired it more than his own country?’

‘Before I answer these questions,’ said the Armenian, after a solemn pause, ‘I must first beg leave to inquire, how that information can possibly be of any importance to the young lady?’

The laughter that ensued completely silenced the discomfited fair one for a time; yet she soon began to cross question the Interpreter in Italian.

But the wily Greek was not to be so easily caught, she could get nothing out of him. When she had done speaking to the interpreter in Italian, the Armenian asked him, *in Italian*, what the young lady had said ?

‘ Good heavens !—how obstinate !’ exclaimed the blue, ‘ why I talked to him myself in Italian, and he would not vouchsafe an answer !’

The Armenian said something in his own language to the Interpreter, who laughed, and seemed very unwilling to explain what it was, but the fair blue insisted upon hearing it.

‘ He only said, Mademoiselle,’ said the Interpreter, ‘ that he was sorry he did not know that you were speaking Italian.’


The laughter of the gentlemen and the anger of the fair blue now exceeded all bounds, and she indignantly left the table, which proved a signal for general dispersion.

We afterwards understood that the Armenian was a Catholic Priest, who had come from Rome to Lucerne, on some mission connected with the affairs of the Catholic Church.

We slept at the Pastor’s ; for mine host of the ‘ Sauvage’ informed us, though not till after dinner, that the rooms we had chosen, he was sorry to find

were engaged. We had certainly a right to have kept possession of them, but as the man seemed quite as much of a 'Sauvage' as his sign, and as his house was dirty and the parsonage clean, we waived the contest; conceiving it to be for our interest to change our quarters. The Pastor accompanied us in our evening walk to a hill behind the church, which commands a most beautiful view of the valley. His wife, a modest amiable timid young woman, with a large bunch of keys hanging at her girdle, was nursing her first baby, over which she hung with a mother's raptured gaze. The Pastor, both from his conversation and his library, seemed a man of education and intelligence. He spoke a little very bad French, his wife none; so that while we talked in German, Lady Hunlocke amused herself with a book.

CHAPTER XXIV.



THE GRIMSEL.



This desert wild, this roaring flood,
Is fitting scene for deeds of blood ;
No eye to see, no arm to save,
The torrent is the victim's grave :
The death scream's lost amid its roar,
Its pure wave laves the murderer's gore ;
And, safe remov'd from human ken,
The spoiler seeks the haunts of men.

ANON.



LETTER XXVI.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

ALL that I have hitherto seen of the Alps—
all that the imagination can picture of the sublime
and the terrible, fade into nothing before the
scenes we have actually beheld to-day, in the
passage of the Grimsel. Description is vain.

Neither the pen, nor the pencil, nor even the magical power of poetry, could convey to those who have not beheld it, the faintest idea of this sublime but horrible pass. But I must endeavour to comprise my history of our adventurous pilgrimage of to-day, in as short a compass as possible.

In the first place we sallied forth, like two wandering damsels of old, all alone, in quest of adventures ; for Philips was so overcome with the fatigue of our rough expedition yesterday, and was so utterly unfit to attend us, that Lady Hunlocke insisted upon his remaining at Meyringen to recruit, and join us at Altorf, on the Lake of Lucerne, by the short and easy route of the Brunig.

Our ride up the vale of Oberhasli, for the first three leagues, was most romantic. The little village of Hasli Imgrund, stands in a most beautiful situation, in a small and highly cultivated plain, surrounded on all sides by the loftiest mountains, bearing every appearance of having been a small lake. The Aar, which waters it, has probably once filled it, and forced its way out through a narrow chasm between two rocky precipices, eight hundred feet in height, which seems to have been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature.

The peasants stood at the doors of their rural wooden dwellings, picturesquely scattered over the green, to gaze upon us as we passed ; as if the sight of strangers was a rare event in their simple and secluded lives. Their air of easy cheerful independence and contentment, was peculiarly pleasing. The Swiss cottages, though built of wood, are remarkably substantial. They are almost always two stories high, with immensely steep high projecting roofs, to support their winter load of snow. Above the first story, a broad pent-house roof stands out, forming a rustic portico and sheltered path, which quite surrounds the house, and is called the Melk Gang. The resin which copiously exudes from the pine wood of which they are built, forms a fine brown coat of natural varnish. They are often adorned with curious carving, and quaintly inscribed with scriptural texts and sage apothegms, which bespeak the primitive manners and morals of their inmates ; while the venerable trees that flourish around them, testify the long years of peace and repose that have been passed beneath their shade.

The costume of the women here again completely changed. A coloured handkerchief worn over the head, so as to conceal the hair—a

chequered cotton breastplate, extending from the throat to the bottom of a very long waist, forming a sort of boddice—and petticoats still shorter than petticoats ever were beheld—out of Switzerland; complete a costume, extremely grotesque—but by no means so pretty as the Bernoise.

A little further on, we stopped to see the glacier of Urbach, which descends into the valley; and, after crossing the Aar, close by the side of which the road continues the whole way to the summit of the Grimsel, we commenced its terrific ascent by a steep and giddy path, over rocks and precipices, presenting, at every step, the most awfully savage and varying combinations of naked rocks and roaring torrents. So narrow is the pass in some places, that the rude barriers erected at the edge of the over-hanging precipice, alone save you from tumbling into the raging waters beneath. Here and there a Swiss hamlet, even amidst these wild and solitary deserts, still charmed the sight.

Three leagues further, we stopped to dine at the little village of Guttanen, the last on the way. At the humble inn, we found very civil kind people, and good plain fare—of which we partook in cleanliness and comfort.

Beyond this, there is no trace of human habitation—no sign of man, nor of the works of his hand—no vestige of his power,—no mark even of his footstep. All is lonely and desolate. Not a living thing is to be seen. The birds of heaven wing their airy flight to happier regions. The mountain goat shuns the naked rocks that afford him no herbage. Stern Nature reigns alone in all her horrors. Vainly may you lift your eyes from this scene of desolation, to the tremendous summits of the gigantic mountains,—where the Finsteraarhorn rears his proud pyramid of naked granite, on which the foot of man has never trodden,—where uncounted leagues of glaciers spread their impassible worlds of ice, far and wide through the secret uninvaded labyrinths of the mighty Alps, and yet from their frost bound wombs give birth to those glorious rivers which bear with them beauty, fertility, and gladness, through the rich plains of Europe ;—to these unknown mysterious heights, vainly may you raise your awe struck gaze ;—no trace of life will greet it :—the savage bears and the howling wolves, which alone lurk in those inaccessible fastnesses, meet not your wandering eye. You are buried between the most tremendous mountain cliffs ; precipice piled on precipice of black naked

shivering rock ; enormous fragments of which are heaped up in the narrow ravine, down which the roaring waters of the Aar force their furious way. Dark, dreary, and narrow, the sun's rays can scarcely penetrate into its depth. It seems the fit abode of demons, or of evil monsters of prey. It is the chaos of desolation—the ruins, or the rudiments of a world.

The road—‘ if road it can be called where road was none ’—was precipitous, giddy, and terrific, in the highest degree. Sometimes scaling slippery rocks of polished granite, up a ledge so narrow that your horse barely finds room for a step, and your feet are absolutely hanging over ~~the side of~~ the precipice's side—you reach at last a tremendous height above the bed of the river, and turn sharply round the corner of the projecting edge of the rock, on a space so small that the horse with difficulty saves his hind legs from going over the edge ;—then again you descend with the same frightful rapidity, almost to the bed of the torrent, and instantly mount again higher than before. To dismount was often impossible, from want of space to alight. In some places notches cut in the slippery rocks of granite, alone afford footing for your horse. One false step, and you must be

hurled into the roaring abyss, to the most horrible of deaths. We sometimes scrambled over tremendous avalanches—the horses sinking deep in the melting snow. We crossed and re-crossed the Aar, on wild terrific Alpine bridges, formed by the single trunk of a tree thrown over the roaring torrent, without any guard on either side. I saw Lady Hunlocke turn pallid with fear, and so probably did I, as we approached them;—yet, giddy and almost senseless, with the sight and the sound, we still sat upon our horses, and trusted to their steadiness rather than our own. The poor animals quivered and trembled in every limb, as they crossed, and even for some minutes afterwards; but carried us safely. Yet how much more confidence should we have felt mounted on mules—none of which are to be had in this part of Switzerland—than on these huge, clumsy, unsafe cart horses of the valley!

But we had other perils to encounter than those of the rugged way, or our miserable unpractised steeds. At a dangerous pass I missed one of the guides, and in questioning the other what had become of his comrade, he replied with some hesitation, that he had sent him back to the house where we had dined, for ‘my lady’s writing

case, which he had left behind.' As he was speaking, a short capôte or cloak he wore, caught on the edge of a rock, and displayed this identical writing case, which he had previously carried in his hand, now carefully fastened under the folds of the cloak at his back. It was quite impossible he could have forgotten having slung it there—and on telling him of it, he turned red, and pretended to be surprised; and in bustling to get at it, as if to assure himself that he really had it, I saw, to my great consternation, a pair of pistols in the pocket of his jacket, under the cloak. The suspicion instantly burst upon me that he meant to murder us in this lonely desert, for the sake of our money and valuables, and make his escape into Italy, by the short descent which leads from this pass to the Valais; by which very route, as he had himself told us, he had left Italy and come down to Meyringen, only a few days before. He was an Italian by birth, and a soldier by trade; had served many years under Buonaparte—deserted to the English—served in their army—deserted again—and since the peace, had been both in France, Germany, and Italy.

Before we reached Meyringen, when we were looking at the fall of the Reichenbach, this man

had accosted us, asking to be engaged as our guide—which Lady Hunlocke promised to do, I believe, in order to be rid of his importunity. The people of the inn cautioned us against him, saying ‘he was a stranger of suspicious character—that they knew nothing of him—and that he was a bad guide.’ But Lady Hunlocke observed, if they knew nothing of him, they could not know that he was a bad guide;—that they probably wanted us to employ their own guide, which no doubt was the case—although their opinion of this man might be also too well founded. Philips, however, had told Lady Hunlocke at Meyringen this morning, that he thought the man ‘a bad fellow’—that he had a ‘hang dog look’—and ‘was not to be trusted:’—still, as she had positively engaged him, and never dreamt of danger, she paid no attention to these objections. I remembered that he happened to be in the room waiting for orders, when Lady Hunlocke was paying the Grindelwald guide, and probably the tempting heap of gold which she then rather incautiously displayed, might excite his cupidity to possess himself of it. Lady Hunlocke, at his particular desire, had allowed him to engage the other guide; and a proper oaf he had provided.

His sending away this clown, on such a false and frivolous pretext, without ever consulting us—his carrying fire arms, in a country where they are utterly unnecessary and unknown—his own vagabond lawless military habits, his dissolute way of talking, his incessant vaunting of his own honesty and fidelity, his villanous countenance, his guilty confused look, his conscious eye, that slunk away beneath mine—all struck me with the conviction that my suspicions were but too well founded.—But all these circumstances, though tedious in narrating, flashed through my mind in a moment.

I had desired him to halloo after the guide whom he had sent back, the moment I discovered his absence. He very reluctantly did so—and I also strained my throat, but in vain. No answer was returned, except the wild echoes of the rocks. I proceeded a little way farther, keeping the man in constant conversation close by my side; but every word and look that fell from him confirmed my worst fears. My first idea was to make Lady Hunlocke give all her money to the man to carry, under pretence that its weight incommoded her; upon the principle that the beaver is fabulously said to divest itself of the part for which it is pursued by the hunters, and leave it for them,

that it may escape with its life. But I remembered that she had unluckily given nearly all her money to Philips, to carry for her to Altorf, only leaving a small sum for use upon the road; and though it was very unlikely this man would believe this, I told him that I hoped he had money enough to pay our expenses at Grimsel; or at least that he could induce the people to trust us till he returned back from Altorf with the horses, because Lady Hunlocke had unluckily given *all* her money to her servant to carry for her—expecting that I had enough for use upon the road:—but that I had nothing, shewing him at the same time a purse with a few small coins in it.’

‘O but the other lady has plenty of gold,’ said the fellow, ‘for I saw her through the window, at the inn where we dined, with her purse in her hand, and it seemed full of Napoleons.’

I was wholly unprepared for this stroke—but had presence of mind enough to say, ‘but that is only a purse she carries about always with her, wherever she goes, full of false coins, in case she should be robbed, to give to the robbers.’

But they’ll pass for real ones, won’t they, them gold coins?’—asked the man eagerly, ‘one could pass them off?’

‘O no ! whoever attempted to pass them would be thrown into prison, and perhaps be hanged,’—I said.

‘Aye—but I’m thinking, I would like to try them though, for all that,’—said the fellow, probably distrusting the whole story.

‘They are of no use, except to impose upon robbers who have no time to examine them,’ I said. ‘But there is no danger of robbers here, I know, and even if we should meet with any, an old soldier like you would protect us bravely from them. I dare say you are always well armed.’

‘No—I never carry’s any arms now,’ said the rascal, ‘because why—a man’s taken up directly if he does :—for none carries them here that hav’nt a bad use for them.’—

My blood ran cold at the thoughts of the pistols in his pocket ; however I said,—‘But nobody does make a bad use of them here, I believe. They say robbing is scarcely ever heard of, and if it is, the robber is sure to be taken and executed immediately.’

‘Not so *sure* !’ said the fellow, with a sneer and a diabolical countenance, ‘for them that know how to set about it ; for *we* can get over from here into Italy, or into Germany, in an hour or two, by

riding off on the travellers horses—and besides, dead men tell no tales.’

I thought I had heard enough, and anxious for an opportunity to communicate apart with Lady Hunlocke, to whom I could not speak in his presence—as he understood both English, French, and Italian perfectly well—I pretended to want to take a sketch of the scene, and desired him to give me my little drawing portfolio, which was slung round his neck. In fumbling to get at it, he pulled out from his breast a string, to which was suspended a whole bunch of diamond rings and precious jewels, which he hastily hid again. I affected not to have seen them, though he eyed me very suspiciously. I called to Lady Hunlocke, who, from being much better mounted than myself, was a little way in advance, and obliged her, sorely against her will, to stop and dismount, and to descend with me to one of the falls of the Aar, where the deafening roar of the waters completely prevented the sound of our voices from reaching the man, whom we left in full view, holding both the horses.

Great was Lady Hunlocke’s terror and consternation, when I told her my suspicions—pretending all the time to be drawing :—And certainly never

were two forlorn females more completely in the power of any man, than we were in the hands of this brutal wretch, who might shoot us whenever he was so disposed. No help was at hand. For leagues around there was not a human being. Escape was impossible. Bitterly did Lady Hunlocke now lament her infatuation in engaging the villain for a guide at all, contrary to all advice—her imprudence in letting him see her bag of gold at Meyringen—and her stupidity in not having given the said bag to Philips, her servant, in his presence. But regret was vain. The question was, what was to be done?

To exert our own courage and resolution to the utmost, was indispensable, since our lives depended upon it; and, after much deliberation—during which I still seemed busily occupied in sketching, though my eyes were never really off the guide a single moment—we at length determined that Lady Hunlocke should complain of being chilled with the spray of the fall, and borrow the man's cloak, in order that I might be able to see and secure the pistols; and, while he was in the act of helping her on horseback, I should suddenly seize upon both of them at once, and throw them into the Aar. Without arms himself, and with the watch

we should keep upon him, we thought he durst not attempt to attack two of us, when upon our guard. We both picked up strong sticks, or rather clubs, brought down by the torrent, one blow of which, even from our weak hand, would knock a man down. But before executing this scheme we waited long, in the hope that some other party of travellers might either be coming up or down the pass; still seemingly wrapt in admiration of the stupendous fall, and in sketching it—as if our sole object had been,—

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
Slowly to trace the desert's winding scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been—

which latter circumstance, by the way, however poetic, we should at this moment gladly have excused.

Lady Hunlocke scrambled down into the bed of the river, in order that the guide might not be able to see or take aim at her, and I stood perched upon a rock above, pretending to be taking the view, while I was watching his motions, and looking out for approaching help. Continually did she call out to me in inquiries as eager and piteous as the fair Fatima, in Bluebeard, and

from the same laudable motive—that of saving her neck,— ‘Sister Anne ! sister Anne ! do you see any body coming ?’

I could not even see a flock of sheep, like ‘Sister Anne ;’ and, after waiting till we began to fear we might be benighted in these wilds—in which case our necks would inevitably be broken without the assistance of this miscreant—we summoned up resolution, and scrambled back to him. With a faltering voice, and lips as pale and stiff as marble,—Lady Hunlocke asked him to lend her his cloak.

‘My cloak, milady ! Won’t you have on your own cloak ?’—She hesitated—

‘Her’s is so long she cannot ride with it. It catches so upon the rocks. But you can put on her’s,’ I said.

Reluctantly he unfastened his cloak, and was instantly going to throw the other round him ; but I took hold of it, desiring him first to help Lady Hunlocke to mount.

He did so, and at that moment, standing behind him, I seized both the pistols in his pocket at once, and threw them over the side of the precipice into the torrent. He turned hastily round, and made a motion as if he would have thrown me after his pistols. But I had instantly

snatched up my great stick, which was a formidable weapon, even in a hand like mine, and eyeing him steadfastly, forbid him, at his peril, to approach me

The guilty conscience-struck wretch now stood abject before me. Stammering and hesitating, he vainly attempted to utter an intelligible word.

‘If, Sir,’ said I, assuming a calmness and courage I did not feel,—‘you have the audacity to attempt to do this lady or myself any injury, be assured your life will answer for it. She has great and powerful friends both in this country and all over Italy. We are expected to day at the Grimsel; should we not arrive, search will be made for us—and, if you are above ground, you will be immediately found out and hanged. But we are willing to believe you had no such evil intention, and that you brought those pistols to protect us. If you prove that this was the case, by conducting us in safety to the Grimsel, you shall be handsomely rewarded, both for *your* services and the loss of your pistols.’

He swore he would, of course;—but thinking it was better to enlist his own interest on the side of his good behaviour, I added,—

‘Those pistols of yours seemed to be of great value; and, as Lady Hunlocke gave almost all

her money to her servant this morning, to carry to Altorf, in order not to be loaded with it on the road, we cannot pay you for them till we get there; but you are engaged to go all the way with us, and if you conduct yourself to our satisfaction, you shall have the full value of your pistols, whatever it is, when we pay you for your services.'

He brightened up at this, and said 'the pistols were very valuable indeed.'

'Worth twenty or thirty guineas, at least, I should think,' said I—'but I know nothing about the value of fire-arms.'

He said they were worth more, but that he would be content with thirty guineas for them.

'Then you shall have it when you get to Altorf,'—exclaimed Lady Hunlocke, eagerly.

'If you behave well;' I added.

Did you think, my dear Georgy, that I had possessed so much cunning? I certainly did not know it myself—till it was called forth by this extraordinary adventure.* Nor on any other occasion could I,

* This adventure, extraordinary as it may seem, in all its essential circumstances actually happened to two English ladies who were travelling alone over the Grimsel, immediately after the peace. Their guide, a discharged soldier—a ruffian without principle or character—had formed a plan to rob and

or would I, have acted so. But in self-defence, all arts and stratagems—even deceit and falsehood, are lawful. If it be justifiable to shoot a man who is going to murder you, and you have no other means of saving your life, it must be justifiable to deceive him for the same purpose. In self-defence, when life is at stake, and perhaps in no other case, deceit is allowable.

I really now felt comparatively easy and secure ; but as Lady Hunlocke was still in great apprehension, I rode on before her, keeping the man constantly close to me, that she might see all his motions ; and I set him a talking, which he was very ready to do, as if I no longer entertained any distrust of him. Once more, almost with a disengaged mind, I could dwell on the sublime features of this astonishing scenery.

The falls of the Aar are the most sublime I have ever seen. The first, which we saw at Guttanen, close to the path, struck us with unspeakable admiration. But when we reached Handeck, and

murder them, and escape into Italy, by the Valois, to which a short descent leads from this wild pass.

Some ladies of very punctilious principles, have said they would sooner have been murdered, than have deceived the man ;—but those ladies had not been tried.

beheld the great body of water precipitating itself from the tremendous summit of that precipice above, into the yawning abyss beneath, with a thundering roar, which the wild echoes of the desert rocks returned, and throwing up vast sheets of foam which, by its changing mistiness increased the sublimity of the fall;—the lone and savage solitude from which there seemed no egress,—the inaccessible mountains, the pathless rocks and snow covered cliffs all around—the tremendous masses of granite strewed on every side, which no power, no convulsion of nature, seemed capable of hurling from their eternal foundations—altogether presented a scene of such terrific sublimity and horror, that it is impossible any thing in nature can surpass it. Far above the fall there is one little green plain, on which stands a rude uninhabited chalet. It is a little island of rest—an oasis in the rocky desert.

The two leagues we had yet to scale from Handeck to the summit of the Grimsel, are infinitely more precipitous and terrible than any we had yet passed. No language can describe their sublimity. We passed over the ‘rocks of hell,’ as some of these incredibly enormous masses of fallen granite are called—in the round slippery sides of which the small steps cut with infinite

labour, afford a precarious footing. We crossed three ~~other~~ Alpine bridges, each more frightful still than the other, and suspended so far above the boiling flood, that we could only hear its thundering roar; the torrent itself being hidden by the depth beneath, and by the thick white spray its own fury threw up. One of these bridges was peculiarly horrible—for though formed of rough mason work, it was hung so high in air—its ascent and descent were so steep—the large granite stones of which it was formed were so slippery with the foam of the roaring cascade which fell from a great height beneath it—and it was so excessively narrow, without any fence on either side, that I cannot recall crossing it yet without shuddering.

A little green Alpine pasturage, now deserted by the herd of cattle which feeds here in the height of summer, was a sweet relief to our eyes as we passed over it—and one long pull more of steep clambering, brought us to the summit of the pass. The shades of evening were gathering thick around us, the sky was dark and lowering, and the faint and dying light dimly revealed to us the horrors of this savage and desert scene. Yet nearly to its highest point, and where all around us was ice and snow, the stunted larch tree beating and bleaching

in the blast that howled round us, contended tenaciously for its feeble life; and lower down the birch and even the *pinus cembra*, which I had never seen except on the Wengernalp, grew short and shrubby over the rocks, like bushes.* We descended half a league on the other side, to the hospital; a dreary looking abode, standing in a deep hollow, on the margin of a deep black pond or lake, and tarn, surrounded on all sides by tremendous rocks, and immense tracts of snow. Yet it furnished us with fire, food, shelter, and repose; with safety and protection; and with unbought civility and kindness.

Neither of us could endure again to see the wretch who had caused us such horrible apprehensions. I communicated to the plain decent master of the hospital—who could speak no language except his own, (German Swiss Patois)—the strong reasons we had for entertaining suspicions of his purpose;

* The rapidity of the ascent of the Grimsel may be, in some degree, estimated, from the fact, that the actual elevation gained, is about a thousand feet in a league; and, as the way to it continually ascends and descends the long steep precipices by the side of the Aar, probably four or five times the real height is actually traversed.


and begged he would procure us trust-worthy guides, to conduct us over the Furca to-morrow,—and send back this fellow, under the care of a stout steady peasant, to Meyringen, so that we might be secure from his following and molesting us. The honest Hospitalier readily engaged to fulfil our wishes; and said, though he knew nothing of the man, he had already learnt from a very respectable Meyringen guide who was then in the house, that the fellow bore the worst of characters at Meyringen;—whither it was suspected he had lately fled to escape the penalty of his crimes. We afterwards learnt, that as the evening advanced, he got drunk, and let fall expressions which fully proved his evil intentions. When asleep, his clothes were searched, and a dagger, or sort of stiletto, was found concealed within his waistcoat. It is supposed on missing this the next morning, he had conjectured he was discovered, for he made his escape unseen, in what direction no one knew. The booby of a guide he had sent back never appeared at the Grimsel; and we learnt, by the arrival of a man who had met him on his way back, that instead of sending him to the little inn where we dined, to inquire for Lady Hunlocke's writing case, as he had pre-

tended, he had told him to return to Meyringen, as we had no further occasion for his services.*


* The traveller in Switzerland should remember, that even a solitary female, alone and unattended, will always be perfectly safe throughout the whole country, and in the wildest and most lonely passes of the Alps, by trusting to the native guides, upon whose fidelity and honesty the most perfect reliance may be placed. All the Swiss themselves, from the highest to the lowest, will confirm this statement. The author is well acquainted with a Swiss lady, of high character and respectability, who every summer mounts her mule, and without any servant of her own, takes a new tour, (always varying the route), among the mountains, to indulge her passion for botany. No injury, insult, or impertinence has she ever met with—nor will any be offered to the most unprotected stranger. Robbery and murder are wholly unknown—though there is no country in the world which affords the same facilities for their successful perpetration; both from the inexhaustible retreats for banditti—which its forests, its mountains, its rocky caves and impregnable fortresses present—and from the extensive foreign frontiers which invest it on every side. Austrian Italy, Sardinia, France, Bavaria, and numerous German States, lie ready to receive the fugitive and outlaw.

As somebody once said of a different country—‘one good thing about *Switzerland* is, that wherever you are placed in it, you can very soon get out of it.’ With such temptations and securities to the robber, it surely says much for the morals and character of the people, that robbery is unknown.


CHAPTER XXV.



THE POET.



Nature was in a strange mood, when she carved out you !



LETTER XXVII.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

WE were sitting over our tea, yesterday evening, at the Grimsel, by the side of a blazing wood fire, discussing our adventures and escape, when our conversation was interrupted by the strange sounds proceeding from the next room, which was divided from ours by a partition so thin, that as far as regarded hearing, we might as well have been in it. Divers mutterings, accompanied with a loud sort of discontented grunt, and a heavy step treading the floor, had long saluted our ears : and these noises gradually augmented, until they arrived at the

climax of two loud thumps upon the table, which was followed by a hoarse voice, in a broad Scottish accent, exclaiming exulingly,—‘Av ’heet it—noo;’—and forthwith it repeated some lines of bombastical poetry, which have escaped my memory.

The grumblings and mutterings which had previously reached our ears from this quarter were, no doubt, the throes ^{of} proceeding this happy parturition; having accomplished which, the enraptured poet again and again delighted his ears with the sweetness of his new-born verse; and then, in a slow sonorous voice, with a most sing-song nasal twang, he drawled forth an unconscionably long stave, of which all I can remember is,—

Ye maun’na’ flee—we’ll mak’ ye ken,
We’ll fight ye a’—we’ll dee like men.

And having got to the end, he actually began again to rehearse, from the very beginning, this doleful ditty, which seemed to be a history of one of the battles of William Tell, *done* into verse. He would, doubtless, have proceeded to the end thereof again, had not Lady Hunlocke’s laughter, which she could no longer suppress, broke out, and the poet was silenced.

The cessation of his lay, certainly we did not particularly regret—though, ‘*nae doot*, his *powetry*,’ as my particular friend Maister Awn’dra Magregor ‘*ca’d it*,’ was in his mind, ‘*unco’ gude*.’

Very soon we received a message, purporting that the gentleman in the next room would be happy to pay his respects to the ladies.

Thinking he must be an original, we begged he would walk in, and in came a tall bony gaunt knock-kneed figure, with high cheek bones, large features, ash-coloured complexion, an enormous mouth, displaying formidable yellow-teeth; the most surprising large ears I ever beheld in the human species, standing strait out from his head; black coarse hair, that seemed glued to his crown, hanging down by the sides of his lank physiognomy; and the oddest shuffling sort of gait I ever beheld. This figure was attired in a rusty thread-bare black coat, which hung loosely about his ungainly body, while the sleeves were much too short for his long sprawling arms; his brown corduroy breeches, well darned, were so shrunk with repeated washings, that they could not be coaxed quite to form a junction with the venerable waistcoat; his legs and feet were encased in thick grey knitted woollen stockings, and coarse strong

shoes, tied by leathern thongs. This strange figure continued 'booing, booing;' quite as low and obsequiously as his countryman, Sir Pertinax, but much more disinterestedly,—while a dirty leathern satchel, which was slung from his shoulder, kept swinging about and knocking against his legs, at every awkward motion. It was a work of some difficulty and intreaty to get him to be seated; and when, at last, he did venture down upon the extreme edge of a wooden chair, his staring, uneasy nervous look,—his restless sprawling fingers, which incessantly fumbled and grasped the bare and battered flap of his rusty hat,—his legs alternately thrown over each other a dozen times in a minute,—and the old satchel which dangled down to the floor, produced altogether an effect so ludicrous, that it nearly overset Lady Hunlocke's gravity; and when, with mighty effect, he at length stammered forth, that 'he hoped we were weel, and wad juist excuse the leeberty he was takin wi' us—and that he had juist ca'd for us to ap'ologeeze'—and then he fairly stuck fast, in a desperate case of *mauvaise honte*;—poor Lady Hunlocke durst not trust her voice to utter the word of encouragement and civility, without which, he evidently could never proceed I succeeded in

speaking, however, with a tolerable face—and the distressing trepidation and embarrassment of the poor man being, in some degree, relieved by the sound of my voice—he proceeded to ‘*ap’ologeeze*’ at great length, for having disturbed us by repeating his ‘*puir worthless powetry*,’ which, he said, arose entirely from his ignorance of having ‘*twa sic Leddies sae nigh at han* ;’—and yet, notwithstanding he had thus sinned in unconscious ignorance, he could not be induced, (most unchristianly), to forgive himself his offence, nor believe that we forgave him, until assured of it from our own lips.

He was, evidently, a Scotch Presbyterian ‘*Meenister*,’ both from his garb and words—but it is utterly impossible to give you any idea of his strange phraseology, or of the circumlocution with which he enveloped his meaning—expressing the same thing in twenty different ways, with the most tortuous and inverted forms of speech. The substance of his discourse, however, when I could succeed in arriving at it through his cloud of words and labyrinth of parenthesis, was, that he had just heard some confused account from another traveller at the inn, who had heard it from a man belonging to the hospital, who had

heard it from the Hospitalier himself—of *how* we had been attacked by an assassin on the mountains—and *how* we had thrown him into the river—and *how* he had got out—and *how* he had sworn to way-lay us to-morrow—because as *how* his powder was wetted to-day;—and without being able to listen to our attempted explanation, of ‘*how*’ it really was—(from the agonies he was labouring under to be delivered of the speech big with which he had entered the room)—he at length brought it forth:—and with a thousand winding apologies, made the humble offer of his poor services to attend and protect us over the Furca to-morrow, from this villain, and even to see us safe the following day as far as Altorf, where we should be out of danger! Now to do this, we found would lead him back exactly the same harassing and perilous track by which he had already come, on foot; and he would again, and alone, after escorting us in safety, have had to spend two more laborious days in retracing his weary steps!—Thus devoting four days of hard labour to our service; for he had come from Altorf, and he had crossed the Furca, one of the highest of the stormy heights of Mount St. Gothard, that day—which we were to cross the next. His own toil and hardship—his poverty,

which deprived him of every alleviation of them—the personal danger he must encounter in again crossing twice, this, the most difficult and perilous pass of the Alps—the late season of the year—the time, cost and privation—all were counted as nothing. He only remembered that there were two females in danger and distress, and that he could guard and succour them !

After this, never let it be said that the age of chivalry is passed. This extraordinary offer—by this still more extraordinary knight—was urged with perfect sincerity ; with a hesitation indeed which purely arose from modesty and *mauvaise honte*, but with a warmth of earnestness which left no room to doubt that it sprung from this kind, simple being's heart. Genuine benevolence alone actuated him. He knew not our names—he might naturally suppose from our being without an attendant of any sort, that we were poor and insignificant,—he most certainly never saw our faces ; for such was his nervous trepidation, and so intent was his whole soul upon effecting his purpose of making this offer, that while talking to us, his large staring eyes were turned in any and every direction excepting that in which they could possibly confront us ;—and I am quite sure, that had he been

asked, he could not have told whether we were old or young—ugly or pretty—black, brown, or fair. The thanks we expressed evidently pained him, and threw him into the most awkward confusion; and he was quite distressed at our declining his offer. He assured us with such earnest simplicity that it would be a great ‘pleasure’ till him, to ‘tend us, but that he would not presume to trouble us with his company or conversation, and begged with such earnestness to be allowed only to follow us within sight, so as to be near enough to protect us in case of need—that we were quite touched with his generosity and goodness of heart. We learnt that he was the son of a Scotch village weaver, one of a large family, but having a great turn for ‘the beuk,’ his poor parents had laboured, and spared, and pinched, and pined, and scraped up their hard worn pittance, with that honest pride and ambition so common among the Scottish labourers, to enable this hope of their heart and family to get his learning, and ‘take his humani^{ties}tion’—and become an ordained ‘meenister of the word.’ And all this was now accomplished—and they had even enjoyed the pleasure and pride of hearing him preach;—but alas! he had as yet no kirk—no manse! He said, however, he had some

hopes a neighbouring minister would 'be transported,' and that he should be appointed in his room.

'Why what crime has the man committed,' said Lady Hunlocke, shocked at this unchristian-like hope.

'Crime!'—exclaimed the Scotchman with a start—'Wha' says he commeeted ony crime? He is as gude a maun and chreestian as ever leaved.'

'Then why do you wish or expect him to be sent to Botany Bay?' said Lady Hunlocke.

'Till Botany Bay!'

I here interrupted him by inquiring, if a Scotch Minister's 'being transported,' did not merely mean being removed to a better living.

'Purposely!'—he exclaimed. 'When a Mee-nister's transported, he ay gangs till anither kirk, where he gets mair steepend. It's like he wad hae keepit his auld kirk lãng, else'—

(Or at least this was the drift of what he said; for though the words I have repeated were all used in his answer, hundreds more were used likewise.)

We further gathered, that having saved up a small pittance of money, by being tutor in the laird's family, to teach 'the callants' Latin, &c.—he had, when this enviable post was fulfilled, indulged his enthusiastic desire to see the Alps;—

had embarked from Leith in a Dutch vessel for Rotterdam—had gone through Holland chiefly by the cheap conveyance of Trackschuyts—had walked up the Rhine and through Switzerland, and was going all the way home on foot.

The wild and extravagant enthusiasm with which he expatiated on the Alps and the beauties of nature—his strange gestures and uncouth phraseology, while he gaped and gasped again with thoughts too big for expression—and the labouring efforts which he underwent to give them utterance—repeatedly nearly overset our gravity;—while the strange unexpected original ideas, and the various hoard of information which occasionally burst out in the middle of those absurd rhapsodies, at once excited our astonishment and admiration. He seemed to be full of that sort of knowledge that nobody else possessed, and to know nothing of those things which all the world knows;—and the guileless simplicity and overflowing benevolence of his nature, awakened in us a most lively interest.

Such was his zeal for learning, that when at school, he had often denied himself his scanty meal, and scraped and saved up its miserable value, until he had amassed enough to buy some old dirty Latin book, which he had surveyed for

many a day, with longing eyes, upon some old stall ; then hurrying home with the precious treasure, he would devour it instead of grosser viands, and forget that he was dinnerless. It was however but rarely, that by dint of the severest privations, he could afford to make these grand purchases of an old well thumbed backless copy of some venerable classic, or abstruse work of philosophy or science ; but he would often walk ten or twelve Scottish miles over moors and hills, to borrow a book, which he must perform the same peregrination to return.* He would shut himself up for days in the village church, in wintry storms ; or in summer, bury himself in a sort of den he had scooped out in the steep, wild, birch-covered banks of his native burn, to pore over the books he thus obtained. During

* These particulars of the hardships and struggles of the poor Scottish student, are not imaginary. All these, and more, have been actually encountered by many ; particularly by the late Dr. Leyden, whose poetic genius and profound learning were an honour to his country, and whose untimely death was a loss to the world. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the character of *this* self-taught Scottish peasant, in no respect resembles that of the admirable and unfortunate Leyden.

all the winters he studied at Edinburgh, he could afford no fire in his miserable garret; but, wrapped in a blanket,—still through cold, and want, and penury, he pored over his studies. Learning was to him certainly, not only ‘better than house and land,’ but it stood him in stead of meat, drink, and raiment.

Before he took his leave of us, he tremulously untied his dangling leathern satchel, and asked if any of his little travelling store of books could amuse our evening. We were very curious to see his collection. At first he only produced ‘Thompson’s Seasons,’ ‘Burn’s and Ramsay’s poems,’ ‘Milton and Cowper’—(all very small copies and extremely dirty.) But seeing the bag was by no means emptied, I never rested till I got to the bottom of its contents—which proved to be a tattered copy of Homer’s *Odyssey*, in the original—a similar conditioned *Virgil*—a small *Horace*—and a Hebrew Testament, full of notes—with a small English bible:—also a huge roll of papers, the effusions of his muse. We selected the manuscripts, and begged permission to be favoured with their perusal, which, with nervous trepidation, and yet with manifest delight, he acceded.

After he was gone, instead of reading the poems, however, Lady Hunlocke, who had taken a great fancy to this strange original, began to think how she could get some money palmed upon him ; for to offer it, she justly felt, would only be vainly to hurt his feelings. At length she bethought herself of a scheme ; and sending for him again, told him she was so delighted with his poems, (not one of which, by the way, had she read)—that she entreated him to publish them, and begged he would dedicate them to her.

‘Preent them!’—exclaimed the amazed poet, thunderstruck at the bare mention of such ‘awfu’ awdawcity.’

‘Why not? you really must get courage to print them when you return to England ; and in the mean time, if you will allow me to bespeak for myself the honour of having them dedicated to me—my name is Lady Hunlocke’——(here he started and stared aghast, at finding he had been talking to a Lady—any body)—you must also allow me to make the customary acknowledgment for it, and take this check.

But he interrupted her with positively and proudly declining any remuneration ; and with ‘boos,’ and ‘me leddy’s,’ he vainly essayed to

express his acknowledgments for the honour she did him, in allowing him to dedicate his ‘bits o’ poems till her Liddy-sheep.’ But upon no account whatever, could he be induced to take the check.

She said he must publish them by subscription, and promised to procure him a great number of names for his subscription list, which she proposed should be commenced forthwith.

Extremely elated at this proposal, he was easily persuaded to write them down, and drew out of his capacious pocket a most original and venerable ink-horn.

‘Please to put down my name for twelve copies,’ said Lady Hunlocke;—‘no, stay—first put down my friends, the Duke and Duchess of Rattleland, for twelve copies each.’

‘His Grease the Deuke of Rattleland, twelve copies;’ said, or rather ejaculated the Poet, with an awe-struck visage, as he wrote it down.

‘Now the Duchess;’ said Lady Hunlocke.

‘Her Grease the Duchess of ditto;’ soberly said the Poet.

‘What!’ we exclaimed.

‘Of ditto;’ he gravely repeated—and when we saw actually written down, in fair characters,

‘ Her Grace the Duchess of ditto, twelve copies ;* we could no longer restrain our laughter, much to the amazement of the Poet, who could hardly be convinced ‘ the Duchess of ditto,’ was not the proper way to ‘ preent it,’—because he argued, as ‘ The Duke of Rattleland’ was written at full length above, to write ‘ the Duchess of ditto below, was perfectly correc’ ;’—and Lady Hunlocke, recovering herself, was wicked enough to agree with him, and desire it might stand as he had written it, ‘ Her Grace the Duchess of ditto ;’ which extraordinary title, accordingly, is actually inscribed at the head of the subscription list in her possession, and will be so presented, to ‘ Her Grace the Duchess of ditto.’ Beneath ‘ the Duchess of ditto’ was written Lady Hunlocke’s subscription, mine, and many other names ; yours among the rest, my dear Georgiana.

Beyond measure was the poor Scotch Poet delighted with these honours ; but he continued equally inflexible, with respect to receiving the money for them.

I took up his little Horace, at last, and said, ‘ Even your friend Horace, here, was not too

* A fact.

proud to have a Mæcenæ, Mr. M'cMuckleman. The great Dr. Johnson too, would have accepted from Lord Chesterfield, a pecuniary acknowledgment for his dedication. Men of genius, in every age, have felt it an honour to own obligations to enlightened and liberal patrons—why should you be an exception? Besides, peers of England, nay, crowned heads, now sell their works—why should you refuse to Lady Hunlocke the pleasure of buying, for herself and friends, copies of yours.'

My argument prevailed, and at last, with unfeigned reluctance, he took the check, which was for £100. Lady Hunlocke, however, evaded informing him of its amount, but told him the money would ^{lie} lay for ever unclaimed, except he presented his draft upon the banker to whom it was addressed; and he promised to do so.

Away went the poor poet, happier far in the compliments he had received, in being called a man of genius, and likened unto Horace and Dr. Johnson,—and in having a titled lady solicit the honour of the dedication of his poems—than in the possession of the money, which still seemed very uneasy to him.

After he was gone, I told Lady Hunlocke that I thought there was another way in which she might probably serve this Protégé of hers, even more essentially than by giving him money. She eagerly inquired what it was.

‘By getting him a living,’ I replied.

Her countenance fell, and she said she had no interest.

‘None !—What with *no* patrons of Scotch Kirks ?’ I asked.

‘None !’ she replied. ‘But why do you look so provokingly arch ? Have *you* any, pray ?’

‘But have you no interest whatever ?’ I replied. Mr. Breadalbane, for example—

‘Mr. Breadalbane ? Has *he* a living in his gift ?’

‘More than one, I rather think.’

‘After teasing me much to write to ask Mr. Breadalbane myself to give him a kirk, she at length agreed to give Mr. Saunders M’cMuckleman a letter of recommendation to him. Saunders M’cMuckleman, though wholly unsuspecting of the purport of the letter, promised to deliver it to Mr. Breadalbane with his ‘ain honds, so soon as he should reach Scotland ;’ and said, though he did not know the young laird, ‘he had kenn’d the auld

ane fu' weel; and that he *leeved* little *mair* nor twenty mile fra' his Feyther's hoose.'

Thus ended our three interviews with the Scotch poet, having, with the utmost difficulty, finally succeeded in refusing his anxiously reiterated offer, to escort us over the Furca.

But the Furca must have a letter to itself—so good night!

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FURCA.

I am a man
So weary with disasters—tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life upon a chance
To mend it, or be rid on't.

SHAKSPEARE.

O sad is my fate, cried the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.

CAMPBELL.

LETTER XXVIII.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

THERE is certainly nothing half so dull as description. To the describer, indeed, his description is enjoyment—because it recalls to him

the picture of the scene which charmed his fancy;—but to the unlucky *describee*, all the epithets, and assemblages of images, which are accumulated, serve only to convey vague and general ideas,—and vainly is his mind tormented with a confused jumble of woods, rocks, rivers, mountains, and vallies, which form no distinct picture in his imagination; so that all he can do, after the most elaborate description, is to take it upon credit, that the thing described, must be something very fine.

The glaciers of the Aar, which we visited from the Grimsel, present a scene which, I am convinced, the world cannot equal; which none who have beheld it can ever forget, and none who have not seen it, can ever conceive. I will not mock you with a futile attempt at description. You cannot picture the scene;—but you can form some idea of the awe-struck astonishment which filled our minds, when, after surmounting all the difficulties of the way, we found ourselves standing amidst a world of ice, extending around, beneath, and above us—far beyond where the straining sight, in every direction, vainly sought to follow the interminable frozen leagues of glaciers, propped up in towering

pyramids or shapeless heaps ; or opening into yawning gulphs and unfathomable fissures. The tremendous barren rocks and mountains of the impenetrable Alps, amidst which the terrific Finsteraarhorn reared his granitic pyramid of fourteen thousand feet, alone appeared amidst this world of desolation. Eternal and boundless wastes of ice—naked and inaccessible mountains of rock—which had stood unchanged and untrodden from creation, were the only objects which met our view.

Hitherto, with all we had seen of horror and desolation, there was some contrast—some relief. The glaciers of Chamouni are bordered by glowing harvests ;—the glaciers of Grindelwald are bounded by its romantic vale ;—the glaciers of the Schiedeck shine forth amidst its majestic woods. Even among the savage rocks and torrents of the Grimsel, though animal life is seen no more, the drooping birch and feathery larch protrude their storm beaten branches from the crevices of the precipices ; and the lonely pine tree is seen on high, where no hand can ever reach it. But here there is no trace of vegetation, no blade of grass, no bush, no tree ; no spreading weed nor creeping lichen invades the still cold desolation of the icy

desert. It is the death of nature. We seemed placed in a creation in which there is no principle of life:—translated to another orb, where existence is extinct; and where death, unresisted, holds his terrific reign. The only sound which meets the ear, is that of the loud detonation of the ice, as it bursts open into new abysses, with the crash of thunder*—and reverberates from the wild rocks, like the voice of the mountain storms.

‘I protest,’ said Lady Hunlocke, as we were returning from the glaciers of the Aar,† to the hospital of the Grimsel; ‘that scene is like the cave of Trophonius, it is enough to make one never smile again.’

* This phenomenon, which constantly takes place in all glaciers during summer, is probably caused by the expansion of the air and water contained in the ice.

† From these glaciers, the Aar takes its source, and rushing down the wild descent of the Grimsel, through the valley of Hasli, it forms the lake of Brienz; from which it issues to water the short but enchanting vale of Interlachen—fills the lake of Thun—flows onward to Berne and Soleure, and bearing fertility through the heart of Switzerland, and receiving all the tributary streams from the High Alps, it unites its equal waters with the Rhine at Coblenz.

We had heard so much of the perils of the descent of the Mayenwand, that we were agreeably disappointed in finding that, though long and excessively steep, and covered with a thick short slippery turf, there was neither ice nor snow—and very little danger and difficulty to encounter :—so that, having a careful trustworthy guide from the hospital, we soon found ourselves in perfect safety at the bottom, and were well rewarded by the sight of the stupendous glacier of the Rhone—by many thought the finest of the Alps—its lofty transparent pyramids of ice, rising high above each other like fairy palaces. The varied colours of bright blue, which its fissures exhibited, and the deep pink or rose colour, which overspread its surface, particularly attracted our attention. It was the second time I had seen this rich rose hue upon the ice of the Alps, and in both cases it appeared when its surface was wet with recent rain. The first time was upon St. Bernard, when the sleet began to fall, of which we had just had a heavy shower in descending the Mayenwand ;—and our guides assured me they frequently observed the same appearance during rain, but that it uniformly disappeared when the ice or snow became dry ;—an instance of which I had myself witnessed ; for

in descending the St. Bernard the following day, no trace of rose colour was left. This is a phenomenon I pretend not to explain.*

We visited the fountain which is said to be the principal source of the mighty Rhone. Close to it stood a miserable hovel, where three or four men, as black as night, were distilling coarse spirits from the roots of the *Gentiana*, which grows in great profusion on these mountains. While we waited for our clumsy palfreys, which the other guide had led round by another path,—the direct pass down the Mayenwand being impracticable for horses,—we enjoyed the grand view of the glacier of the Rhone,† during half an hour of clear sunshine, the last we were destined to see for many a dreary hour;—for scarcely had we mounted, and com-

* That the pink colour frequently observable on the snows of the Alps, which was first described by Saussure, arises from the same cause as the red tinge of the ice of the Polar regions, brought home by Captain Ross, we could scarcely doubt—were it not for the evanescent nature of the colour of the former, and the permanency of the hue of the latter.

† The glacier of the Rhone, instead of progressively advancing like most of the glaciers of the Alps, has gradually receded—as the *Moraines*, or accumulations of stone, earth, or rubbish, it has left behind on its retrograde path for many hundred paces, sufficiently evince. Its decrease is said still to continue.

menced our long ascent of the trackless and snow-covered Furca, by the edge of the glacier,—than the clouds gathered heavily around us, thick sleet began to fall, and an impenetrable fog enveloped us. Dimly and indistinctly we could see each other at the distance of a few yards—all beyond was in total obscurity. The guides experienced the greatest difficulty in finding the way. Continually we wandered from the right direction, and the horses starting back affrighted from the edge of a tremendous precipice, took the opposite direction, where they often found themselves on the brink of another, from which they shrunk with equal terror. Sometimes, with a sudden shock, they sunk into cavities up to the belly in snow, and with great exertion floundered out. Horrid ravines of snow, and hideous precipices, indistinctly seen through the driving sleet and fog, yawned at our feet. Repeatedly we had to turn back, and again descend the rugged yet slippery way by which we had painfully ascended—and, at random, try another direction. We wandered about in this uncertainty, drenched with wet, and benumbed with cold, for more than three hours upon the mountain—till we lighted upon a rude hovel, apparently erected as a shelter to the storm

overtaken traveller, but which the fog had prevented our discerning, although we had probably long been wandering near it. From its roof now issued a thick smoke—a sight to us of unspeakable joy. Completely benumbed, we dismounted with difficulty, and entered the hut without ceremony. followed by our guides and horses. Before a fire of wet sticks, which burnt upon the earth, stood the tall figure of a man, whose haughty countenance and cold steady eye rested upon us for a moment, as with dripping garments we made our way in. His gaze was that of unmoved indifference, excepting that a slight curl of the finely formed upper lip, spoke a feeling of contempt. Without speaking or saluting us, he silently made way for us. At last, in a deep and somewhat mournful voice, he said, looking at the dripping horses—

‘ Poor animals ! *You* must bear the brunt of the pitiless storm, in order that idleness and vanity may make their boast. *You* deserve pity ’

Startled by such a strange cynical speech, we gazed with astonishment at the being from whom it proceeded. He was leaning upon a long wooden staff, pointed with iron, such as are universally used by pedestrians among the Alps ; and, as the

flame of the fire, (the only light the hovel's solid walls admitted), flashed upon his dark features and lofty stature, I thought I never beheld so striking and noble a figure. Though apparently rather past the meridian of life, and extremely thin, his finely proportioned limbs still seemed to possess all the activity and vigour of youth. The deep traces of care and mental suffering, and the lines worn by strong passions, were impressed upon his brow ; but the dark eye that lightened beneath the arched eye-brow had not yet lost its fire. It was now bent, as if in deep meditation, on the flickering flame, wholly unmoved by our involuntary gaze of astonishment.

A dead silence ensued—at last Lady Hunlocke whispered softly to me, ‘Doesn't he look like a Captain of Banditti.’

Low as this was whispered his quick ear caught it. A glance of sarcastic derision, and a sardonic smile were the only reply, while he muttered to himself something in which I fancied I distinguished, ‘heads full of romance.’

‘Hast thou no brandy?’ he said aloud in German, abruptly turning to a stupid looking boor, who was sitting on the ground, smoking.

The fellow grunted assent.

‘Give it them, then.’

Lady Hunlocke, who was wiser than myself, at once took a dram, but when offered to me I declined it.

‘Take it!’ he said, in an imperious voice of indisputable command—then muttered to himself, ‘Fool!’

I swallowed it instantly—in fact, as Lady Hunlocke afterwards observed, I verily believe if it had been poison, one would have drank it off, so irresistible was the mandate.

Another dead silence followed.—‘What do ye here?’—at last he sternly asked, raising his eyes from the fire, and fixing their deep steady gaze upon us.

‘We only came to take shelter from the storm;’ replied Lady Hunlocke, meekly.

‘And what have ye to do in the storm?’ he asked. ‘What has the gaudy butterfly to do in the wild deserts of a region such as this? Were its weak wings made to buffet these raging elements? Why did you not keep to your gay flowers and your artificial parterres?—Go back—go back!—Go to your idle world again! Go—ye have no business here!’

‘So I will go back,’ said Lady Hunlocke, trying to rally her spirits a little, ‘as soon as it suits me.’

‘How know’st thou that?’ he interrupted her. ‘Presumptuous mortal! How knowest thou that ever thou shalt be permitted to return? How knowest thou that, even before night fall, *that body*, on whose vain beauty thou primest thyself so much, shall not lie dashed in pieces, at the foot of those precipices, and the wild vulture, sweeping to its evening prey, pick thine eyes out!’

Lady Hunlocke turned pale with horror, at his appalling manner and denunciation, and stared at him aghast; for she began to think he was certainly mad, if not the devil himself.

‘Nay, shrink not from the doom your own vain temerity has tempted! *You* deserve the death you wantonly seek. The poor peasant who risks his life in these wilds, to save his helpless flock—the daring chamois hunter, who picks up a precarious subsistence by his dreadful trade—the cattle driver, who leads the herd of his native mountains down to the rich plains below—the poor despised monk, who courts the horrors of the storm to save the perishing wanderer—the outlaw, cast out from the bosom of society to roam these wilds,—nay, even these guides, bribed by vanity and imbecility, to swell their empty boastful pride at the expense of health, perhaps of life,—these may perish in the

howling storm, and be pitied—but *you* ! What do you deserve,—but death ?

A dead pause of silence followed this denunciation—which was at last broken by his again demanding—‘What do ye here ?’

‘We came for—for—pleasure,’—said Lady Hunlocke.

‘Pleasure !’ he repeated, with a sarcastic laugh. ‘Ay, pleasure is the vain purpose of your vain lives. Pleasure ye seek every where—but where do you find it ? Is this pleasure ?’ he said with a sneer.

‘Yes ! it is pleasure—it is great pleasure to some people to see the Alps ;’ said Lady Hunlocke.

‘To *see* them ! No—it is not to *see* them that you come, but to say you *have* seen them—and make an idle boast of the perils you presume to seek.’

‘After all—what harm can there be in coming ?’

‘And what good ? I ask what good do you come here to do ? Do you come because hard necessity drives you ? No—you come because idleness, folly, and vanity lead you. Do you come to save the lives of your fellow creatures ? No—you come to hazard your own and theirs, for the sake of your pitiful gold ;—you come to throw

away, for your '*pleasure*,' your time, health, youth, fortune, abilities, if you have any—all the precious talents with which God has entrusted you; and for which he will call you to your dread account. You neglect your imperative duties—fool away your lives—and then innocently ask—'What harm do I do?'

Lady Hunlocke, instead of justification, had now recourse to retaliation. 'Well then, if it is so very criminal in us to come here, pray may I presume to ask in return, what brought *you* here?'

'What brought *me* here!' he exclaimed—in a voice which thrilled through one's very frame;—and dashing his staff into the ground with a force which fixed it there, he folded his arms and bent his eyes upon her with a look which nearly frightened her out of her senses; for she was now persuaded he was a madman—'What brought me here? — — Despair!' — —

'Woman!' he exclaimed, fixing upon her a gaze from which she shrunk—'If you were a condemned wanderer on those savage wilds—an outcast of society—without name, or country, or station, or friend, or kin:—without one tie to life, yet condemned to bear its burden:—without the high

duties of manhood to fulfil—without the soft affections of humanity to endear—without parent, wife, and child — — O maddening thought ! my child, my child ! Yes, even my poor child was torn from me ! The last solitary hope that had cheered long years of exile and captivity, and contumely and chains :—My poor child ! Lost, lost, for ever lost ! Abandoned to perish !—O God ! O God !

For some moments his emotion overpowered utterance, and his agonized countenance expressed the deep anguish of his soul. At last, fixing his piercing eyes upon me, he said, in a low deep tone of suppressed feeling—

‘ And do you weep ?—Poor child !—Weep for thyself, not for me. Thy cup of sorrow and sin is yet scarce begun to fill ; but its bitter draught will last through long years of lingering life. Weep not for me ! Twenty long years have passed—and I have never wept, except in drops of blood. Weep not for me ! I shall never weep more. I scorn pity—I spurn sympathy ! Fool that I am ! what have I to do with complaint ! What have I to do with mankind, but to shun them—with society, but to curse it.’

‘ O do not curse it !’ I exclaimed.

‘Not curse it!’ he repeated, ‘why, it has cursed me! I have abjured my King, my Country, and my God—and a curse is on me. I *could* curse men too—curse their perfidy, their cruelty, their injustice,—for they deserve it;—but I curse them not, for I despise them.—But I could not curse thee, poor thing! I could not curse thy pitying gentleness. How strange the soft tone of thy silver voice sounds upon my ear! The voices of my fellow men by me are heard no more. I associate only with the brutes of the desert—or with men like brutes’—and his eye half glanced where the German boor, whose pipe exhausted, was dozing with his head nodding on his breast.

‘But you must go!’ he exclaimed, suddenly changing his tone, and starting up—‘Instantly go! you are late! Go! if you delay you perish!’

Lady Hunlocke turned pale—a gesture and exclamation of fear escaped her. He penetrated her distrust, and contemptuously said—

‘Poor weak insect! Thinkest thou I would crush such as thou! Ye *will* perish, perhaps, but by the storm—not by me. In a few hours it will rage around you. Go now, while you may yet escape its fury.’

We instantly prepared to mount our horses.

‘And I must go too,’ he said, after looking anxiously at the heavens—‘I must go with you—lest you perish.’

Lady Hunlocke hinted that we had guides.

‘They cannot save you,’ he said, coldly—‘and weak and worthless as you may be, the most insignificant insect in creation has its use. Ye should flutter out your little hour. Perhaps too, some heart might bleed for you—some mother, father, husband, lover, might mourn your loss! Some *child* might be left desolate!’

The word ‘child,’ was uttered in a tone of agony. After a pause he added, with moroseness, which seemed assumed—‘Besides, if you were to die now, ye would escape too much of misery—and you must bear your portion.’

Once out on the mountain, he spoke no more, excepting the few words necessary as directions to our guides or ourselves. With his Alpine staff in his hand, and his steps preceded or closely attended by an immensely large shaggy dog, he kept at our head—his tall powerful figure, magnified through the mist, looking like some giant of the mountains. The higher we ascended, the more our difficulties increased. What was sleet lower on the mountain was snow here, which fell with

blinding thickness—the wind blew higher and sharper—while the cold was so excessive, that it was with difficulty our benumbed hands had power to grasp the bridle, or cling to the miserable German saddles, which formed our insecure seat. The horses continually plunging into some hole covered with snow, gave us the most violent shocks—while their feet, filled with balled snow, slipped back upon the steep snowy ascent, up which, with prodigious exertions, they struggled to make good their footing. My horse fell twice with me—but fortunately without injury to itself or me. Both times I was compelled to remount, as I found it utterly impossible to keep my feet.

Even the sagacity of our extraordinary leader, and his four-footed companion, at times were at fault; and many a pause of uncertainty, and almost of despair, interrupted our doubtful way. At length, after more than two hours* of severe exertion, he pointed with his staff, exclaiming, ‘The Cross!’ and in coming up with him, we

* The whole ascent of the Furca, which, from the storm, on this occasion really cost five hours and a half of absolute march, in a fine day is accomplished in two hours.

beheld, a few yards before us, a high black crucifix, which marks the summit of the Furca, and the entrance of the Catholic Canton of Uri. Our joy, at this welcome sight, was excessive but premature. ‘Now for the last struggle,’ he muttered, ‘there is the precipice.’ Then turning to us sternly, he said, ‘You must dismount.’

I jumped off my horse in a moment, for I felt the most perfect confidence in him; but Lady Hunlocke, who held him in the greatest dread, and firmly expected he was going to throw her into the hideous ravine, which, dimly seen through the mist, yawned beyond the cross, positively refused to dismount.

‘You wont! then you have not a many minutes to live;’—he said, with the most unmoved composure.

Lady Hunlocke shuddered and shook with horror—and vainly trying to understand her guide, who was holding fast her bridle and gesticulating, as he jabbered to her in his native Patois, she fancied he said that if she went with the stranger she would be killed.

‘O, you’ll kill me! you’ll kill me!’ she exclaimed. ‘I won’t go with you—I won’t move from this spot!’

‘Then stay and perish,’ he fiercely exclaimed—while seizing me by the arm, he was hastening forward.

‘I will not leave her,’ I exclaimed. ‘I cannot abandon her here; if I perish with her I will not go without her! Let me go!’

But powerless in his arms as a child, he literally carried me up to the Cross, while beckoning to his German boor, who instantly seized fast hold of me on the other side, they forced me between them, down to the very brink of the precipice. ‘Now keep fast hold of her—don’t let go!’ he said to the German.

Lady Hunlocke shrieked, but her scream was lost in the tremendous blast, which the moment we reached the ridge of the mountain roared around us. Down, close along by the slippery edge of the precipice, with difficult and uncertain steps, these two powerful men descended, bearing me between them.

In a few minutes I found myself comparatively in shelter, and safe. The stranger vouchsafed no explanation of his conduct, but maintained the most inflexible silence. I learnt, however, from his German attendant, that a peculiar breach or fall in the rocks, which rise above each side of the

pass, immediately on turning its height, produces a tremendous whirlwind, when the wind is in this quarter and the weather stormy, by which men and horses are often swept altogether to destruction. Watching the remission of the blast, he had forced me along, during the pause of its fury, and led me rapidly down by the very brink of the precipice, because the drift of snow, even a yard from it, was so deep as to be impassable. The German also told me that he and his master had already crossed the height of the Furca once this morning, and knew the exact state of this dangerous pass.

‘We must return for the other ;’ said the Unknown, gruffly, after he had paused a few moments, to recover from his violent exertion.

‘For God’s sake, tell her the reason of your conducting her thus,’ I eagerly exclaimed to him, well knowing that Lady Hunlocke could not understand a word of the German’s explanation. My extreme anxiety respecting her was relieved, by seeing her unresistingly led down this fearful pass. When in safety, the German returned to assist our two guides to get down the horses, one by one. They were led down between two of the men, but, by the force of the blast, the first horse

and the guides were rolled over, altogether, into the drifted snow, from which they extricated themselves with difficulty. At length, both were brought down to us in safety. Lady Hunlocke and I had vainly attempted to express the gratitude we felt to this extraordinary man, but he sternly silenced us by one emphatic gesture of impatience, and—‘Peace! no unmeaning words.’

We stood in silence; and as soon as the horses were in safety, without uttering one word, he abruptly climbed the mountain’s ridge, and disappeared from our view.

As the way was now practicable, we walked down the mountain, to the little Hospice of Realp, by the side of the Reuss—one of the ‘deafening’ sources of which takes its rise upon the Furca, and pours its foaming torrent down the ‘roaring valley,’* into the Lake of Lucerne—a long and romantic course. Our walk of five leagues probably saved us from the bad effects which wet, cold, and long exposure to the storm might otherwise have produced.

* The ‘Roaring Valley,’ or ‘Krachenthal,’ is the name given by the peasants to the upper vale of the Reuss, from the noise of its waters.

We soon left the region of snow behind, and found ourselves descending a wild desolate valley, wholly destitute of trees, and of any vestige of human kind or human habitation.

Our conversation, the whole way, turned upon the singular being who had just left us. In spite of his forbearance in not throwing her over the precipice, Lady Hunlocke still cherished no very favourable idea of him ; and, in fact, his own conversation seemed to indicate that he was an outlaw and a fugitive, driven from society for his crimes, rather than voluntarily abjuring it, and hating mankind—like most misanthropes—because he had incurred *their* just hatred and punishment : for he called himself ‘an outcast of society,’ and said he had felt ‘its curse;’—nay he avowed that he had ‘abjured his King, his Country, and his God.’ Yet, notwithstanding all these criminating circumstances, I could not conquer the conviction,—forced on my mind, from the agonizing emotion he betrayed in speaking of his child, and from the strong feeling which marked his whole train of thought—that, however great had been his crimes, his misfortunes had been still greater ; that perhaps he deserved pity as much as condemnation ; and that, on the whole, ‘he was a man more sinned against than sinning.’

‘I declare,’ said Lady Hunlocke, whose lively spirits had now revived—‘He seemed to take such a fancy to you—or rather to the sound of your voice, in that miserable hovel—that I was afraid he would take you up between his finger and thumb, and carry you away to his mountain cave—just to keep you there by him for his amusement.’

‘But did you not think he was going to throw me over the precipice, and you after me?’ I asked.

‘Indeed I did. When I saw him seize you and drag you to the side of the precipice, I did not think both our lives together worth a sixpence purchase.’

‘You see you did him injustice. He is one of those, as the Rev. Saunders M’cMuckleman sagaciously observed last night—‘Whose bark is wa’ur than his bite.’ Hundreds might have treated you with compliments and civility in that hovel, instead of taunts and sarcasm—but who, that had once crossed that horrid mountain pass to-day, would have again encountered it in order to bear you safely through such dangers? Besides, did you observe in the hovel, how he heaped fresh wood upon the fire, though he stood back from it himself, when he saw us dripping and shivering before

it ; not to mention his forcing the brandy down our throats—which by the way nearly suffocated me.’

‘It was the saving of us, that brandy,’ said Lady Hunlocke—‘He was very wise to force you to swallow it.’

When we reached the little hospital at Realp, where two fat capuchin Friars received us—we found, to our utter disappointment, that no fire was to be had—not a single fire place being in the whole house. Stoves indeed there were,—a wretched substitute at best for the cheerful blaze of a fire—but they take so much time in heating, that although we had sent on one of the guides from the Furca, and the good Friars had lighted it the moment he arrived, it was three hours before we got any warmth. Peat is the only fuel they burn here, which I have not seen before since I left Westmoreland. We arrived nearly dead with hunger too, having neglected to take any provisions with us from the Grimsel, and having fasted from six in the morning till dark.

Our fare, however, in the little convent, was rather scanty, and far from sumptuous. Neither could we mend a bad dinner by the addendum of tea—for no tea could be had at night or for break-

fast, excepting Swiss tea, which is composed of dried herbs gathered on the mountains—and notwithstanding the high encomiums of the good Friars, we found this beverage peculiarly sickly and nauseous. As, however, the poor Brothers of the Hospice of Realp have no visitors excepting those involuntary ones, who, like us, are driven by storms to seek refuge with them—it is not to be expected that they should have many articles of luxury; but there is one which I think they might possess—the luxury of cleanliness; and of which there was a woeful deficiency. Their own appearance does not, except in its dirt, betray any very severe marks of mortification, and none whatever of abstinence.—Certainly, they strictly follow the commands of their divine master, and ‘do not seem unto men to fast.’

The Patois of this part of Switzerland—the only living language the good fathers either spoke or understood—is extremely unintelligible. German, which, mingled with Italian, seems to have been its foundation, was too pure for them; and for the first time proved useless. Of Italian, the Friars could make nothing. French puzzled them as much as if it had been Arabic—English, of course, was no better than Hebrew—so that at

last, to understand each other, we were compelled to carry on our conversation in Latin ;—and though certainly our phraseology was far from classical, and it was hard to say whether theirs or mine was the most execrable Latin—or which of us the most unmercifully broke poor Priscians head—yet it served to make our meaning perfectly intelligible to each other.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

Ye lovers of the desert, hail !
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst roaring falls your footsteps glide,
'Midst broken rocks—a rugged scene,
With green and pastoral dales between,
'Mid' forest dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke ;
Where never human foot appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw roof'd cot was rear'd ;
Where nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne.

Warton's Ode to Fancy.

LETTER XXIX.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

THE morning was bright and beautiful after the storm ; and mounting our horses at sun-rise, we bade adieu (in Latin) to the two Friars, and

proceeding near a league down the valley, arrived at the little village of 'The Hospital,'—and at a cottage, the first we had seen since we left Guttanen, the day before yesterday:—nay since the apparition of that extraordinary being and his mute attendant had vanished from our eyes in the storm, on the summit of the Furca yesterday, no human creature had we beheld, excepting these fat Friars:—and so many leagues had we now travelled without meeting any other trace of mankind, that we began to communicate to each other our suspicions that the whole of the human race must be of a sudden reduced to these aforesaid Friars and ourselves:—so that an ugly old woman at this cottage door, was to us, what she never could have been in any other possible situation—a most charming object.

Half a league further, we came to Andermatt, a village of great consideration in these parts, where we had intended to have taken up our abode last night. The secluded and almost inaccessible situation of these peaceful Alpine vallies, have not saved them from being the theatre of war. At the close of the last century the sanguinary contests between the French and Russians, filled them with desolation. The towns and villages were pillaged

and burnt,—the wild waters of the Reuss ran red with the blood of the peaceful peasantry, and the ancient wood of firs, which for centuries had protected the village from the avalanches of winter, was wantonly destroyed.

At Andermatt we joined the St. Gothard road, by far the most frequented pass between Switzerland and Italy; not of course by carriages, but for all equestrian and pedestrian travellers, who are infinitely the most numerous body; for merchandise of all sorts, and for the immense herds of cattle which annually pass into Italy. A road paved with granite of two leagues and a half, leads to the hospital of St. Gothard at the summit of the mountain; and from thence down the Val Leventina, by the banks of the Ticino, to the beautiful shores of the Lago Maggiore. How we longed to turn our horses' heads up it! But this was not in our power; so we were obliged to turn them down it—and in less than a quarter of an hour, we descended to the head of the famous pass of the gallery of rock, and the Devil's Bridge.

Nothing but Swiss resolution could, one would think, have made this gorge practicable at all,—or surmounted the barriers which nature seems to have opposed to all passage. Closely

confined between two perfectly bare and perpendicular precipices of solid rock, of incalculable height, the raging Reuss throws itself with headlong fury down a descent so precipitously steep, that it seems as if it must lead to the lowest abyss of the earth. It appears impossible for human foot to follow it. The wild savage, whom chance first led to trace the course of the torrent, when he reached this spot, where Nature triumphantly seems to proclaim—‘So far shalt thou go and no further’—would look down, shuddering, into the dark, deep, impenetrable gorge, and stunned with the roar of the unseen waters, exclaim—‘Surely this is the gate of Hell.’

It is curious to think how many ages must have rolled away, before the inhabitants of the upper vale of the Reuss could descend to the lower; or those of the lower vale climb up to them. Though their nearest neighbours, they were the last with whom they could hold any intercourse;—for though divided only by a space so short that the birds of the air could cleave it with their wings in two or three minutes—they could not reach each other without making the painful circuit of half Switzerland. Indeed, till the gallery was pierced in the rock, which was not until the last century,

the sole means of communication consisted in a sort of bridge suspended by chains, outside the precipice, along the course of the torrent, but far above its roar, yet enveloped in the mist of its spray—a passage which certainly none but a Swiss head could endure. This gallery is above two hundred feet in length—considerably longer than any of Buonaparte's famous galleries on the Simplon, and a work of more utility, because the Simplon was, at all times, a very tolerable horse road—whereas this was previously wholly impassable,—except by this same process of hanging in chains in the air, which I have already described.

After passing this gallery in the rock, which the country people call the Urnerloch ;—the same terrific gorge, (called the Schöllenen), continues ; excepting that it here admits a narrow road by the edge of the precipice. After a long descent of the same astonishing rapidity, we came to the Devil's Bridge, beneath which appears one of the innumerable falls of the Reuss, which, though of considerable height, is not perpendicular. The bridge itself has nothing very remarkable about it. It is the sublime and savage scene in which it stands, to which it owes its name and fame. Here we see the last of the horrors of the Alps.

We were now in the lower valley of the Reuss, and though the rapidity of its descent still continues,—the beautiful woods, the romantic rocks and glittering cascades, which adorn its course, and the air of a softer climate and more luxuriant vegetation which begins to breathe around, give to its enchanting scenery the effect of the highest picturesque beauty—not of savage sublimity. One of the most striking scenes it presents, is at the bridge of the Plaffensburg, or Monk's Leap—so called from a romantic tradition that a Monk, who was flying with the maid he loved, in order to escape his pursuers, cleared the Reuss at one leap, bearing her in his arms;—a feat which certainly partakes much of the marvellous; for the river here must be eighty feet wide. But since superstition works so many undisputed *Monkish* miracles, why deny one to love?

We continued our rapid descent,—still by the side of the Reuss, through the same romantic scenery of majestic woods, rocky precipices fringed with hanging shrubs and trees, and cascades innumerable, increasing in richness and beauty at every step,—till the Lake of Lucerne, in all its expanse of glowing loveliness, opened upon us as if lying at our feet.

The whole ride to Altorf surpassed, in romantic beauty, any thing I ever remember to have beheld, and formed a glowing contrast to the scenes of savage sublimity and fearful horror which had surrounded us since we left the vale of Hasli. I forgot, in my paroxysm of admiration, to mention, that in our descent from the Devil's Bridge, we stopped to dine at Wasen, an excellent country inn.

LETTER XXX.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

The Righi, 29th Sept. 1816.

ALTORF, which is a lively looking town, the capital of the Canton of Uri, is for ever memorable in romantic history, as the scene where William Tell shot the apple from the head of his child. It is situated at a little distance from the head of the Lake of Lucerne, or Lake of Waldstetten, or Lake of the Four Cantons—by all of which designations it is known. It is by far the most beautiful of all the Lakes of Switzerland.

In the streets of Altorf, it sounded strange to our ears, to hear many of the common people talking in Italian—a language hitherto associated in our minds only with ideas of high cultivation and refinement. We met some long-bearded, bare-legged, and sandall'd Capuchin Friars walking about—passed one nunnery in the town, and saw another, apparently a very large one, at a little distance in the country.

Attended by Lady Hunlocke's faithful servant, Philips, whom we found at the inn door looking

out for us yesterday evening, we left Altorf immediately after our early breakfast, and embarked at the lake at a little village with the Welsh sounding name of Fluelin; which, as our little bark rapidly receded from it, presented a most picturesque object, with its clustering cottages and church spire rising against the woody point of land behind it. The opening mountains afforded us a last view up the romantic vale of the Reuss, closed by the towering snow-covered mountain of the Bristentock—its sides hung with pendant glaciers.

We gaily sailed along, admiring the steep sloping shores of the lake, covered with woods intermixed with rocks, and pastures of the brightest verdure, clustered with picturesque cottages. Tremendous cliffs of rock, tufted with wood, rose high above them; and behind all, the snow covered heights of the congregated Alps overlooked this smiling scene. Turning a rocky point, we came in view of the chapel of William Tell, close to the water, among the trees; its wooden roof and spire producing a most picturesque effect. It is built on the Tellensprung, or rock, on which William Tell leapt, when the boat in which the tyrant Gessler was carrying him to captivity in the dun-

geon of Kussnacht, was driven near the shore by the sudden storm, which the peasants devoutly believe was sent by heaven, expressly for his deliverance.

The walls in the inside of the chapel are adorned with rude fresco paintings, representing the truly glorious exploits of the hero. The last and not the least noble of these, by which he met his death, I never remember to have heard before. At an advanced age he threw himself into the wild torrent of Burglen, the place of his birth and residence, to rescue a drowning child, and perished in the attempt. Soon after his death, this chapel was built, and the first mass that was celebrated in it to the memory of the almost deified hero—the deliverer of his country—was attended by more than a hundred of those friends and associates with whom he had been known and honoured in life.

A delightful sail brought us to Grütli, the memorable scene of the birth place of Swiss freedom,—where the three patriot peasants, from the three cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, met in the silence of night, to concert the deliverance of their country. Seldom have midnight conspirators assembled to plan deeds of such spotless virtue! Each accompanied by ten conspirators, finally assembled, and took the

solemn united oath—‘in the name of that God who created princes and peasants, never to desert the sacred cause of freedom and independence—never to desist till they obtained their just rights and privileges—never to injure the just rights, privileges, possessions, and persons of their tyrants—to combat for liberty unto death—and deliver that liberty, purchased with their blood, unimpaired to their children.’ Sacredly was this memorable oath preserved!—Signally was this bloodless revolution achieved! The fortresses were surprised and seized, the tyrannical governors expelled, and marched unharmed over the frontiers, and Switzerland was freed!

The spot, consecrated by this undying remembrance, is a beautiful green meadow of the brightest verdure, sloping down to the lake, enclosed on every side by wood, and watered by the sacred sources of the three fountains; of which we drank from an ancient cup, brought to us with great reverence by an old gray haired peasant. A white house, shaded with trees, stands in the field.

I might fill volumes were I to attempt to describe the ever varying beauty of the scenes in this enchanting lake. I will therefore resist the strong temptation, and wholly pass them over. We landed

at the village of Brunnen, where the jutting promontories, and majestic mountains of the Righi and Mount Pilate, on the opposite shore, advance so as completely to shut in the lake, standing forward in proud defiance of each other, like the pillars of Hercules. Beyond these straits another, and larger sheet of water, opens, which extends to Lucerne. At the base of the Righi, near the spot where we landed, we were much struck with the effect of a noble insulated pyramidal rock of great height, rising from the water like a monument.

On landing, we got into a little country cart, which was to convey us a few miles round the base of the Righi, to Art, from whence we were to ascend that far-famed mountain. We soon left Schwytz, a pretty little town, in a romantic situation, on our right; and an hour's trot from the beautiful lake of Lucerne, brought us to the little lake of Lowertz,—which is far from beautiful; but it is by the ruins of nature that it is deformed. In the year 1806, the fall of the mountain of Ruffi or Rossberg, completely filled up the western side of the lake, covered the fertile valley of Goldau, with desolation, and completely overwhelmed Goldau itself, and four other villages, with their inhabi-

tants, in one moment. The top of the church spire of Lowertz alone was visible. Of those who were thus buried alive, four hundred and fifty seven persons perished—fourteen only were dug out and saved. Hundreds who had escaped by flight or absence, were reduced to utter destitution, by the loss of all they possessed in the world.

The mountain of Rossberg, as well as the Righi, and most of the others in this neighbourhood, being of an aggregate formation, and extremely loose and inadhesive, the central beds of the coarse breccia, or what in English is called plum-pudding stone, of which the whole mass is composed, having to support such an enormous super-incumbent weight—must, when loosened by the long continuance of wet weather, be very liable to give way. On the overthrown mountain, beneath which lie the mangled corpses of these unfortunates whom it overwhelmed,—the new church of Lowertz, an inn, and a few houses, have been built.

This lake is haunted—not indeed by the ghosts of these poor victims, but by the apparition of a young female, whom one of the ancient tyrants of these Cantons carried off from her betrothed lover to the castle of Schwanau, on one of the islands in the lake, the ruins of which are still to be seen.

The melancholy tale of his cruel persecution, and of her constant sufferings, is still told by the peasants, as they point out the now desolate island ; and they relate that annually, on the anniversary of the fatal day on which she terminated her life, by throwing herself into the water, her spectre is seen at midnight, on the summit of the ruined tower, attired in disheveled garments with streaming hair, bearing a lighted torch,—and pursuing the ghost of her relentless ravisher, who is armed from head to foot, with loud shrieks, until both are lost in the dark waters of the lake.—The caitiff Knight, however, according to tradition, fell a sacrifice to the just vengeance of her brothers.

We had scarcely heard this lamentable history, before the sounds of complaint and distress caught our ear ; and, turning the projecting point of a cliff, we beheld a tall stout man in a travelling dress, crying and wringing his hands in the bitterness of despair, while his guide, in broken French, seemed vainly endeavouring to comfort him. In answer to an inquiry of what had happened, the stranger's perplexed looking Swiss guide shook his head, and declared in very bad French, that 'really he did not know, but that Monsieur had,

all at once, without any reason, broke out into this violent taking.'

'You lie!—you damn'd scoundrel—you lie!—You've poisoned me, you villain—and then you pretend you don't know what's the matter with me!' exclaimed the Englishman, pouring out a torrent of accusation and vituperation against the Swiss, who continued shrugging up his shoulders, and making significant gesticulations, that the gentleman was not in his right mind; while the latter began anew to wring his hands and bewail himself, repeating, 'But it's all over with me now—I'm a dead man! I have not half an hour to live. I'm poisoned! Oh! Oh! Oh!'

'What is the matter?' we both exclaimed in great alarm. 'Poisoned!—how? What poison have you swallowed?'

'The poisoned water he gave me!—Oh! Oh! Oh! I feel it in my bowels! Oh! Oh! Oh!—the agony is coming, O Lord! O Lord! What shall I do? And in this cursed country, too, where there's never a doctor to be had for love or money.—Oh! Oh! Oh!'

'If you would only explain, Sir,' I said, 'perhaps you might yet be saved. What poison did he put into the water? How do you know it was poison?'

‘He own’d it—I made him own it—a villain ! He acknowledged it was poisonous after he gave it me,’ exclaimed the man. ‘Oh ! Oh ! I’m rack’d, I’m tortur’d !’

He was interrupted by Lady Hunlocke, who never travels without some medicines, and who had, at the first sound of his having swallowed poison, flown to the cart, and tearing open her travelling bag, seized upon a bottle of Ipecacuanha wine, with which she now returned, breathless with speed, exclaiming ‘Take this ! take this !—swallow it instantly. This will save you !—this is an emetic !’—and the poor man, seizing the bottle, poured it down his throat with the utmost avidity ; making, however, an involuntary grimace at its nauseous taste, as he finished the draught.

‘Do you really think it will save me ?’ he asked, in an altered tone.

‘I have no doubt of it ;’ said she. ‘But how did all this happen ? and what poison was it ?’

‘The poisoned water of the lake, I tell you !’ exclaimed the Englishman, ‘and’—

‘The water of the lake !—poisoned !—but how did he poison it ?’

‘He gave it me to drink, knowing it was poisonous, and offered me more of it, pretending it was very good—and then he owned after, when I asked

him, after I saw it in the book, that it is very poisonous. He wanted to poison me with it, to get my money and effects.—The villain !’

‘ But how did he poison it ?’

‘ Why, it’s poisonous water—the water of the lake is poisonous.’

‘ Poisonous !’

‘ Yes—it’s very poisonous ; and, after I had drank it, the fool gave me this French book to read about it—and the first thing I saw, (for I understand French), was, that the water of the lake is very poisonous. You see here it is ;—he says—‘ this lake is very poisonous’—‘ *bien poissonneux* ;’—(shewing us the words in a French book, containing a description of the Lake of Lucerne.)

Here Lady Hunlocke and I burst out into an incontrollable fit of laughter.

‘ I don’t know what you see to laugh at,’ he exclaimed, looking very angry—‘ for if you don’t believe it, I can tell you its true—and too true ; for the rascal himself own’d it to my face, when I asked him. He said it was very poisonous (*bien poissonneux*), and he told me, too, of—I don’t know how many hundreds of people, that died all in one day with drinking of it—the villain ! But he shall drink it himself—I’ll be hang’d if he shan’t !’

And instantly as this thought struck him, he seized the unlucky little Swiss by the collar, who kicked and rebelled with all his might, conceiving himself in the grasp of a madman, who was going to toss him into the lake; but his struggles were in vain—for he was a shrimp in the hands of the athletic Englishman, who dragged him, in a moment, to the water's edge, and standing over him, in a menacing attitude, exclaimed, '*Boir ! boir !*'

The trembling Swiss, who fancied he himself wanted to drink, submissively ejaculated '*Oni Monsieur !*' and filling a leathern cup, which with a shaking hand he drew from his pocket, he presented it to the Englishman.

'You damned impudent rascal !' exclaimed the enraged Englishman—'do you want to poison me again !' And seizing him by the shoulders, he shook him until his bones must have been nearly dislocated, saying—'*Boire ! vous, vous êtes to boire*'—in a voice choked with passion.

Trembling in every limb, the poor little Swiss, now beginning to understand, passively took a drink.

'There !—now I think I've done for you !' exclaimed the Englishman triumphantly—'I've paid you up. But oh ! oh ! the poison ! the poison !

Oh ! Think of dying this way—poisoned like a rat ! Oh ! I'm sick !—Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

Lady Hunlocke—(who, as well as myself had been all the time in convulsions of laughter),—now attempted to articulate—‘It is the emetic ! You are not poisoned—The water is not poisonous.’

‘Oh ! Oh ! You foolish woman ! Oh !—Why you don't understand French. The book says the water is ‘*trés poissonneux*,’ which in English means’—

‘That it's very full of fish’—interrupted Lady Hunlocke.

‘Of *poison*, I tell you. Oh !’—ejaculated the poor sick wretch.

Of ‘*poisson*,’ which means fish, certainly ; and ‘*poissonneux*’ means fishy—exclaimed Lady Hunlocke, in a fresh paroxysm of laughter.

When at last he was, with some difficulty, convinced that the lake, instead of being poisonous, merely abounded in fish ; he went nearly distracted with rage, and raved at his own stupidity, at the guides stupidity, at our stupidity, and at the unlucky emetic, which now made him extremely ill in good earnest.

We were by this time close to the little inn of Lowertz, towards which we had begun to conduct

him the moment he had swallowed the emetic, and having explained the mistake to his own guide and the people of the inn, we left the poor wretch, whom we sincerely compassionated, though it was impossible to help laughing, to the paroxysm of sickness which was his inevitable lot;—and mounting our cart, quitted the shores of this poisonous lake,* and soon trotted to this pretty village of Art, on the lake of Zug, where we found, to our great mortification, that no horses could be procured in the whole town, to ascend the Righi.

But the welcome news of ‘dinner is ready,’ salutes my ears—so adieu !

* There is really said to be a poisonous lake, near the Great Lake Baikal, in Siberia, the waters of which are so fatal to animal life, that every living thing dies that drinks of it; and even birds, as they fly over it, perish by its noxious exhalations.—*Vide Captain Cochrane's Travels in Siberia.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RIGHI.

Now we gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the wondrous scene,
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bright bow :
And spreading with the dawning light,
Expands beneath the raptur'd sight.

Grongar Hill.

LETTER XXXI.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

AFTER dinner, while waiting for horses, we amused ourselves with sailing upon the pretty little lake of Zug. We landed on its shores, and walked to the chapel of William Tell, built on the spot where he killed the tyrant Gessler. From the hill

on the right, there is a most beautiful view of the two lakes of Lucerne and Zug, which here are separated only by a narrow ridge of land—and to the left of us, by the woody and verdant mountain of the Righi. Exactly opposite to us, rising from the lake of Lucerne, we were struck with admiration of Mount Pilate, or Pontius Pilate—according to our boatmen; who stoutly maintained that Pontius Pilate himself did actually, in a fit of remorse, drown himself in a bottomless lake on the top of this mountain—(how he came there they could not say)—to which he thus bequeathed his name. This lake, they told us, is called the Infernal Gulf, or the Sea of Hell; and when all else is calm and peaceful, its black basin is for ever agitated by midnight storms, and haunted by fiery dragons and howling mountain spirits—and by the spectre of Pontius Pilate himself; all of whom dance around its baleful brink, and descend, wrapped in whirlwinds, and armed with avenging thunderbolts, to desolate the surrounding country. The wrath of these demons is said to be kindled with fiercer fury whenever the foot of a stranger has intruded on the mysterious scene of their infernal orgies. Indeed, this fact is so well known, and so perfectly incontestable, that the Council of Lucerne enacted

a law to forbid all persons to provoke the spirits, by going near them, and actually imprisoned those who transgressed it.* It is only of late years that people have been allowed to go to hell this way.

But endless are the legends which the fond credulity of the Swiss peasants relate of this fabled mountain. It would seem that some tradition, each more marvellous than the rest, is attached to all its seven peaks. There is an echo—more sweet and wonderful than ever greeted the listening ear of the lonely poet—which will answer only to the voices of those it loves. The voice of the stranger, or of the evil doer, speaks to it in vain—no answer is returned. But if the shepherd, whose evening strain it is used to hear, calls—the voices of a thousand mountain spirits from the caves and rocks, seem to return the sound, in ‘notes by distance made more sweet.’

There is a deep and winding cavern in the bowels of this mountain, which completely perforates it. Its mouth, at one side, yawns in a black and inaccessible rock, far above the approach of any human foot; but a marble statue, of colossal size and menacing attitude, is

* Fact.

seen from the distant rocks, to guard this entrance. This mysterious form is said to have struck with instantaneous death a daring peasant, who, by causing himself to be let down by a rope from the precipice above, gained the mouth of the cavern, but never returned to tell the tale of what he had beheld.

At the other side of the mountain is a cavity, called the Hole of the Moon ; because it is wholly impervious to the sun, and the moon's rays alone can penetrate it. From this issues an impetuous torrent of water, which turns to stone every thing that it touches—and an icy blast from its inmost recess, freezes the souls of those who approach it. The ascent to this hole is not effected without extreme difficulty and danger. The terrific entrance once gained, soon opens into spacious halls, of which wonders are told ; but the progress of the adventurer is soon stopped by the closing rocks, which barely allow a passage for the petrifying stream. Inexhaustible, as you may suppose, are the legends of wonder and of horror which are attached to this mysterious cavern of the enchanted statue. Indeed all that appertains to this mountain is enchanted. Even the petrified remains of the chamois and the black cocks, and the forms of fish,

which are found impressed on the calcareous slate of this mountain—are attributed by the peasantry to the effects of art magic, not to the wonders of nature;—they suppose them to have been turned to stone by sorcery.

The canton of Zug, the smallest of all the small cantons of Switzerland, has more water than land; for its lake is four leagues long, but its landed territory not two. This important state, which contains in all five square miles and three quarters of the earth's surface, and would make but a very petty English parish, is nevertheless subdivided into four districts, and maintains its distinction of its own proper magistrates, government, faith, and modes of dress, as if it were a most important kingdom. The women of this canton wear a most extraordinary fly cap on their heads, and in other respects a most grotesque costume. So amusingly quick is the transition to different forms of government and female attire in Switzerland, that at Schwytz, which is not much more than half an hour's walk from Zug, you are under another jurisdiction—and behold! all the women are dressed in another costume!

We made a visit to the Priest of Art, or rather to his barometer—the possession of which makes

him looked up to as a most occult sage, among the Zuggites—their barometer being no less than Pontius Pilate himself, who had alarmed us by very uncivilly putting on his hat in our faces, just as we were looking at him across the lake. The Priest, who could speak no language but the native dialect, received us with great politeness and urbanity, and bowed us into his most comfortless domicile—the dullness and gloom of which formed a striking contrast to the cheerful parlours and happy domestic circles we had seen at Grindelwald, and in all the habitations of the Protestant Pastors of Switzerland. One can fancy nothing more dreary than the lonesome and monotonous life of a Catholic Priest, of good education, in a remote country parish, such as this—with none but peasants to speak to—forbidden even to labour—no communication with the world—no hope of change—none of those tender ties of existence, which create a paradise in the wild. Life seemed, indeed, completely stagnant with this unfortunate Priest. He was a tall dark fine looking man, about fifty, and apparently fitted for a very different lot. He readily introduced us to his barometer, which told a more flattering tale than Pontius Pilate had done—but even Pontius Pilate

himself repented and thought better of it, and took off his hat to us again.

Emboldened by this encouragement on the part of the mountain,—as horses had, at last, been procured from a distance, we determined to set off, late as it was, for the Capuchin convent on the Righi's side, from whence we were to reach the summit before sun-rise. We mounted two of the most wretched animals that ever attempted to set one leg before another—an operation which it was extremely difficult to make them perform. The ascent was very steep—often up a sort of staircase, formed of the roots of trees—perfectly safe for a good horse, but for ours nearly impracticable; so that, after they had fallen repeatedly with us, we were obliged to walk almost the whole way. We slept at one of four inns beside the convent; and being on the mountain again long before day-break, we reached the Righi Kulm, or highest point, marked by a tall black cross, just as the first rich orient hues of morning were breaking in golden splendour through the deep grey curtains which had hitherto concealed from our view the most glorious prospect in the world. It is a singular fact, that before the sun rose, we caught a glimpse of distant spots, par-

ticularly of the lakes of Zurich and Constance—which, after its orb appeared, and even under the blaze of noon, we could see no more. Twelve other lakes lay at our feet. The base of the Righi itself is encircled by three—viz. Lucerne, Zug, and Lowertz. It is utterly impossible to conceive any idea of the magnificence of this wonderful panorama of Switzerland. The sight was dazzled, and the senses confused with the richness, and variety, and almost boundless extent of this wonderful prospect.

The rich and fertile regions of Switzerland, its golden harvests, its spreading woods, its verdant meadows, covered with flocks and herds; its winding streams, its steepled towns, its clustering villages and scattered cottages, lay stretched like a map at our feet. Far over these scenes of laughing plenty, the eye wandered to the luxuriant valley of the Rhine, and even into the indistinct regions of Suabia. But the Alps!—What pen can describe, or what imagination conceive, the sublime effect of these giants of nature, encircling more than two-thirds of the vast horizon, and rearing their embattled pyramids of glittering snow, far into the blue vaults of heaven! The clustering heights of St. Gothard,—the Furca, on whose

stormy height, now glittering in sunshine, we were nearly lost ;—the Alps of the canton of Glaris, of St. Gall, of Emmenthal and Entlibach ;—the awful majesty of the Jungfrau, the Queen of the Alps, with her surrounding hoary worshippers, the Eigers, the Wetterhorn, the Wellhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Schwarzhorn, and the Blumlis Alp ;—the naked granite pyramids of the Finsteraarhorn and the Lauteraarhorn ;—with countless and unknown Alps, crowned with eternal snow, and crowded in undistinguished grandeur, attracted our awe-struck gaze. To the north, the heights of the Jura bounded our view. Perhaps the greatest charm of this unrivalled prospect is, the contrast between the sublimity of the Alps, and the exquisite and unspeakable loveliness of the lake of Lucerne at our feet—with its winding shores and bays, and promontories, and woods, and villages, and cliffs, and sheltering mountains. Immediately opposite, from the waters of the lake, rises Mount Pilate—that bold and singular mountain, whose verdant sides are permanently inhabited by a people of shepherds, who, with their families, rarely descend to the plains, and preserve the primitive simplicity of their pastoral manners unimpaired from generation to

generation. Even their dialect differs essentially from that of the rest of Switzerland. Surely it is here, if any where, that the poet ought to seek for the last traces of the golden age! Thus its sides are the happy scene of primeval innocence, while its summit and inward caves, according to tradition, are the haunt of the Fiends of Hell.

On the side of the lake of Zug, the Righi forms a perpendicular rocky wall of more than four thousand five hundred feet. Following the example of our guide, I prostrated myself on the earth, and crept onwards to the terrific brink, over which I cast my eyes with shuddering horror. You will be surprised when I say that this was the first time in Switzerland, I have ever been on the summit of a mountain. All the ascents of mountains we had hitherto made, have more properly been ascents of mountain passes, which you scale through deep narrow mountain ravines, generally, but not always, along the beds of torrents—so that, when at last you attain the extreme height of the pass, you are still in a hollow, between two overtopping, and probably inaccessible heights. Such is the ascent of St. Bernard, of the Col de Balme, of the Scheideck, of the Grimsel, and the Furca; and such is also the ascent of Mount St.

Gothard, and of the Simplon. But the Righi is an isolated hill, and we climbed its green sides and stood on its summit, overlooking the prospect beneath us—as one ascends Skiddaw, or Snowdon, or Ben Lomond :—not labouring up a deep ravine in order to pass to some place beyond it, but climbing the mountain's brow purely to see the view from its summit, and then descend it again. Even the Montanvert and the Wengern Alp, were mere green footstools at the foot of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau ; and, when upon them, instead of feeling yourself at the top of a hill, you were only sensible that you were at the bottom of one.

There is a little strong built wooden inn on the Righi Kulm, where we made a most astonishing breakfast, upon coffee, delicious milk, eggs, and bread and butter without end. From thence, we had a delightful walk of three leagues and a half, down to Wegghis, on the Lake of Lucerne ; and the prospect, in descending, gains in beauty what it loses in extent.

The mountain tops, mingling in a thousand picturesque and varying forms, and the woody shores and rocky cliffs which surround the

crystal basin of this enchanting lake, form scenes of exquisite beauty. The bold wooded peninsula of Pergenstock, behind which opens the deep bay of Alpnach, had the effect of a fine island—the only beauty in which this lake, as well as every other Continental lake, is wholly deficient.

Sometimes we walked over soft velvet turf, shaded by trees of pine, and beech, and silver fir of extraordinary size and beauty—sometimes we passed rural cottages, beneath the spreading shade of walnut or chesnut trees—sometimes we descended rude staircases, cut in the perpendicular face of the rock—sometimes a rustic chapel, picturesquely perched on a crag above us, seemed to form the destination of the country girls, whom we met dressed in their picturesque costume, ascending the rocky path to it, their bright eyes fixed on its wooden crucifix, and their rosy lips whispering their Ave Marias, while their nimble fingers counted their pendant beads. The beauty of the young women and children here particularly struck us.

At Weggis we embarked upon the lake, and after a most delightful sail on one of the most beautiful evenings I ever remember, we approached

the spires of Lucerne, as the evening star had lighted his glowing lamp in the west ; and the young moon, ‘like to a silver bow new set in heaven,’ shone in its deep clear vault ; while the rich red radiance of the sky still trembled over the vast and placid mirror of the lake.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RETURN.

Then back to busy life again !

Leave we this mountain land—
Those hardy sons of nature :—
A manly race
Of unsubmitting spirit wise and brave,
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard
To hold a free and undiminished state.

THOMPSON.

LETTER XXXII.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR TO MRS. BALCARRIS.

It was Sunday morning, and peasant girls in their holiday dresses, and rustic swains with nosegays in their breasts, were flocking into the town ; and the bells of the cathedral were ringing for mass, and the busy Priests, with their long vestments, were hurrying through the throng-

ing streets, when we sallied forth to see the city of Lucerne. The streets looked unspeakably gay, crowded with the happy faces, the bright colours, and rich dresses of the Lucerne peasants, who tripped along—so rustic!—so coquettish!—so very conscious how smart they were!—their short black petticoats displaying the neat white stocking and buckled shoe—nay even giving a glimpse of the smart red garter;—while the little apron, more for ornament than use—the richly laced embroidered boddice, the pure white chemise sleeve, peeping out below it—the gaudy ribbons, the light gipsy hat, with its broad brim and low crown, coquettishly stuck on the back of the head, trimmed with flowers and flaunting strings—presented exactly such a dress as you see on the stage, when a pretty actress would represent the beau ideal of a peasant girl.

Such is the costume of the pretty peasants of Lucerne! For whether it is that their dress is so becoming, and their air so gay, or that they really are a very handsome race—certain it is they all look pretty. The women of the town of Lucerne, of the inferior classes, all wear the same dress as the country people. As for the old ladies, they were pacing gravely along to church, with

their gray hair combed straight back from their wrinkled faces, plaited and twisted in a knot behind, and well powdered; with nothing whatever upon their poor old bare heads—not a decent cap or bonnet; and the rest of their attire exactly such as you may sometimes see in the frontispiece of an old novel, or on the stage, when ladies of the days of Sir Charles Grandison are represented;—but in real actual life and existence—no such sights are now any where to be seen, save in the good city of Lucerne. One such figure walking the streets of London or Paris, would inevitably be mobbed.

There are four convents in Lucerne, and the pale sad countenances of the poor Nuns whom we visited—victims rather of pride than of piety;—noble daughters whose aristocratic families, to aggrandise one child have sacrificed the rest, and buried the youth of these unfortunate females in the living tomb of the cloister—formed a painful contrast to the gaiety and joy of the happy children of nature without, and sent us away melancholy from its cheerless walls

One of the grand lions of Lucerne is the model of a considerable part of Switzerland, by General Pfyffer, who devoted to it the labour of

half a century. The woods, rocks, lakes, rivers, villages, and even every single house and field, are executed with the minutest accuracy. But it is impossible not to regret that we have so much of these fields, and so little of the mountains—by far the most interesting part of the country. Had the good General made a model of the Alps only, he would have left behind him an admirable and invaluable work. It was highly amusing, thus quite at our ease, to travel over again the Alpine passes which had cost us so much peril and labour to surmount on the actual journey.

We were much pleased with the panorama of the Righi, which is shewn at a bookseller's shop; and with a collection of all the curious costumes of Switzerland, which forms a most amusing picture gallery. The views from the long wooden bridges which cross the extremity of the lake, from which the Reuss rushes, are inconceivably beautiful. One of these bridges has its whole length of thirteen hundred feet, ornamented with paintings of the heroic deeds of Helvetian story; but the beauty of the prospects would not allow me to examine the performances with much attention. It was indeed with great regret we bade adieu to Lucerne and its unrivalled lake—the beautiful scenery of which

would tempt me to remain a whole summer on its enchanting shores,—if I could, which few can do, dispose of myself as inclination dictated.

In our ramble over one of the bridges, we encountered our friend of the poisonous water, who proved to be a respectable common brewer, from the Borough. He looked in wonderful health, considering how lately he had been poisoned—and laughed with great good humour, at the recollection of his ridiculous mistake and fright, and its still more ridiculous consequences. He declared it would be a story against him as long as he lived—for although we should never tell it, it was so very good a joke, that he was certain he could not resist telling it himself.

Certainly the English are afflicted with a ‘*Maladie du pays*,’ of a nature precisely opposite to that of the Swiss. The latter cannot live out of their country, the former cannot rest in it. What else than this inveterate ‘*maladie*,’ could send so many foolish people upon their travels?—What else, for example, could lead that hopeful family of the Blossoms, a wandering so far from their ribbon shops;—or my particular friend, ‘*Maister Andra M’cGregor*,’ from his ‘*stots and gimmers at hame*;’—or this rosy faced man of

malt, so far from his beer barrels? What else could tear the never to be forgotten Saunders M'cMuckleman, from his 'bit bonnie burnie,' his 'Jessie,' and his little boys and horn books? Nay—what else could bring Lady Hunlocke or myself here,—where, as that awful man of the storm justly observed, we had no business whatever,—to clamber up huge mountains only to come down them again—at the peril of our necks? But we now bade adieu to the sublimity of Alpine regions, and with Lucerne we left even beauty behind us.

I entertained a secret suspicion, from something Mr. Breadalbane had let fall before we left Grindelwald, that he would waylay us at Berne, on our return; and in order to avoid him, I persuaded Lady Hunlocke that as we had both seen Berne, it would be much wiser to go back by Soleure, which we had never seen. So to Soleure we went. But I will spare you the description of our journey there—for though we passed the lake of Sempach, and saw the field of battle, and the chapel erected on the spot where Leopold fell;—though we saw on the right of the road near the lake, the 'English hillock,' formed by the heaped up bones of three thousand English Knights, who, with

Enguerrard de Coucy, son-in-law to Edward the Third King of England, at their head, and followed by the mercenary bands which then desolated Europe, overrun the whole of Switzerland, but finally perished at this spot, in battle with the brave Swiss peasantry;—and though we saw many other things equally interesting to see, there really was nothing very wonderful to relate. And as to Soleure, which seems a cheerful pretty little Swiss metropolis—nearly as large as a very small English market town—as we made our entrance into it late at night, and our exit early in the morning—it cannot be expected that I should give you a very full and particular account of its society, arts, institutions, manners, monuments, and curiosities.

From Soleure we went to the little lake of Bienne—where Rousseau choose to live, and Lord Camelford to be buried. Of the two, I should prefer it for the latter purpose—because one place answers as well as another to be buried in;—but as to living in it, that would be little better than being buried before one's time. Rousseau's ecstasies about it, are wholly incomprehensible upon any principle of reason or taste:—for it is a dull, ugly, uninteresting little place,

the water shallow and full of reeds, the banks bare and monotonous, and the Isle de St. Pierre itself a long strait formal line of earth, with a row of hideous poplars planted by the water's edge, covered with ugly stone walls and inclosures, and a red tiled vulgar looking farm-house, in which Rousseau lived—and we dined;—for we could not live upon the remembrance of Rousseau. As to the bed, and table, and chairs, which are shewn as his, I have positive proof that they have every one been brought into the house, years after he left it. Yet it is amazing the quantity of fantastical nonsense credulous travellers have scrawled about these cracked old pieces of furniture, which they pretend still stand in the exact position in which Rousseau used to place them! As if it were likely that the manner in which a persecuted and suspected exile chose to set his table and chairs, should have been either noticed or respected by the honest farmer's wife of an obscure spot—from which too he was expelled with ignominy!

There is an avenue of noble old trees, the growth of centuries, on the highest part of the island,—the only beauty I saw in the lake of Biemme. At the extremity of this alley and of the island, near a paltry sort of wooden summer-

house, 'without a stone to mark the spot,' lie the remains of Lord Camelford.

At Soleure, at breakfast, all the people were Catholics—at Bienne, at dinner, they were all Protestants—a little further, and lo ! they were all Catholics again ; so that, what is orthodoxy in one village, is heresy in the next. Scarcely had we lost sight of the lake of Bienne, where we heard nothing but German, before we met a peasant on the road, who understood nothing but French. Thus, in the little circuit we had made from Lausanne, we had found endless alterations of religion, government, language and dresses. In order to make ourselves understood, we had been obliged to have recourse alternately to French, German, and French again :—and had we, from Altorf, passed a little to the right, into the Grisons, we should have got into the regions of the *Ladin* and the *Roman*, in which we should not have made so shining a figure.

In fact, though we speak of Switzerland as a whole, and though it forms only one country—and that the smallest of Europe,—yet the little cantons of which it is composed, are strung together like a row of beads of all sizes and sorts, upon the thread of political necessity—and all differ from each

other in dress, manners, customs, institutions, prejudices, language, and religion. Some of them are determinedly aristocratic, like Berne; and others furiously democratic, like the Grisons;—some bigotedly Catholic, like Lucerne; and some fiercely Calvinistic, like the Pays de Vaud—where one Protestant sect hate another with a hatred surpassing that of common christians. We had often been inexpressibly amused by the striking changes in every thing, both small and great, in the journey of a few miles, from one canton to another. But these changes were now ended. We entered the Pays de Vaud, and French and Lutheranism lasted all the way home.

We slept at Neuchatel, a town on the banks of the lake, abounding in Swiss lace, and surrounded by cotton manufactories. Opposite Neuchatel, at a short distance from the farther shore, is the little lake of Morat, for ever consecrated by the field of battle on which Swiss liberty was triumphantly won, by a handful of patriot peasants, against seventy thousand trained Burgundians, whose bones whiten beneath the frosts of three hundred and fifty winters. Mingled with the unnoticed heap are the remains of the Duke of Somerset, and his English guard, whose ill-

directed valour had twice nearly turned the fortune of the day against the Swiss patriots ;— patriots indeed—

Whose deeds
To the bright annals of old Greece oppos'd,
Would throw in shade her yet unrivall'd name,
And dim the lustre of her fairest page !
And glows the flame of liberty so strong,
In this small speck of earth ?—this spot obscure,
Shaggy with woods and crusted o'er with rock,
By slaves surrounded and by slaves oppress'd ?
What then should Britons feel ?*

The building on the field of battle, which served at once as cemetery and monument, was destroyed by the French during their late occupation of this country—but they could not carry away all the bones.†

* Mrs. Barbauld.

† These bones were the subject of a curious experiment, made by the Swiss Sçavans, in the winter of 1816. During that dreadful season of famine, much to their praise, they fed not only their own poor, but the poor of Savoy also. For this purpose they made extremely palatable soup, chiefly from bones. It was a disputed point among these wise men, whether the gelatin, the nutritious principle of bone, was indestructible by time, or not ; and, as the age of the bones of the Burgundians, on the field of Morat, was incontestibly established, they bethought themselves of making soup of them, which was accordingly done—and all the Sçavans tasted of this delectable broth, and pronounced it full of gelatin and excellent !

The lake of Neuchatel, along the banks of which our road led, from one end to the other, a distance of about nine leagues, is a pretty lake, but very tame and uninteresting after the romantic and stupendous scenery of Lucerne.

Near the village of Colombier we discerned, or fancied we discerned, on our left, the remains of the Castle of Rochefort—celebrated as the feudal fortress of a noble brigand, who lived by blood and plunder, and who, at last, was taken and publicly executed at Neuchatel. His widow, a daring and desperate heroine—fit mate for such a Lord, resolved to revenge his fate, and actually set fire to the town of Neuchatel, which was burnt to ashes. She succeeded in effecting her own escape, with her children, to America, where it is said her descendants still remain.

Further on we passed through the village of Grandson, celebrated for the battle and victory of the Swiss Patriots over the Burgundians, which preceded their final overthrow at Morat. Here we saw the ruins of the Castle of Grandson, celebrated in the chivalrous tales of Switzerland.

A league further we came to Yverdon, a considerable Swiss town at the bottom of the lake, where we visited the celebrated academy of Pestal-

lozzi—whose system of education, if attainable, must be good—for it seems to consist in making the pupils exert their own powers of reasoning and even invention, instead of merely, like parrots, learning by rote the ideas and dogmas of others. I understand, however, that the very different course of discipline and study, pursued at the celebrated institution at Hofwyl, near Berne,* is considered practically superior.

Leaving Yverdon, we got amidst the defiles of the Jura, were benighted, and caught in a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain; and finally, we passed the night in a cottage by the way side. This morning, however, while we were at breakfast, the storm ceased, the sun shone out, and setting off for the last time, we were delighted with the romantic valley, called the Val d' Orbe, and with the source of the Orbe, which bursts forth from a precipice of rock, at once a considerable river—like the Sorgue at Vaucluse. But the features of the scene are on a smaller scale, and inferior in beauty and interest to

* For a most able account of this excellent and uncommon seminary, see an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 64.

that spot, for ever consecrated by the genius of Petrarch.

We reached Lausanne to day, to dinner. Great was the joy of Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland to see us; and great was the disappointment of Lady Hunlocke *not* to see Mr. Breadalbane, whom she had fully expected to find here. Still greater was her astonishment not to find any letter from him, and she was certain he must be lying dangerously ill at Grindelwald, and could scarcely be prevented sending an express to inquire after him, till a letter from the good Pastor of 'that ilk' arrived, and assured her—to her great disappointment—(she would much rather have heard of his being desperately ill)—that he had set off some time ago, from Grindelwald parsonage, in excellent spirits, for Scotland. For my own part, I do privately think it possible he may be still waiting for us at Berne; but I carefully keep my suspicions to myself.

I, too, am much, nay, bitterly disappointed—not that Lady Hunlocke has no letter from Mr. Breadalbane, but that she has none from Mr. Lindsay. I am quite sure he never can have received her letters, otherwise he would, he must, have answered them. But I must not think—if possible,—

at least I must not allow my thoughts to dwell upon this painful subject. I have not time even to ascertain whether or not the letters are still lying for him at Geneva—for we set off, by the Simplon, for Italy, to morrow ; as Mrs. Cleveland is anxious to finish her long pilgrimage over the Alps and Appennines, before the time of her confinement approaches.

Lady Hunlocke goes into Italy also, but takes the route of Verona, Munich, and the Tyrol.—Dear Georgiana, adieu !

CHAPTER XXX.

THE INN STAIRCASE.

Where art thou, dear one? Can the tomb
Have chill'd that heart so fond and warm,
Have turn'd to dust that cheek of bloom,
Those eyes of light—that angel form?

O thou wilt come no more!
Never, never, never, never, never!

SHAKSPEARE.

LEAVING the travellers for the present to pursue their journey up the Valais, and over the Simplon into Italy, we must turn our attention to the motions and proceedings of certain young gentlemen—without whom the lives of young ladies, both in the scenes of romance, and in the romance of life—would lose much of their interest.

To begin with Mr. Breadalbane. Having, as Miss St. Clair suspected, conceived the bright idea of surprising Lady Hunlocke and herself, by waylaying them at Berne, he had taken up his

abode at Le Faucon, in that city—(a city in which he did not know a human being)—and spent his days, for the most part, in the entertaining and profitable occupation of leaning over the balustrades of the staircase, staring at every body that came in, and execrating every face, however fair, because it was not the face he sought. One day, while employed in kicking his heels in this manner, he heard a hoarse voice below, in his native accent, enquiring—‘Gif they kened whether ma’ Liddy Hunlocke was na’ arrived?’

Breadalbane was at the bottom of the stairs in a moment. ‘What of Lady Hunlocke, Sir!—What do you know of Lady Hunlocke?’ he said, surveying with astonishment the extraordinary figure of the Rev. Saunders M’cMuckleman.

‘I was speering for her me sel,’ said the Scotchman. ‘Was you wanting her Liddyship and all—Sir?’

‘What do you know of her? Where did you see her? Where did you leave her? Was there a young lady’—

‘What’s ye’re wull, Sir?’ demanded the bewildered Scot.

Breadalbane was soon out of all patience. At length, by dint of questioning, storming, and

exclaiming, he gathered from the Scotchman a confused account of the assassin's intended assault upon the ladies in their passage over the Grimsel ; but so incomprehensibly was it told, that he understood they were actually nearly murdered outright.

His alarm was dreadful ; for it happened that a vague report had reached his ears, which had floated down to Berne, no one knew how ; of two English ladies travelling alone, being attacked on the Grimsel and grievously maltreated,—their clothes being all taken from them, and their ears cut off. Their lives indeed were said to be saved, by one of the ladies seizing the robber's fire-arms and throwing them into the river ; a truly marvellous exploit, considering that they were assaulted by no less than three stout ruffians ! Such was the present version of the story at Berne. Doubtless in due time, the three assassins—like Falstaff's buckram men—would be multiplied to a dozen ;—and in addition to the loss of ears,—noses, and multifarious other mutilations, would be gratuitously added.*

* A similar tale, with these identical exaggerations, was actually circulated at the time respecting the two ladies who were really the object of this intended attack upon the Grimsel.

Till now, Mr. Breadalbane had given no ear to this absurd tale of these two barbarously treated English ladies; nor did it even strike him that it could relate to the two whose arrival occupied his whole thoughts; not considering Carline as English—knowing that they were not alone, but attended by Philips; and, besides, supposing the whole story to be of much earlier date. But great were now his alarm and despair. They were only surpassed by his rage, when he at last found, from the long-winded narration of the Rev. Saunders M'cMuckleman, that no evil whatever had befallen them.

Scarcely was his wrath at this blunder appeased, before he was thrown into a fresh panic, by a doleful history of their being lost upon the Furca, in a tremendous storm, after which they had never been heard of, and their horses and guides had never returned,—and at this point, having thrown Breadalbane into a state little short of distraction, he went off into a long string of unheeded lamentations, ‘anent’ their refusing his escort.

‘Idiot!’ exclaimed Breadalbane, obligingly—‘and what good would that have done? How could you have stayed the storm? Instead of bewailing yourself like a fool, why didn’t you

raise the country, and send out all the peasantry to rescue them? Why was not the mountain searched in every direction? Why did you rest yourself, or let a soul rest, till they were found and saved?"

‘But ye winna hear me oot!’ cried the slow Scotchman, who in vain attempted to wedge in a word—while Breadalbane overpowered him with a torrent of reproachful questions, without ever waiting for an answer. At last, finding there was no chance of any cessation, the Scotchman roared out, in a Stentorian voice, which drowned Breadalbane’s, ‘Weel, weel, I say, they’re leeving, mon!’

‘Fool!’ exclaimed Breadalbane. ‘Then why did’nt you say so?’

‘What for did’nt I say sae? Baccuse ye wadna’ let a bodie say ought,’ exclaimed the Scot; and he proceeded, in his long-winded circumlocutory fashion, putting every thing into its wrong place, to tell his story, which, when unravelled, seemed intended to shew how he had himself got far down the Grimsel when the storm came on, and had turned back; his mind misgiving him that they ‘could na’ won ow’r the Furca;’ and that they would ‘aiblins be lost upon the top o’ t;’ and how the people at the Hospital on the Grimsel,

thought there was danger, and sent out help with him; and how, on the Mayenwand, he met an ‘awfu’ like man,’ wandering like a ‘speerit,’ and he told him they were safe; and how, because the guides did not come back with the horses, when he had got to Meyringen, the people there ‘wad threep till him they were deed;’ and how he ‘was gaeing awa’ agen ow’r the heils to seek them, whan he fell in wi’ a mon wha’ said he had seen them on Lowertz Loch, and how they had saved him from being poisoned, though he wasn’t poisoned either after a’; and how he had ‘expeckit’ he would find them at Berne.’

‘Then they should have been here before this time!’ exclaimed Breadalbane.

‘It canna’ be dooted.’

‘And what can have happened to them?’ exclaimed the tortured Breadalbane.

‘They’ll aiblins won the morn,’ rejoined the deliberative Scot. ‘But I dinna ken wha’s aw’ this,’ he continued, warily unfolding a fine laced frilled night cap—‘but I maun stop to gee it back till ane of the Leddies,—forbye that’—

‘Give it me!—give it me! I know who’s it is—I’ll give it back to her.’

‘Na, na!—I canna’ trust ye.’

‘What do you mean, you impudent fellow? Do you suppose I want to steal it?’

‘I dinna ken. It’s a grand mutch.’

‘And pray how did you come by it, friend?’

‘I found it in her bed-room!’

‘Her bed room! and what were you doing in her bed room?’

‘And what’s that to you, Sir?’

‘It is something to me sir; and a great deal to me, sir; and I insist upon knowing.’

‘Weel!—insist!’ said M’cMuckleman, doggedly.

‘Tell me instantly, sir; I *will* know.

‘I’d like, fu’ weel, to ken *how* you’ll do for that, though.’

‘If you don’t answer me this instant, Sir, I’ll have you taken up for theft.’

‘Taken up!—Whoop!’

‘Yes, I’ll have you taken up—I’ll—I’ll knock you down, Sir.’

‘Then you’ll be taken up yer’sel’, aw’m thinking; but if you knock me down wi’ th’ one arm, when I have twa,’ ma’ name’s no Saunders M’cMuckleman, that’s aw’. A puir bit silly bodie, too, sic’ as you!’

‘Silly!’

‘Ay, silly—unco silly!—Yer’e no sic’ a pretty mon as me, ony day—forbye that yer’e silly eenow

wi' that broken pow an' arm. I was ay a pretty mon.'

Breadalbane could not help laughing at hearing this gaunt, walking scarecrow call himself 'a pretty mon,' although aware that he used the expression in its Scotch signification, as denoting strength; and that, by silly, he meant weak in body, not in mind.

'Well, sir,' said Breadalbane, still laughing as he gazed at this ungainly specimen of 'a pretty mon,' 'I wish you would please to tell me how you got the night-cap.'

'Weel, then, noo that you spear mair ceevilly, I maun just tell you that I got the mutch wi' sleeping i' th leddy's bed chamber—that's not ma Leddy Hunlocke's—but the'—

'In the same bed-chamber?'

'Ay, and in the same bed; and the caup had tumbled off her heed; it's like, when she got up and awa' afore it was light.'

'You lie, you impudent dog!' exclaimed Breadalbane, choking with rage.

'Lie!' exclaimed M'cMuckleman, clinching his fist,—'aw'll gi' you the lie down your throat, 'at will I. It's all true, every word o' t, and if I was na' a meenister o' the gospel'—

'Minister of the gospel! You infamous scoundrel!—you deserve to have your ears cropped,

and your gown pulled over your shoulders, for presuming to utter such blasphemous libels against the character of a lady.'

'Ag'en the chawracter of the leddy! Me? Whan did I ever utter a seelable agen her chawracter? The Lord forgie ye mon, for telling sic lees!'

'You scoundrel! Had'nt you the abominable audacity to say you had slept with her?'

'Me!—me slept wi' her?' and Saunders M'cMuckleman stood aghast and open mouthed with horror and amazement at such an idea.

'Ay, eat your words again, Sir. Confess instantly that you lied, when you said you had slept in the same bed with Mademoiselle Carline.'

'I dinna ken wha' Mademoiselle Carline is—but if its ony woman,—I never slept wi' ane in all my hale life, at no rate. Aw'm as innocent as the babe unborn, o' sleeping wi' ony thing like a woman.'

'And how then had you the cursed impudence to pretend you got the cap when you slept in the same bed-room, and even in the same bed with her.'

'Ay—the night after *them*—when I came back age'n to the Grimsel, to see for them; sure enough I got the same bed-room and bed, and I found the caup in the bed.'

'You stupid blockhead,' exclaimed Breadalbane; and after venting his indignations by execrating

his folly and stupidity to his heart's content—he again resumed his request to have the night-cap. But Saunders would not give it him; and the dispute about the night-cap raged long, and might have raged longer, had not Breadalbane, finding that M'cMuckleman shrewdly suspected him of a design to keep 'the braw mutch till himself,' exclaimed with sudden recollection,—'Steal it! By heavens—I believe there is a spell upon this house! If this isn't the second time, upon this identical staircase, nay even upon this very landing place, that I, Breadalbane, of Breadalbane, have been taken for a common thief!'

'Breedalbane, of Breedalbane. Is it Maister Breedalbane,' exclaimed M'cMuckleman, taking off his hat to Breadalbane.

'Yes, I am 'Maister Breedalbane;' what may be your commands with me, Sir?'

'Naething—only the leddygied me a letter for ye.'

'A letter!—exclaimed Breadalbane, darting at him, and nearly throttling him—'Why didn't you give it me directly.'

'Aw' did na' ken wha'—

'Come! Quick! Quick! out with it.'

'Aw' caana' lay hau'd on't,' cried the perplexed M'cMuckleman, fumbling with his huge trembling fingers, in a greasy leathern case.

After a tedious delay, during which Breadalbane's angry impatience only increased the trepidation which alone prevented the awkward M'cMuckleman from finding it—and after all his books and poems were tumbled out and scattered on the staircase, he pulled it forth, exclaiming—
'there it's!'

'From Lady Hunlocke!' exclaimed Breadalbane in a tone of great disappointment. Then having read it, he assailed him with a close catechism of the looks, spirits, conversation—even the dress of 'Mademoiselle Carline,' to all of which M'cMuckleman could only reply—

'Aw dinna' very weel ken. I did na' just obsairve sae muckle.'

'Hang the man! I believe he has no eyes,' exclaimed Breadalbane. 'Was she looking beautiful!'

'Baith the leddies were unco weel far'd I'm thinking,' said M'cMuckleman—as if trying to rub up his recollection of their faces. 'I dinna sae weel ken whilk o' the twa' ye're meaning.'

'O Lord! O Lord!' ejaculated Breadalbane.

We forbear to pursue their colloquy further; which ended at last in Breadalbane's informing him that Lady Hunlocke's letter contained a strong recommendation of M'cMuckleman himself to his favour

and patronage—(at which the poor man was so overpowered with amazement and gratitude, that he could not articulate a word in reply.)

Breadalbane assured him that the zeal he had shewn in the service of these ladies, and their recommendation, was the most powerful claim he could possess to his own good offices—and promised, in general terms, to befriend him as far as was in his power; but he did not chuse even to make a remote conditional promise respecting giving him a kirk, lest his qualifications, on inquiry, should not be found to merit it. The poor man's hopes never soared the tenth part so high as the dazzling prospect of 'getting a settlement.' Even for this vague assurance, gratitude struck him speechless—or rather he essayed to speak 'unutterable things'—for to look them was not in poor M'cMuckleman's power.

But his stammering thanks, too big for words, were cut short by Breadalbane inquiring, 'whether there was any thing he could do at present for Mr. M'cMuckleman?'

'There is ae thing,' ejaculated M'cMuckleman; and forthwith he confided to Breadalbane, with his usual happy perspicuity—'how the weight of Lady Hunlocke's siller hung heavy on his soul—and

now he wished that Maister Breadalbane wad take charge of this bit of a check, and give it to her leddyship again, with his humble duty, and assure her leddyship he was mair thankfu' than if he had keepit it aw';—but he could na' beer to tak the siller for the beukes till they were a' preented.' And his oration and flow of gratitude might never have concluded, had not Breadalbane interrupted him by declaring, he would have nothing to do with this commission. But he was touched by the simple generous expression of the poor creature's feelings, his noble sense of independence, and his disinterested gratitude; and he determined in his own mind, that if he bore a good character, a kirk he should have.

By day and by night was the night-cap Breadalbane's cherished consolation—but day and night rolled away, and still the fair head which it had enveloped, appeared not. He sent off an express to Lucerne, but the express chose to go to one inn only, the wrong one—probably expressly that he might have the profit of going on to Altorf—which his orders directed him to do in case he got no tidings of the fair travellers at the former place. At Altorf the express did hear that two ladies had been there—(so indeed had two and forty)—but the names of these two, who seemed to answer the

nearest to the description of the lost fair ones, stood in the Inn Book thus :—

Mrs. Serena Simplesoul, senior, spinster.

Miss Punctilia Proteus, junior, do.

An entry by no means unlike Lady Hunlocke's genius—who Breadalbane supposed would write any thing sooner than her real name;—but no intelligence could be gained, of whither this hopeful pair—Mrs. Serena Simplesoul and Miss Punctilia Proteus—had gone next; so after waiting four days for this highly satisfactory information, Breadalbane resolved to set off immediately to Lausanne, to hear if Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland had received any tidings of them.

During those few days which Saunders M'c Muckleman had spent in waiting for Lady Hunlocke, and seeing the lions—or rather bears—at Berne;—his extreme simplicity and goodness of heart, his extraordinary knowledge upon some subjects, and his incredible ignorance about others; his ludicrous 'wonderments' at the most common events, and the still more ludicrous adventures into which his simple rusticity continually involved him;—perhaps too his inordinate breadth of Scottish dialect, in its utmost quintessence of perfection, which in Breadalbane's ears awakened all the

joyful associations of his childhood;—but above all, the sincere interest this good creature felt for the safety and arrival of ‘the Leddies,’ and the unwearied patience with which he listened to the inexhaustible theme of ‘Mademoiselle Carline,’—so strongly recommended him to Breadalbane, that partly from the good natured wish to indulge his insatiable passion for travelling—partly from the dislike to part with such an invaluable listener and sympathiser—he stuck this strange original animal into his carriage, and carried him off along with him—to M’cMuckleman’s irrecoverable amazement. To find himself actually in the interior of a splendid travelling carriage and four, with its lounging cushions, its plate glass windows and host of uncomprehended luxuries—travelling alone with ‘the Laird himsel,’ excited his own amazement—as much as the figure he cut in it excited that of others. To see the profound respect with which he eyed the conveniences—which he regarded only as pieces of magnificence—the care with which he avoided making use of them—the awkwardness with which he painfully stuck upon the utmost verge of the seat, with his ungainly bones in a hundred sharp angles bobbing forwards at every jerk—and the uncomfortable position which he contrived to maintain in this

commodious vehicle—one would have thought he was undergoing a painful penance, instead of going upon a tour of pleasure.

On their arrival at Lausanne, Breadalbane found, to his unspeakable mortification, that Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland had set off for Italy, and Lady Hunlocke for Germany, nearly a week before. Not doubting that ‘Mademoiselle Carline’ was with Lady Hunlocke—and hearing that she was accompanied by her maid, by whom he supposed was meant Carline—to Germany Breadalbane set off also, without further inquiry, still taking with him the transported M’cMuckleman.

As Lady Hunlocke, after leaving Lausanne, had changed her mind—no very uncommon circumstance—and gone to the Baths of Aix, in Savoy, instead of proceeding direct into Germany, Breadalbane’s rapidity and impatience overshot the mark, and he soon lost all traces of her—though he still continued his chase, bewildered with false hopes, fretted with disappointments, and fuming with vain conjectures—while he ought to have been in Scotland, where business of importance, consequent upon his coming of age, urgently demanded his presence.

CHAPTER XXXI.



FIRST LOVE.



'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.

My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

SHAKSPEARE.



WE must, for the present, turn our attention to Horace Lindsay, and look back upon the events of his earlier life. He was the only child of Lord Montfort ; the heir of his title, estates, and honours ; and therefore it is not perhaps surprising, that Horace Lindsay's early and decided wish to enter into the army, which was then serving in the Peninsula, should have been strongly opposed by his father, although himself a distinguished General Officer, and holding a high command

under the Duke of Wellington. Perhaps more than any other man in the world, Lord Montfort dreaded the extinction of his family; because, in the event of his leaving no son, his title and estates must descend to a certain Augustus Hamilton, a cousin of his own, a man who had been through life his enemy and opponent, and whom he hated with a mortal inveteracy. It was therefore the wish of his heart, that his son should marry early, and have a family; and that he should be exposed to none of those risks of losing his life by a bullet, which those who rush to fighting fields, and seek 'the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth,' must necessarily incur. But fathers and sons, unfortunately, rarely agree; and it happened that Lindsay did not choose to marry, and did choose to fight. In this case, however, both father and son being reasonable beings, it was agreed that Lindsay should not go into the army until his academical education was completed;—and that Lord Montfort should not oppose his serving in it as soon as he had quitted college. So decided was his ardour for knowledge, and his taste for classical literature, that the years and honours he enjoyed at Cambridge, passed happily and profitably away. This passion for glory,

however, continued unabated. At the age of twenty-one he entered the Dragoon Guards, and served with distinguished honour through the four last glorious campaigns in the Peninsula, and in the field of Waterloo, where he was distinguished, wounded, and promoted. Almost immediately after the battle, and while he was still stretched on the bed of the wounded at Brussels, Lady Montfort died in England. Although not his own mother, for he was the son of Lord Montfort by a former marriage, he had always received from her the devoted tenderness of a mother's love; and he loved her through life, and mourned for her in death, with the truest filial affection.

Lord Montfort was immediately sent out to India, as Commander-in-Chief, and Lindsay's regiment was also ordered there the following year. Having a peculiar dislike to the idle parade and irksome restraint of mere soldiering, Lindsay gladly availed himself, in the mean time, of leave of absence, and went upon the continent early in the summer of 1816, a short time previous to the commencement of this history.

It was his intention to join his regiment and his father, to whom he was Aid-de-Camp—by travelling overland to India, but quite at his leisure;—

and thus see on the way the most interesting parts of the world ;—Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, Greece, Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt ; from whence he was to penetrate to Hindostan, by the route of the Deserts, &c.

But there is yet one part of the history of Horace Lindsay, known to neither father nor mother, nor to any one excepting his friend Heathcote, which we must confide to the reader.

It happened when Lord Montfort was serving in the Peninsula, that Horace Lindsay, then about nineteen, went with his friend Heathcote to his father's house, in Yorkshire, to spend the summer vacation, and enjoy a few weeks of shooting. They arrived about the middle of August ; but there was no chance in that bleak part of the country that there would be any partridge shooting before the middle of September, as the summer had been unusually cold and wet ; a delay ill suited to the impatience of the young sportsmen.

‘What glorious weather for the moors!’ exclaimed Heathcote, on the morning of the tenth of August. ‘What would I give to be out after the moor fowl on Thursday ! If old Hamilton now, was not so crusty and crabbed, he might give us leave to shoot over his moors—but he wont.’

‘Are they good for any thing, his moors?’ said Lindsay.

‘Capital! the best in Yorkshire! very extensive too! But he’s like the dog in the manger, he can’t enjoy them himself, and he won’t let any body else. We call *him* ‘Black Hamilton’ here, instead of his moors. The name suits both equally well.’

‘I think if Mr. Lindsay and you, Jack, were to ride over and call upon him,’ said Mr. Heathcote sen. to his son, ‘he could not refuse you leave this time; because of being a near relation of Mr. Lindsay’s.’

‘A relation of mine!’ exclaimed Lindsay.

‘Yes—I have often heard him say that Lord Montfort is his first cousin; and that failing you, he is heir to his title and all his entailed estates.’

‘I never heard of any such cousin in my life!’ said Lindsay, ‘but I should be extremely glad at this moment to trace out any relationship whatever to a moor fowl—so Heathcote, suppose we go and try if we can make out this connexion.’

Away rode the young men—twelve miles over the hills to Hamilton Castle. They were ushered into a large gloomy looking library, where sat the stately Mr. Hamilton, in his large red leather chair; and when Lindsay was introduced to him, a deeper scowl

settled on his moody brow, and he looked blacker than ever even 'Black Hamilton' looked before. The moor fowl were fast flying away in the young men's imagination, when Miss Hamilton, an elegant looking young woman, entered the room—whose appearance seemed to operate like a charm upon her father; for scarcely had she talked and smiled to the young gentlemen a few minutes, before his bent brow relaxed—his clouded countenance cleared up—and he gradually became as smooth and conciliatory as he was before stern and forbidding;—nay, before their call ended, he had given them a pressing invitation—which the young men gladly accepted—to stay at his house as long as the shooting lasted; assuring them it was not in his power to grant them permission to shoot on any other terms,—having made it an invariable rule, from which he could not depart without giving offence to 'innumerable friends'—(be it remembered 'Black Hamilton' had not a single friend in the world)—to confine his moor shooting to his own guests.'

'That is *confining* it with a vengeance,' said Heathcote, after they were gone—'for he has scarcely ever a soul within his doors. But never mind! We shall have all the better sport. O!

what an excellent thing it is to be first cousin to a moor fowl !'

It proved, in this instance, to be a most unlucky thing—for the cousin. Young Lindsay, at an age and of a disposition the most susceptible—never having before felt the power of woman's charms, nor even having ever been before in female society, except as a boy,—was all at once treated as a man; shut up in a lone house in the country, with a really amiable and attractive young woman of four and twenty, from whom he continually received the most flattering attention—young Lindsay did as most youths of nineteen would have done, and, as 'Black Hamilton' intended he should do—fall deeply and desperately in love with Susan Hamilton. With the impetuous and imprudent Lindsay, soon was the story of his love told—and soon did he draw from the fair object of it, the confession that his love was returned. Vows of eternal constancy, and irrevocable engagement, were exchanged between them. Lindsay was then only nineteen years of age.

'Black Hamilton' was one of the most artful of men. Wilfully blind—resolutely dull—he saw not, heard not, understood not, what was passing before his senses—but inwardly he triumphed.

His victim was in the toils, and already he saw, in imagination, the title and estates of his hated rival centre in *his* family!—already he beheld *his* future grandson Lord Montfort!—already he felt his ruling passions, cupidity, ambition, and vengeance, fully gratified!

‘No surprise could equal his,’—when at last he was compelled to hear the story of their love. ‘No distress, no consternation, could be so great! No words could speak his feelings of dismay—of delicacy—of difficulty—of disturbance,’—of a hundred different *words* which we need not repeat, since they were *words* only.—‘It was quite impossible that he should ever have foreseen or suspected the possibility of such an unfortunate occurrence. The known unfortunate animosity and unsurmountable prejudices entertained by Lord Montfort against him and his family, he could not doubt would have for ever precluded his son from entertaining a sentiment of the kind.’—But his son, recovering from his unfeigned amazement and dismay, declared he knew nothing of any animosity between the families—was wholly ignorant alike of the relationship and the quarrel—and, in fact, had never even heard Mr. Hamilton’s name till he came down into Yorkshire.

‘Incredible ! Impossible ! Was it to be believed ?’ He (‘Black Hamilton’), had supposed, when Mr. Lindsay came to visit him, that he was liberal enough to wish to be on friendly terms, and to shew that *he* did not enter into the unhappy prejudices and resentments of his father, and so had kindly extended the olive branch of peace—which he had most gladly accepted. (But well did the artful man know, from the first moment he saw him, that the unsuspecting Lindsay was ignorant of his relationship—of his enmity—even of his very existence !)—He assured Lindsay ‘that it had been the study of his life—the object of his dearest wishes—to overcome the unhappy aversion entertained by Lord Montfort against him, but in vain.’ And he lamented it with such seeming sincerity ; he spoke of Lord Montfort with such deceitful candour ; he gave so plausible an account of the boyish rivalries and offences, the subsequent misunderstandings and misrepresentations, and the malicious insinuations and accusations made by false friends and interested meddlers, to foment the unfounded resentment which Lord Montfort, misled by deceitful appearances, and the most unfortunate combination of circumstances—had conceived against him ;—that it was impossible for the frank

honourable minded Lindsay, not to think that *he* was the most injured of men ; and that his father, certainly in this instance, had too hastily given credit to the arts used by designing persons, to prejudice his mind against his cousin, and had harboured groundless resentment against him. Deeply did Mr. Hamilton lament over the utter hopelessness and impossibility of ever obtaining Lord Montfort's consent to such a connexion ; but dexterously did he insinuate that his Lordship was a man of so much strong sense and true philosophy, that he would soon reconcile himself to any past irremediable event, and make the best of it ; though his pride was so great, that he never would allow himself to have been wrong ; his passions so high, he never would yield to reason or persuasion ; his prejudices so deep rooted, that when once formed, they never could be destroyed. Artfully did he seek to flatter Lindsay's self-love with praise of his own uncommonly early maturity of mind, and capability of judging for himself ; with admiration of his extraordinary stability, and manly firmness of character, which could not, (he was confident), be turned from its purpose by the wayward caprices of another ; with flourishing declarations of there being no young man excepting

himself, to whom he would confide the happiness of a daughter so deservedly and inexpressibly dear to him. Adroitly did he wind around his passions, aggravate his disappointment, and exasperate his resentment against his father's unreasonable prejudices—all, with the secret hope of driving him to set them at defiance, by marrying without his consent.

But he mistook the character he had to deal with. Lindsay would indefatigably have laboured to have overcome his father's objections, and obtained his consent; but he loved him too well—and felt that he too well deserved his love—to wound his tenderest affections and fondest hopes, which he knew were fixed upon himself. Violence might have incensed him, tyranny driven him into rebellion; distrust caused him to have defied all restraint and opposition;—but the generous confidence his father had reposed in him, in leaving him, at this early age, entirely his own master, Lindsay scorned to abuse, and was proud to justify. He felt like a man who had given his parole of honour, (and virtually it was so), not to abuse the liberty he was indulged in, nor exceed the bounds prescribed by reason and propriety. Had a guard been set over him,—had

he been watched, checked, suspected, or restrained ; he would equally have prided himself upon eluding the strictest vigilance, and overcoming the greatest obstacles. It is fortunate, when the qualities of the heart thus make up for the deficiencies of the head. But alas ! this is but an uncertain dependence—and its best feelings often lead to the worst results, when unchecked by prudence and principle.

Under any circumstances, however, Lindsay's pride would have revolted against the measure which 'Black Hamilton' secretly wished to lead him to adopt—a runaway or clandestine marriage—or from any thing clandestine. Nor was his amiable and sensible daughter at all more disposed to second his views. Possessed of an excellent understanding, upright principles, and a strong intuitive sense of propriety, Susan Hamilton would have spurned such a proposition as an elopement, and considered it an insult. No such scheme, indeed, ever entered into the contemplation of the lovers ; and though never father laboured harder to prevent an elopement than old Hamilton to effect one, the obstinate rectitude of the young people completely defeated his machinations.

Lindsay could not help thinking, when love and absence gave him time to think, that it was very

extraordinary his father, when he wrote, took no notice of his visit to the house of his hated enemy—although he must have received a letter, written before Lindsay knew of the hatred which raged between them, dated ‘Hamilton Castle,’ filled with much matter touching the Hamiltons, that could not be peculiarly agreeable to Lord Montfort. ‘Yet it is most extraordinary he never even mentions it,’ repeated Lindsay.

It would have been more extraordinary still if he had—for ‘Black Hamilton,’ foreseeing that Lindsay would write to his father, carefully examined the letter box in his hall—the key of which he kept—every day during Lindsay’s stay; so that the only letter that love and moor fowl had left him time to write, was quietly committed to the flames, instead of the postman’s bag.

After all these nefarious acts of falsehood and felony, one thing only did ‘Black Hamilton’ compass. Representing how certainly Lord Montfort’s strongest prohibition—nay even malediction, would be directed against his son’s forming any engagement, or maintaining any intercourse with Susan Hamilton, or even entertaining a thought of her, as soon as he should be informed of his attachment;—he so pathetically dwelt upon the

ruined peace and happiness of his daughter, when utterly abandoned by the man who had won her unsuspecting heart—and painted so strongly her sufferings under the slow consuming love—which *he* too well knew no time could conquer—(old Hamilton, by the way, knew nothing of love, and married for money)—and so successfully appealed to Lindsay's feelings of generosity and honour, that he gave old Hamilton a reluctant promise not to acquaint his father with his attachment, in order to avoid placing himself in this predicament of either disobeying his positive commands, or deserting Miss Hamilton. But he gave him, most willingly, a solemn assurance never to break his plighted faith, and never to wed another so long as Miss Hamilton honoured him with her preference. Old Hamilton artfully contrived to get this promise repeated in a letter. With this pledge to the father, and vows of eternal, unalterable love to the daughter, Lindsay went back to school.

But the eternal and unalterable love of nineteen, often completely evaporates before one and twenty. And when Lindsay, at that age, prepared to take leave of his fair mistress in order to join the army in the Peninsula, it is amazing how very miserable

he thought he ought to be, and how very happy he was ; with what ardour, what buoyancy of spirit, what impatient beatings of the heart, he thought of the war and the battles he should soon be engaged in ; and how very little he ever thought at all of the fair Susan Hamilton—Neither in prospect nor in retrospection, did the separation cost him a pang. At the moment of parting, indeed, luckily for appearances, he did feel it acutely—for he never could have feigned it ;—but these feelings passed away almost with the parting moment,—and four eventful years spent in the toils and ardour of service, so completely cured his boyish passion, that it seemed to him like a dream. But it was a dream from which he could not easily awake. Too well did he know its reality. He had fallen in love—or rather fancied himself in love with Susan Hamilton, at an age, and in a situation when his inexperienced imagination, and susceptible temperament, would have made him fancy himself in love with any young woman. But she was not the being formed to win and reign over his heart ; she was not the woman he would have singled out from the world. She had good sense, good temper, and good principles ; but she was cold, calculating, and considerate—‘content to dwell in

decencies for ever.' With no powers of imagination, no brilliance of talent, no animation of spirit—none of the higher qualities of the mind and heart—none of those captivating graces of taste and fancy, calculated to charm such a soul as Lindsay's.—Still, as he loved no one better, his engagement gave him no further uneasiness, than as it was calculated to wound and distress his father—who as yet knew nothing of it. When Lindsay joined him in the Peninsula, he found by fréquent conversation with him, that not only was his hatred of 'Black Hamilton' invincible, but that it was, perhaps, the strongest passion of his soul;—and that so far from having its rise in caprice, it was founded on insults and injuries such as Lord Montfort could never forget. Lindsay, therefore, secretly congratulated himself, that his promise to 'Black Hamilton,' prevented him from acquainting his father with an engagement which he could not break, and the knowledge of which could only serve to make him miserable. Consequently, he made no mention of his love, though he mentioned his visit, which alone filled Lord Montfort with unspeakable mortification and distress.

Immediately after the war, Lord Montfort was ordered out to India, and Lindsay, when sufficiently

recovered of his wound, came to England ; but he had little opportunity of seeing Miss Hamilton—who was attending ‘ Black Hamilton,’ in a lingering illness ;—and what between the impossibility of leaving his father, previous to his departure for India—and the impossibility of Hamilton Castle receiving any guest, while its master was in a sick bed, Lindsay scarcely saw his betrothed, before he went over to Paris, where he was joined by his friend Heathcote ; and, in wandering with him through Switzerland, as we have described, he met with Miss St. Clair on the heights of St. Bernard.

We have recorded his departure from Lausanne to Geneva, and his rapid journey from thence to Paris, with Mr. Heathcote, who was summoned to England by his father’s dangerous illness. At Paris Lindsay remained ; not because he wished to stay at Paris, but because he dreaded returning to England : for he felt that he could not visit his country without seeing his mistress ; and he was as desirous to avoid Miss Hamilton, as to return to Miss St. Clair.

CHAPTER XXXII.



SECOND LOVE.



O how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away !

SHAKSPEARE.

How great a toil to stem the raging flood,
When beauty stirs the mass of youthful blood,
When the swoll'n veins with circling torrents rise,
And softer passions speak through wishing eyes !
The voice of reason's drown'd,—in vain it speaks.

SPENSER.



ALTHOUGH the subject of Lindsay's return to Lausanne, had been abundantly discussed by the two friends, during their journey to Paris,—scarcely had Mr. Heathcote left it twenty-four hours, when a letter, of which the following is a fragment, was dispatched after him :—

LETTER XXXIII.

FROM THE HONOURABLE HORACE LINDSAY, TO
JOHN HEATHCOTE, ESQ.

Paris, July 30, 1816.

You are wrong Heathcote—decidedly wrong, and I am right. In general, I know full well that your counsels are invaluable, and your opinions sage; that in short you are a wise man, and I am a fool;—but in this particular instance we have for once changed characters; I am the wise man, and you the fool—and I will prove it to your satisfaction. Would any body but a fool make himself miserable, when he might be happy? Would any body but a fool inflict penance on himself, when he could taste the pleasure which his soul most desires? Would any body but a fool dash the cup of enjoyment from his lips, because he could not for ever quaff the delicious draught? Would any body but a fool sit moping away the hours of liberty, because he must at last be caged? Would any body but a fool shut himself up from the bright sun-beams, because darkness must, in time,

close around him? In plain English, Heathcote, (which I know you like,) why should I not be happy while I can,—and why should I fly from the society of Miss St. Clair, because I must, sometime or other, devote myself to that of Miss Hamilton? What possible ‘danger’ can there be in this most innocent intercourse? Not any ‘danger’ certainly, of my preferring Miss St. Clair to Miss Hamilton, for that ‘danger’ is past. The deed is done. Not any ‘danger’ of my love for Miss Hamilton decreasing, for that, as you well know, has long since completely melted away! Not any ‘danger’ of either myself or Miss St. Clair thinking seriously of each other—for too well do I know she can never be mine, and most certainly never will she bestow her heart upon any man who does not first seek it. Since therefore there is no ‘danger,’ and so much pleasure in being with her, why should I tear myself from her? Why should I not make the most of that little interval of happiness which fortune offers me?

But if you think that Miss St. Clair, or any thing on earth, could have power to make me swerve from my engagement to marry Miss Hamilton, and to marry none but Miss Hamilton, you know me not. I never will be guilty of so dis-

honourable an action. I should despise myself—and I am quite certain Miss St. Clair would despise and reject me, were I capable of such baseness. At the age of nineteen I formed an engagement, which at twenty-one I regretted, at twenty-three repented, and at twenty-five execrate. But I must abide by the consequences of my own rashness. I must be miserable, but I will endeavour to make her happy. She is, as you say, justly, a most amiable, sensible, and reasonable woman—and she deserves a more amiable, sensible, and reasonable man than I am. I wish from my soul she was of the same opinion, and would bestow herself upon some one more deserving of her. Unspeakable is the labour I find it, to carry on the correspondence. I have been beating my brains for these three hours, to indite a letter to her; and after tearing sheet after sheet of paper, I have finally concocted an epistle, which is so sensible and reasonable, that I am thoroughly ashamed of it. I have the most sincere esteem, respect, and friendship for her—but not one atom of love;—and how to feign it when one does not feel it? Yet she never seems to see the want—never feels the indifference! This looks as if she felt the same indifference—and yet it is not so.

Let me 'not lay that flattering unction to my soul.' She loves me as well as it is in her mild and tranquil nature to love any one,—loves me ten thousand times better than I deserve ;—and well is it for her that her disposition is so calm, and her mind so regulated,—otherwise what misery would be her portion ! But she is happy—and she shall be happy—as far as I can make her so.

I shall wait your letter as I agreed ; that is, if it comes immediately ; if not, it shall be forwarded to me at Geneva, or Lausanne : whither, nothing but my positive promise to you, would have prevented me from flying on the wings of hope.

Your's truly,

H. L.

P. S. Surely it cannot be necessary again to repeat what I have said a hundred times—that I am not in love with Miss St. Clair !—and yet, so difficult is it to drive any thing into that impenetrable head of thine, and so nearly impossible to drive any thing out, that for ought I know, that crotchet still keeps possession of it. But be assured I am not fool enough to fall in love with Miss St. Clair, nor coxcomb enough to imagine it possible

she would fall in love with me ; although I do think both those events might possibly have happened, had I been at liberty. But there can be no love without hope—I can never hope that she may be mine, since I am doomed to wed another, and therefore I can never fall in love with her. I admire her with my whole heart and soul—and who that has a heart and soul can help admiring her ? But the homage I pay her is not the homage of love, but the worship due to a superior being. I do not look upon her as the rest of her sex, but as

All that my dreams of perfection pourtrayed—

all that my fancy has so often formed ; but which I never hoped to have beheld realised.’

Heathcote,—if there be any quality I admire beyond another, it is fortitude in woman. In her, more than manly fortitude is combined with all that is most truly feminine.—And when I found that soft and gentle being, left alone in the tremendous horrors of that howling storm,—abandoned on the summit of the Alps, to perish amidst darkness and desolation,—and saw her calm resolution, her firm collected fortitude, her patient endurance, her perfect self-possession

and presence of mind ; and, above all, the noble forgetfulness of her own danger and suffering, which directed her solicitude instantly to the safety of her friends ;—my whole soul was struck with admiration, before I knew it was *her* • whom I had always thought the most fascinating of beings. And never shall I forget when thou, (most egregious blunderer), locked us up together in the charnel-house, by way of punishment to me ; the unaffected ease and simplicity, and security of her manner, the innocence that feared no evil, the sportive gaiety which made a matter of amusement of our situation and of thy folly ; and yet that perfect purity and modesty which no man, however audacious, could have dared to offend by word, look, or action.—Never shall I forget the blushing, trembling, enchanting emotion, the rush of feminine feeling which agitated her fair bosom, and even made her burst into tears, when I held her hand, for one blissful moment, to my lips.—When others would have shown affected anger or prudery,—the native delicacy, yet the commanding dignity and modesty of her demeanour, would have awed the most determined libertine, and won the most stoic heart. Who is there that can hear, unmoved, the harmony of her enchanting

voice, in those soft expressive accents that would disarm a savage?—Who can behold the glance of her speaking eye, the magic of her smile, the ever varying expression of her beautiful lips, the play of character and countenance, the transparent complexion that forms an index to the soul, the unbidden blushes that tinge the lovely cheek, the unstudied grace of form and attitude; the ease, the elegance, and vivacity; the taste and talent; the sportive wit, the sweetness of temper and disposition; the noble-minded generosity; and the warmth of affection and feeling that animate this enchanting being?—The witchery she exercises, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

We really beg the reader's pardon;—but, as this sort of thing goes on for three more entire pages, precisely in the same strain, we take the liberty to break off this unconscionable post-script here.

LETTER XXXIV.

FROM JOHN HEATHCOTE, ESQ. TO THE HON.
HORACE LINDSAY.

LINDSAY !

I am not a fool,—you are. It is difficult to make a man understand reason who has lost his senses—and not easy to make him see, who is struck blind. Truly do you need a guide ; and if you would follow my guidance, and make use of my eyes and understanding until you recover your own—it would be the wisest thing you could do. I know it is in vain to expect you to attend to any rational representation. Plain sense, or sound argument are entirely thrown away upon you. Nothing but nonsense will do; such nonsense as you deal in yourself; high-flying metaphors, and sounding similes, and far-fetched illustrations, and empty flourishes ;—something that will hit your fancy, but would never influence a thinking being's conduct :—just as a flock of unruly turkeys, that are to be guided by no reasonable means, are kept in the right path by the flourish of a red rag.

You say, then, there can be no danger of your falling in love, because you are quite upon your guard against it. You might just as well say there is no danger of your being burnt, if you walk into the fire, because you are quite aware that fire will burn you. You say there can be no danger of your forming a preference for Miss St. Clair—because that is done already. You might as well say, because you are already up to your chin in water, it can make no difference your walking over head and ears into it—till you are drowned outright. It is quite clear that if you walked away from the fire, or the water, you would only be singed in the one case, or soused in the other, instead of being burnt or drowned.

You ask why you should not be happy while you can? I ask, in return, why a man who is intoxicated and happy, should not keep up that state of intoxication and happiness? For no reason except that its continuance will prove his destruction? The longer he is drunk, the more he will suffer when his fit of drunken happiness ends; and the sooner he becomes sober the better.

You say ‘love cannot exist without hope,’ which like most of your fine ideas, is borrowed—being taken verbatim from the poet. You might as well,

when you were about it, have borrowed the next line, which is an incontrovertible answer to all your assumptions on this point,—

None without hope can love the brightest fair,—
But *Love* will hope when *Reason* would despair !

a position undeniably true ; (a rare thing in poetry !) Your love would hope when your reason would despair. Fancy would feed your passion with a thousand chimeras of hope—unconsciously perhaps, but not the less mischievously ; and, like some condemned criminals, who it is said never can be persuaded they are really going to be hanged, until the halter is fastened about their neck,—you never would believe you were actually going to be married, till the matrimonial noose was tied about yours.

Furthermore I have only to suggest, since you are so peculiarly partial to poetry, one most judicious distich to your attentive consideration :—

'Tis good to be merry and wise,
'Tis good to be honest and true ;
'Tis good to be off with the old love,
Before you be on with the new.

But there is one motive that probably may have some weight with you, though every other fail—

consideration for Miss St. Clair. If you choose wilfully to swallow draughts of poison yourself—merely because they taste sweet—at least do not administer them to her. Bystanders see more of the game than the performers, and I warn you that you may injure her peace. Lovely and interesting, and sensible, as I am willing to allow she is in an uncommon degree—you *will* infallibly, unsuspected by her or yourself, steal into her heart, exclude every other competitor, destroy all the prospects of her youth, and embitter her future life. Such are your powers of insinuation, and so impossible is it for you, towards her, not to exert them—that if she had not been possessed of very singular self-command, and proper self-estimation, she could not possibly have escaped you. As it is, she may thank herself for it—not you. She is no common character—and when she forms an attachment, I suspect it will be for life. Remember—her happiness is in your power. If you love her, avoid her.

I say nothing of the justice due to Miss Hamilton, because with all your fine sentiments of honour and generosity, you seem wholly forgetful of what you owe to her. Neither shall I attempt to point out how admirably your fine sounding determination

to make her happy—however miserable you may be yourself—accords with devoting yourself, meanwhile, entirely to another woman. To urge such considerations, would be to suppose you still had some remaining glimmerings of common sense, of which it is impossible to suspect you. By the way, did you know that Miss Hamilton is here with her father? She is universally admired and respected. You say truly she is too good for you; you do not estimate her as she deserves, nor love her as you ought.

My father is lingering in a very melancholy state—still retaining possession of his mind and faculties, but perfectly helpless and deprived of the use of his limbs. No hope of any favourable change—and no reason to apprehend any immediate alteration for the worse.

Your's truly,

J. H.

Cheltenham, 3d August, 1816.

LETTER XXXV.

FROM THE HONOURABLE HORACE LINDSAY, TO
JOHN HEATHCOTE, ESQ.

Geneva, August 10th, 1816.

Yes my friend, you are right. You have torn the veil of self-delusion from my sight—and I see and feel the fatal truth. My fate is sealed, and misery is my portion. But at least I will bear it alone. At least I will never have to reproach myself with voluntarily planting in the bosom of the woman I adore, the consuming canker-worm that preys upon my own heart. Nor will I forget what I owe to her to whom I have promised to devote my life.

I go to bury myself in the deepest recesses of the Alps—to wander alone amidst the desolation of nature, and seek those scenes of solitude and sublimity, which best assimilate with the feelings of my soul. Time, I know, will soften their intensity. The storms of passion, like those of nature, must exhaust themselves by their own violence. The dead, still, gloomy calm which succeeds the bursting

of the tempest, will eventually be mine. What a prospect for the dreary length of life!

Heathcote ! if I am a fool, at least you see I am aware of it. If I am mad, there is method in my madness. Some glimmering of reason yet remains to shew me my own true state—and I can judge of it like the calm spectator—not like the wretch writhing under its sufferings.

Incessant violent bodily exertion is my sole resource. In encountering toil and hardships—in surmounting difficulties and perils—I find the only alleviation of my wretchedness. Rest and ease are torture.

Your's ever,

H. L.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Vouloir oublier quelqu'une, c'est y penser.

LA BRUYERE.

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.

SHAKSPEARE.

Now I know what it is to have strove,
With the tortures of love and desire ;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.

SHENSTONE

SOME men, under the pressure of violent mental suffering, sink into apathetic despondency and inertion—some fly to the haunts of men and the scenes of dissipation—and some seek the depths of solitude, and the wild excitement of perilous enterprise,—as if to blunt, by the constant sense of fatigue and hardship, and the sufferings of the corporeal frame, the anguish of the soul.

After this peripatetic method of dealing with love, Lindsay, as we have seen, buried himself amongst the Alps of Savoy. He explored every difficult defile and dangerous pass; pursued the wild chamois over the icy pyramids and yawning chasms of the glaciers, and excited the astonishment of the bold mountaineers themselves by his extraordinary Alpine exploits. He made a pedestrian tour round the base* of Mont Blanc;—and still, unsatisfied with labour and peril, he scaled the hoary height of that nearly inaccessible mountain. Lover's leaps, in all countries, and in all ages, have been an approved remedy for the tender passion. Lindsay reversed the experiment, and instead of leaping down precipices, he betook himself to climbing up them;—without, however, experiencing much benefit from the exercise. He came down the hill no better than he went up in mind,—but much worse in body. And when,

* This little tour, which presents some of the finest Alpine scenery in the world—by the Contamine, the Col du Bonhomme, and the Allée Blanche, may be made in a few days, is free from danger, and affords infinitely higher gratification than the ascent of Mont Blanc itself, even when that perilous enterprise is crowned with success, which rarely happens.

at the bottom of it, he beheld before his eyes the identical being he had gone up to the top to banish from his remembrance; this unexpected apparition—in the person of Miss St. Clair—caused such a sudden revulsion and tide of emotion through his exhausted frame—that, unable to command calmness to speak to her, without betraying his feelings, he abruptly turned away from her, in the manner which had so strongly excited her astonishment,—and displeasure.

When Lindsay recovered from the fever, which was certainly the consequence of his rencounter—either with Mont Blanc or with Miss St. Clair—(we suspect the mountain rather than the lady, of the mischief, though the least romantic supposition of the two)—Love—that little tyrant, again drove him on fresh exploits among the Alps;—some of which, having by chance conducted him to Grindelwald, he beheld, as the reader knows, in his charitable visit to his friend,—the idol of his affections—the being all purity and perfection—all dignity and delicacy—clandestinely living with this young man, in the disguise of a Swiss peasant, and concealing herself in his very bed-room! One would have thought this discovery, and the obvious

inferences to which it led, would have cured any reasonable man of love.—But not Lindsay.—Strange to say, he loved her more madly than before—or rather, perhaps, he became more sensible of the violence of his passion. Even while he despised himself for wasting a thought upon her, he thought of her and her only. The tortures of jealousy were now added to those of love—of hopeless, unrequited, misplaced love.

Miserable as man could be, and reckless what became of him, he wandered amidst the wild mountains and haunted caverns which encompass the Lake of Lucerne. He remained some time with the Benedictine Monks, in the Monastery of Engelberg, which stands amidst waterfalls, and forests, and precipices, in the wild recesses of a solitary valley ; whose depth, during six months of the year, is never visited by a sun-beam ; to which mountains inaccessible form a barrier, and one deep narrow gorge affords the only entrance and exit.

After some days spent in the Monastery of Engelberg, and exploring the wild solitudes that surround it, Lindsay left the cloister and entered the Canton of Glaris, wandering for days almost without object, amidst its deep dark vales and

tremendous glaciers. Onward still he went, into the extensive country of the Grisons, and lingered amidst its nameless mountains, and lakes, and torrents, 'unknown to song,'—until winter, descending in his sudden terrors upon his hills of storm and icy glaciers, surprised him in his very court, and at the threshold of his crystal palace. Lindsay was then staying at the hamlet of Sajlas,* in the Valley of Ober Engadine, situated six thousand feet above the level of the sea; in a climate so rigorous, that even the lake often remains frozen for nine months of the year, and snow frequently covers the valley in the month of July.

The Engadine is the very land of romance and remembrance. It was, and is still, peopled by Latins, who speak the Latin language, now called *Ladin*, which bears to this day a most striking similitude to Latin. They live in villages which boast such classic appellation as Lavinium (now abbreviated to Lavin,) and others equally marked by their Roman origin. Another dialect of the Latin, the Romand, (Roman) or Romaunsch, is

* Sajlas in the Rhætian, Seglio in the Italian language. It is also called Sils.

also spoken in the lower vallies; and many books have been published in both tongues. The inhabitants are peculiarly well-informed and intelligent, and possessed of much more vivacity and energy than their saturnine neighbours.

Six hundred years before the Christian era, the ancient Euganeans, from the Euganean hills of Lombardy,* compelled to abandon their country by the invasion of innumerable hordes of savage Gauls, crossed the Alps, settled in this country, which was called Rhætia, from Rhætus† their leader, who also gave his name to the Alps which form its boundary. Here the Rhætian Alps sink down,—as it were, like the elephant kneeling for the accommodation of man—to afford a passage over their lofty ridge, into the

* The Euganean hills were the favourite retreat of Petrarch, where he spent the close of his life, and breathed his last. At the village of Arquà, his cottage, just as he left it, and his honoured tomb, are preserved with pious veneration.

† A ruined Castle, of Roman times, near the village of Sils, in Domleschg, a village of Rhætia, is still shewn as the Castle of Rhætus, and is said to have been built and inhabited by him nearly six hundred years before Christ. It is called Rhætia Alta (from its high situation), now more generally contracted to Rëalta.

plains of Italy. No point of the Alps, through their far-extended ramparts, presents an opening so gentle and easy. According to some accounts, however, this particular part of Rhætia,—the Engadine,—was not peopled by the Romans till the invasion of Hannibal.

By the sides of the lakes, and over the passes of the mountains, may still be seen the track of the ancient chariot wheels, which bore the proud Romans into Rhætia. Ruined castles, once inhabited by these great masters of the world, mingled with the Donjons and the Keeps, and the mouldering towers of feudal times, are thickly set amidst the giddy precipices, the roaring torrents, the wild forests and lonely lakes of this romantic land. One ruined castle, of Roman ages, mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, still stands upon the wild shores of the lake of Sils. A single tower is all that remains of its ancient strength ; but to this, superstition has attached the most horrible legends, and it is the reputed haunt of midnight murderers, wild huntsmen, and even of unearthly demons.

Yet in spite of their superstitions, the people of the Engadine are of a noble race. Like most of the Swiss peasantry, they are not only farmers, but small landed proprietors ; and all of them are legis-

lators ;—and their incorruptible integrity render them worthy of the ancient Romans, of whom they are the most genuine descendants now to be found in the world, both in blood and language. They intermarry constantly with each other, and allow no foreigners to settle among them. Almost all the itinerant makers of plaster figures, who perambulate every town of Europe with boards of images, come from the Engadine. Numbers of confectioners and toymen, likewise emigrate from hence, but they invariably return with the fruits of their industry and frugality, to enrich their native valley. The peace and quiet, and domestic contentment of their secluded cottages, afforded Lindsay a repose of mind which he had long sought after in vain ;—and so few travellers had then explored this singular valley, that Lindsay was known among the peasants by the name of ‘ *The Milord,*’ or ‘ the stranger,’—and they shrewdly suspected him of being some grand Prince in disguise.

One would have thought that the romantic scenery of the Ober Engadine, with its thirteen lakes, its ancient forests, its wild mountains, its terrific glaciers ; its rocks, its waterfalls, its classic vestiges and its Gothic ruins, would have attracted every wanderer of taste ;—while its curious

stratification, its various rich mineral productions, and the striking geological phenomena displayed amidst the vast unexplored chain of the rocks and glaciers, and immense fields of ice of the Monte del Oro and the Bernina mountains,—would have drawn the naturalist to a field of research so peculiarly interesting.

But travellers, like sheep, follow one another in the same track—and this can be the sole reason why Lindsay had the romantic Rhætia to himself.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE RUINED TOWER.

To this lone tower my wandering footsteps stray,
Whose mould'ring walls once own'd the lawless sway
Of doughty knight or feudal baron bold ;
Now the owl's shelter or the robber's hold.

ONE evening, as Lindsay was returning from a long excursion, to the glacier of the Feet, and the Maloja, one of the wildest mountains of the Engadine, on emerging from a forest of pines, he stood for a few minutes to gaze at the extraordinary appearance of the sky. The sun had just sunk, leaving a deep lurid red over half the firmament, in which the clouds, rolling themselves in heavy masses, caught a terrific broken glare, and threw their stormy lights upon the naked rocky peaks of the mountain tops, and the white pyramids of the glaciers. Nothing could be more sublime, or more threatening, than the aspect of the heavens—and the

mournful whistling of the wind, heard rather than felt, amongst the rocks and blasted trees, sounded like the voice of the coming tempest.

‘ Seek your home, young man ; or you will never live to reach it ! ’ said a stern voice, suddenly, in English.

Lindsay looked round in astonishment, and caught a glimpse of a tall figure, apparently armed to the teeth, hastily disappearing in the thicket. The warning itself was extraordinary, but that it should be uttered in his native language from such a figure, and in such a place, filled him with amazement. He instantly followed the man into the thick underwood, but could see no traces of him ; and he continued to penetrate further and further amongst the broken rocks and shaggy brushwood, yet still he sought him in vain. By the time he had begun to think that his pursuit was hopeless, and that it would be wise to follow the advice this mysterious personage had given him, and return home as fast as he could,—the waning light just enabled him to make the agreeable discovery, that he had lost his way, without affording him the smallest clue how to find it. The further he went, the more bewildered he became. Darkness fast closed in upon him, the wind howled louder and more furiously,

and soon the threatened storm burst upon him in all its Alpine terrors. Suddenly, mingled with the blast, he fancied he distinguished shrieks and cries. He listened—he could not be mistaken. Loud yells, and savage shrieks, and the screams of some unfortunate victim, resounded in his ears. Horror-struck, he sought to reach the spot from whence the sound came with the most impetuous exertion ; but the increasing darkness, the fury of the storm beating in his face, the rocks, and trees, and matted bushes which opposed his way, baffled his speed ; and, while struggling with these obstacles, he heard the reiterated report of fire arms—and all was silent.

Still as the grave was now all around him—no sound but the howling of the storm, against whose fury he could hardly stand, met his ear. He shouted loudly and repeatedly, (at the imminent peril of bringing the assassins upon himself), with the forlorn hope of rendering assistance to any wounded or abandoned wretch whom they might have plundered and left to perish. No answer was returned ; in fact, the blast would have prevented it from reaching him. Feeling that it was utterly impossible for him, in the darkness and storm, to discover the spot where this foul deed had been

perpetrated ; and that, unless he could find a place of shelter, he himself must inevitably perish from the intensity of the cold and raging tempest of the Tourmenta, he tied his handkerchief to a tree to mark the place, and exerting himself to the utmost, he proceeded in the direction which he guessed led to Sajlás. He steadily kept on, groping his perilous way over the rocks and through the thickets, till at last, issuing from the wilderness, he saw, to his infinite satisfaction, a bright light gleaming very near to him. But it proved to be more distant than it seemed—a deep ravine divided him from it, down the rugged sides of which he had to scramble, and cross the brawling torrent at the bottom ; which he at length achieved, with the help of his Alpine iron shod staff ; not, however, without extreme difficulty and danger, and many severe bruises. But his motions were not a little accelerated, by hearing, amid the roar of the storm, certain sounds which he conceived to be the howlings of wild beasts—to which he had no inclination to serve for a supper. On gaining the opposite height, where the guiding light shone—what was his disappointment to find that it proceeded, not from a comfortable Swiss cottage, but from a ruined tower.

From his solitary habits of living and wandering alone, and from the want of any medium of communication with the people of Sajlas, none of whom spoke any language he understood—Lindsay had never heard of the evil fame of the haunted tower, before which he was now standing. He cautiously approached the loop-hole, through which the flame gleamed brightly. The opening was higher than his head, but he found a crevice in the wall, by which he mounted up to it; and, looking in, he beheld two men standing over a mangled and still bleeding corpse.

Struck to the heart with horror, Lindsay too plainly perceived that this unfortunate victim must have been murdered even now;—doubtless at the very time he had heard the sounds of mortal contest. For by the blaze of a pile of wood, which was burning on the ground, and flashing around on the dark naked walls of the ruinous tower, he saw the murderer's pistols lying upon a large stone, which looked as if it had been dragged there, to serve the purposes of a table. Heath and withered leaves were arranged in a corner, as if for a bed, and some fragments of the trunks of trees seemed intended for seats. The figure of the chief of the two assassins was uncommonly tall and ath-

letic ; and heightened probably by the effect of the long dark cloak he wore, and by the flame of the fire which shot up behind him, his stature seemed almost gigantic. Beneath the cloak, in his girdle, Lindsay discerned a short sword, or stiletto. In his cap, and whole attire, he was dressed as a chamois hunter—but his upper garments, as well as those of the other man,—who seemed of an inferior order, and had a gun in his hand—were much stained with blood ; and, while the chief sternly spoke to this follower in German—which Lindsay did not understand, he no longer doubted that it was the same voice and the same being who had accosted him with the strange mysterious warning on the rocks. He knew that this chain of mountains, which are close upon the Italian frontier, are frequently the resort of fugitive outlaws and criminals from Italy, and even Austria ; who, under the disguise of chamois hunters, commit the foulest deeds of rapine and murder. The peace, too, had recently let loose upon society, a set of hardened and desperate wretches, whose trade was blood ; and rumours of lurking banditti had, of late, disturbed these peaceful vallies, and had even reached Lindsay's heedless ears.

Lindsay could not doubt that these men were some of the robbers whose very name filled the vallies with consternation ; but he did not stay long to consider the point, not being Quixotic enough to have any desire, without a single weapon of defence himself, to attack two armed men ; and he immediately endeavoured to effect his retreat undiscovered. But some slight noise he made in descending, aroused a dog which was sleeping before the fire. It sprung up, barking furiously. The tall man instantly seized and loaded his pistols, and opening the massive door of the tower, went out into the storm, while the dog sprung before him, and seized Lindsay by the coat. He grappled vigorously with his canine assailant, but before he could extricate himself, he was in the hands of the two men, who dragged him into the tower, and secured the door. Resistance was in vain. Lindsay expected nothing but instant death. Yet his pride revolted from offering abject supplications for mercy to those ruthless assassins—supplications which he supposed they would treat with contempt and derision. What he felt all may imagine. The human heart shrinks with invincible horror from a death such as this. Yet in his demeanour,

excepting in the fixed paleness of his countenance, there was no sign of fear. His erect figure shrunk not, his steady eye quailed not, as its unawed gaze confronted that of the athletic being who stood before him; while pinioned by the meaner ruffian, he stood firmly, awaiting his doom. But strong agitation shook the powerful form of the chief, and the pistol trembled in his nerveless grasp, as he gazed upon him. A dead silence ensued. At last Lindsay, to whom the suspense was intolerable, haughtily, and somewhat contemptuously, spoke a few words—signifying his desire that if he was to be murdered, it might be done without delay; but warning him, at the same time, that he would certainly be discovered and taken; for the people of Sajlas would seek for him without ceasing, till they found him dead or alive; and finally recommending him to take his money and leave his life!

The man waved his hand impatiently. ‘Who—who—are you?’

‘An Englishman.’

‘What is your name?’

‘What can that signify?’

‘It does. Tell me your name—and tell me truly;’ he demanded, frowning with angry impatience.

Lindsay, who thought he could not want to know his name for any good purpose, was not

very willing to answer the question; but finding he must either be shot or do as he was directed, he reluctantly avowed it.

‘Lindsay!’ repeated the man in a disappointed tone. ‘Do not deceive me, I mean you no harm. Are you sure it is not St. Clair?’

Lindsay started—as if a dagger had entered his heart.

‘St. Clair!—Great God—what of St. Clair!’

‘Ha!—You know the name. You *are* called St. Clair then!’ exclaimed the man, in violent agitation.

‘No, no—I am not. But what of St. Clair?’

‘Why do you ask? Do you know nothing of Loch Broom? Did you never hear of the Summer Islands?’

Lindsay looked like a man in a dream.

‘I know nothing about Summer Islands!’

‘Do you know nothing of the St. Clairs? Had you never any connection with any St. Clair!’

Lindsay could not speak.

‘Answer me!’ exclaimed the man, in violent agitation. ‘You are a St. Clair!’

‘No,—I am not.’

The man’s countenance fell.

‘Then what moves you so at the name of St. Clair?’

It was not quite so easy to answer this question ; but when Lindsay found that it was of the St. Clair's of Loch Broom, in Rosshire, that the man spoke, he declared, without hesitation or embarrassment, that he knew nothing about these St. Clairs, and had nothing to do with them. He then answered a number of questions respecting his own birth, parentage, and education, questions which excited his astonishment, while the answers seemed far from satisfactory to his mysterious examiner ; who mused for a few minutes deep in thought, and then saying something in German to the other man, who at a motion from him had released Lindsay some time before, he began to take off his cloak. Beneath it what was Lindsay's horror to behold round his neck a very remarkable scarf, of India workmanship, which he knew to belong to Miss St. Clair,—stained with blood ! Regardless of consequences, his eyes flashed fire, he flew at the man like a tiger, and grasping him by the throat, exclaimed, ' Villain ! you have murdered Miss St. Clair !'

The man, aided by the other, instantly shook him off, and with much such a look as a mighty bull casts at the audacious cur that vainly assaults its heels—he exclaimed—

‘Madman! what do you mean! What St. Clair?’

‘Villain! Monster!’ exclaimed Lindsay, agitated with fury unspeakable, ‘You have murdered the loveliest, the best of human beings! You’—

‘Silence!’ exclaimed the other impatiently. ‘I ask you *what* St. Clair it is you speak of?’

‘Miss St. Clair! The late General St. Clair’s daughter, of Broxthwaite Hall, in Westmoreland.’

‘Pshaw,’ exclaimed the man, in a disappointed impatient tone, ‘I know nothing about *her*.’

‘Villain! how came you by that bloody scarf? You took it from her when you murdered her!’

‘The scarf! I found it; and she that it belonged to is alive yet, as far as I know.’

‘Found it!’ repeated Lindsay incredulously. ‘Where? and how came it to be bloody then?’

‘Bloody is it? Why then it must have got the blood in the set-to we have just had. There! you may have the scarf if you prize it so much. If it belongs to your love;’ he said, with sarcastic contempt.

Lindsay eagerly caught it, as he threw it at him; and folding it up, placed it in his bosom. ‘It shall be wet with my own heart’s blood,’ he thought, if they murder me.

‘Then you did not murder her?’ he eagerly asked.

‘Fool!’ exclaimed the man, ‘What! do you take me for a murderer?’

A glance at the bloody corpse that was lying on the ground, was all the reply Lindsay made as to this particular; but, waiving the discussion of this delicate point, he eagerly asked—

‘Where and when did you meet her? Did you really spare her life? Did you respect’—

‘Pshaw!’ said the man, impatiently. ‘*Spared* her life! I saved her life, I believe, if there was any merit in that. But there is no necessity for me to labour under the imputation of more crimes than I have committed, therefore’—he suddenly stopped and eagerly listened; then, after a pause, exclaimed—‘Hark!—hark!—was that the horn?’

A second and a third blast, from a distant bugle, was heard. He instantly put on his cloak, snatched up his pistols, and, followed by the dog and the other man, who took the gun, he hastily left the tower, saying abruptly to Lindsay, ‘We must go forth—you may stay here.’

‘Thank you, friend,’ thought Lindsay, ‘but not if I can help it.’

But he soon found, to his utter dismay, that he could not help it. The strong iron studded door

of the tower, which opened inwards, mocked every effort of his strength—and the thick solid walls of the building, which had resisted for ages the fury of the Alpine storms, offered no other outlet than narrow loop-holes in their immense thickness, which a clenched hand could scarcely pass. Lindsay's blood congealed with horror. Few men could have encountered danger with more unshaken courage, or confronted death under almost every aspect, with more undaunted fortitude. The most dreadful doom he could have endured with firmness; but to be shut up this way, like a beast in the slaughter-house, to wait till his butchers thought fit to return and dispatch him in cold blood, was an end from which his soul revolted. He could not doubt that the horn which had sounded was a signal from the gang abroad, (who had probably found some new victims of their rapine,) for their chief. The whole band would probably soon return, and although Lindsay had escaped the immediate death he expected in being first dragged into the tower, and although the chief seemed disappointed in not finding him to be this unlucky Mr. St. Clair, whom he was apparently so anxious to way-lay, he could not expect that the banditti would ever

allow him to escape with life, to ‘tell the secrets of their prison house :’—indeed, the bloody spectacle of the fresh murdered wretch on the floor, forbade him to indulge a hope so groundless. He shuddered with horror as his eye rested on the ghastly agonized countenance and clenched fists of the bloody corpse, and thought how soon he might look the same ! He averted his gaze, and threw an old dark cloak, which lay on the bed of heath, on the body, that he might see it no more.

That this mysterious being was no common robber, was evident, both from his language, manners, and conduct ; still Lindsay could not doubt, whatever might have been his station, that he was now a leader of banditti, outlawed probably for his crimes, and driven to the dreadful trade of blood by desperation. It was strange that he should not immediately have plundered and murdered him ; but Lindsay supposed his life was only spared until he had obtained from him some information which he thought he possessed ; and that at his leisure he would be further examined, and then butchered.

But Lindsay possessed that unconquerable spirit of energy and resource which struggles to the last,

and even in circumstances the most hopeless, never yields to despair. He first carefully searched in every hole and corner of the old tower, in the hope of finding a store of gunpowder, with which he meant to attempt to blow up the door-way. But he was disappointed—none was to be found; nor was there any weapon, or arms of any kind, excepting an old *couteau de chasse*, which he secured, determined, at least, to sell his life as dearly as possible. His first idea was to watch at the door, and the instant it opened, to rush out, strike down those that opposed him, and endeavour to effect his escape. But the darkness of the night, and his total ignorance of the locality of the tower, he too well knew would enable the ruffians immediately to overtake and seize him. While revolving these bitter thoughts, the idea suddenly struck him of burning down the door. Starting up, he hastened to pile up the logs of fire-wood against it, and even the rude seats of the trunks of trees, and the dry heath from the bed, and he was in the very act of setting fire to this pile, when, to his unspeakable horror, the hasty footsteps and hoarse voices of men approached the door, who knocked and called loudly for admittance.

‘The banditti! Then they have returned, and I am lost;’ thought Lindsay, as the blood retreated to his heart, and cold drops of sweat started from his brow. But he answered not. He stood still and motionless, concealing himself in a corner, where he thought he could not be seen, hoping they were some of the gang who had missed their chief, and that finding the door locked, and hearing no sound, they would suppose no one was within, and go in search of him. But it appeared they were better informed; for though Lindsay, (unfortunately), did not understand their language, he could make out that they were uttering vehement execrations against him for not admitting them. Finding their summons vain, they now attempted to break the door open, which, for a long time, resisted their united efforts. But at length it began to give way beneath their heavy strokes.—Lindsay stood rooted to the spot, his soul prepared for the horrible death that awaited him;—watching the moment when it should be broken down, to rush forth upon them—resolved, at least, not to die alone and unrevenged. With a mighty crash, at last the ponderous door gave way at the hinges, and fell upon the pile of wood he had raised. He instantly burst through the opening, stabbing at

two men as he passed ; but he was almost immediately seized and dragged back to the tower. Volleys of oaths and curses, both loud and deep, were poured upon him ;—but what was his astonishment to see, by the flickering glare of the fire, which had now burnt low, that the man who had the fastest gripe of his arm, and cursed him the most inveterately, was his honest host of Sajlas, and that the attendant banditti were no other than the neighbouring cottagers, whose faces he knew full well, and two of whom he had nearly murdered in his hurry to run away !

Some of these good people had guns, but the majority were armed with sticks, and staves, and clubs, and mallets—just as if they had come out in pursuit of a mad dog—and carried a great number of lights in their hands. Innumerable were their exclamations of wonder and joy ; and they all, in a breath, begun eagerly to tell him—in their language, which he did not in the least understand—how terribly they had been alarmed by his prolonged absence, in a night so tempestuous, and still more by a report brought in by a shepherd, who returned in haste from the mountains, saying he had heard screams, and cries, and shouts, and the report of pistols upon the height over which they

knew 'the Milord' must return; and they began to suspect that foul play was going on; especially as some suspicious looking men had been seen for some days past, lurking amongst the dells and rocks. They therefore collected in a body, and sallied forth, determined to search the mountain, till they found him, dead or alive. But in going towards the spot the shepherd directed them, they were still more alarmed by shreds and tatters of a man's clothes on the bushes. They now felt sure that 'the Milord' had been murdered, and they even recognized the cloth of his coat, in the fragments which they found on the bushes. A few steps further, their dogs scented out blood upon the ground. Led by these sagacious animals, they followed the traces of a track, where the thick entangled bushes had been forcibly broken through by the passage of men,—who had apparently carried, or dragged, some one along with them, by the shreds of clothes that still appeared on the bushes. They now concluded that 'the Milord' had been dreadfully wounded and dragged away prisoner, and they manfully determined to follow and rescue him, or perish in the attempt.

Pursuing the track, still stained by blood, they found, to their horror, it led to the ruined tower!

But even their dread of its unhallowed precincts, at length yielded to their anxiety respecting 'the Milord;' and, after much consultation and trepidation, they boldly crept up the hill to it—and one, more courageous than the rest, having desperately approached the walls, and even clambered magnanimously up to the loop-hole; and happily ascertained that there was not a single devil loose in it, nor any thing whatever to be seen, save one man in a corner,—they waxed bold, and proceeded one and all to rap and roar for admittance; and seeing Lindsay—whom they took for his own assassin—skulking in a corner, they rapped and roared yet the more;—and finally burst open the door, determined to execute summary vengeance upon him; but, unspeakable was their surprise and satisfaction, to find the dead alive;—the lost found.

But Lindsay was too impatient to be gone himself and get them away, either to attempt to understand their story, or make them comprehend his;—fearing that if the banditti, whom he expected every moment, should return, their rustic force would make a very unequal battle against the armed desperadoes. But as he could scarcely speak a word of their language, it was only by signs and gesticulations, and the impatient tone

of his voice, that they comprehended his anxiety to be gone, but they had no conception of the reason;—for they naturally concluded he had taken shelter from the storm in the tower, and indeed thought little of the matter, so full were they of their own prowess and his safety:—They were about leaving the tower, however, when one of them perceiving the cloak which covered the corpse, took it up and disclosed the bloody spectacle. An exclamation of horror burst from the whole of the peasants, who crowded round to look at it. Lindsay endeavoured to make them understand that they must go instantly, and that the smallest delay might prove fatal; but in his hurry and impatience he uttered the few words he could muster of their language, with so much hesitation, that it appeared like confusion; while his trepidation, which increased every moment at the expectation of the return of the robbers, was imputed by the peasants to a very different cause; and they begun whispering together, and throwing suspicious glances first at him and then at the corpse; but without attending to them, Lindsay, out of patience at their delay, snatched up one of the lights they had brought, and was hastily leaving the tower, exclaiming, still in their broken language—‘I

will make my escape while I can, at least ;'—but they all hastily pursued him, telling him, as he thought, that he must not go alone ; for which, indeed, he had not the smallest inclination.

Although the violence of the storm had much abated, the night was still very wild and rough. Hail and sleet, and snow, were falling fast—yet with uncertain violence—at times driven with fury, and then again relenting. The wintry blasts howled fearfully through the ancient pine-trees, among which they slowly picked their painful and difficult way ; and the hollow roar of the lake resounding below them, joined to the sight of the murdered body they were bearing along, upon which their lights at times shed a sudden ghastly glare, had an effect so melancholy on the mind, that the spirits of the whole party sunk under it, and they proceeded in unbroken silence to the village.

On their arrival, Lindsay was made to understand that he must go before the Curig ; and supposing that it was for the purpose of giving his evidence respecting his discovery of the murdered body, and the persons of the banditti, the order did not surprise him in the least. But his astonishment and indignation were inexpressible,

when he found that he was accused as the murderer ! A very few moment's reflection, however, showed him it was impossible, under the circumstances of the case, that he should not be suspected ; and though he had at first no doubt of being able instantly to establish his innocence, he was himself startled and confounded when he heard the strength of the evidence adduced against him.

One herdsman deposed, that being on a crag at no great distance from the spot where the murder was committed, he saw Lindsay standing gazing earnestly about him, on the summit of the same mountain, watching and looking for some one ; that he observed a man suddenly appear on a rock near him, who plunged into the thicket, but was pursued by Lindsay, whom he saw no more. The other shepherd, on another hill, deposed to having heard cries and screams in that direction soon afterwards, followed by the report of pistols. All the peasants unanimously deposed that, on going toward the spot where the shepherd had heard these sounds, they found a handkerchief, which Mr. Lindsay acknowledged to be his, entangled in the bushes—and also a scrap of written paper, which proved to be in *English*, a language no one but himself could write. These discoveries

at the time, together with the traces of blood and fragments of clothes, had confirmed them in their suspicions that he himself had been murdered ; but they now tended to prove him to be the murderer. They further stated, that on knocking and calling for admittance at the tower, so far from letting them in, or answering them, he instantly secreted himself in a corner ; that when they attempted to break open the door, they found he had barricaded it with a great pile of wood ; and when they did at last break in, he rushed out and attempted to stab two of them as he passed, to effect his escape. When dragged back, their astonishment and joy at discovering it to be him—whom they had supposed to be murdered, was at first extreme—nor did they immediately entertain any suspicion of him, although he made no answer to their enquiries of how he came there ; but evading the question, he manifested the most extraordinary impatience to get away from the tower ; and when the corpse, which was found carefully concealed, was discovered, he again attempted to fly, saying—‘ he would make his escape while he could.’

Even his general habits and mode of life were now brought against him. It was suddenly discovered, that every body had privately suspected

‘he was after no good,’ when he came all alone, and without even a passport—and staid at the village without any ostensible or imaginable motive, and spent his days in wandering over the mountains and forests, and lurking among the rocks—constantly refusing even to take a guide, a circumstance wholly unprecedented;—shunning all company, and wandering away from all the roads and villages, and frequented paths. It was now plain that he had been laying in wait, to carry on his trade of murder and rapine, and this poor man was probably not his first victim. No doubt the men who had been seen lurking about the mountains were his associates. And the multitude, with one voice, and with bitter curses, called out ‘That he was the murderer!’

Lindsay, all this time, had never been able to obtain a hearing, and seemed, even now, to have little chance of it; for such was the horror and indignation of the people at the sight of a real live murderer—a sort of monster or *Lusus Naturæ*, which they had often heard of, but never before actually seen—that they manifested a strong desire to execute summary justice upon him.

To explain this, it may be necessary to observe that the predatory outlaws and assassins, who

lurk about these mountains and forests, are esteemed by the peasantry to have sold themselves to the devil,—to be his prime agents,—and to be wholly invulnerable to human power; a strange superstition—conceived, however, from horror of their crimes, which to these virtuous peasants, seem literally diabolical. Consequently, these wretches never fail to escape—aided by this superstitious horror, which prompts the peasantry to fly from, instead of pursuing them; and, by the vicinity of the Italian and Austrian frontier, as well as by the nature of the country—which from its rocks and precipices, and caverns and forests, and deep ravines, and wild extended trackless mountains, seems expressly fitted for the strong hold of banditti: so that no instance had occurred of these marauders having been taken.

But as Lindsay, being known to them, and moreover being caught, could not be suspected of dealing with the devil—nor of being under the protection, nor in the commission of his satanic Majesty—they seemed unwilling even to postpone wreaking their vengeance upon him—a murderer—now that they had actually got such a monster into their hands. Thus, on the same night, Lindsay was upon the point of being both illegally, and legally murdered.

Lindsay, however, claimed the interference and protection of the rustic magistrate against this threatened violence, and although his worship was quite as firmly convinced of his guilt as his accusers, he could not refuse him a hearing and a trial. He still expected to vindicate himself, if he could ‘his round unvarnished tale deliver;’ but he unfortunately found the utmost difficulty in making himself understood. The only foreign languages he could speak with facility, French, (which was held in abhorrence,) and Spanish, were wholly unknown to all the peasants. German he was wholly ignorant of; Italian, which is spoken in the lower vallies of Rhætia, he could read with ease, but had never been accustomed to speak; and the *Ladin*, the native tongue of the Engadine, he could only understand and make himself understood in, by its close resemblance to Latin: but even pure Latin itself,—it will be no impeachment of his classical knowledge to own, that he could not, from want of habit, use with fluency, colloquially, in the common occasions of life. In this predicament, and having vainly demanded an interpreter, for none could be procured, his story laboured under the greatest possible disadvantages; and the hesi-

tation and embarrassment which ~~was~~^{had} entirely caused by the difficulty of explaining himself, gave him the appearance of guilt in the judgment of his prejudiced hearers. He succeeded, however, in making them understand some of the main facts of his narration—but they treated his story with the utmost incredulity—observing, that if the men he spoke of, and whom he eagerly exhorted them to pursue and bring to justice without delay, were murderers, they did not doubt that they were all confederates; the proof against him being far too strong to be overcome. Lindsay begged them to observe, that all their proofs which seemed so strongly against him, were at once explained upon the supposition of his story being true;—and that if there were villains abroad who had perpetrated the murder, they would be sure not to let him go when they had once got him in their power.

‘But if they had got you in their power,’ said the magistrate, ‘the first thing they would have done would have been to have plundered you. They would hardly have left you that fine watch-chain and seals—and the watch too, I suppose. Pray did they take your money?’

Lindsay said they had not—which had surprised him.

‘It was very surprising—very uncommon, certainly. They seem very polite considerate robbers, these same friends of yours; and certainly showed great friendship towards you.—It was particularly kind to leave you your watch.—But they were old acquaintance, doubtless.’

Lindsay looked with dismay at the gold chain which encircled his waistcoat, by which, according to the reigning fashion, his watch and seals were suspended. ‘It is no uncommon case,’ thought he, ‘for a man to be convicted for being found with another man’s watch upon him, but it seems a little hard that I should be hanged for wearing my own.’

A man having now been found who professed to understand French, though small was his knowledge of it, Lindsay made his replies and remarks with perfect fluency; but they were not very correctly or clearly repeated to the village magistrate and the crowded audience. Neither did he find it possible to comprehend, without much consideration, the magistrate’s questions as translated to him by this French Interpreter;—and his obvious hesitation and perplexity were imputed to the difficulty of satisfactorily replying to them, not of understanding them.

‘I have told you,’ he said to the magistrate, ‘that the men left the tower in great haste, on hearing the signal from without. I have no doubt that they meant to murder, and of course plunder me, when they returned. If I had been one of their accomplices, as you say, I should have gone with them, and not have been left behind, locked up a prisoner.’

‘Your accomplices left you to keep watch, I suppose; and as to your being locked up, we have only your word for that.’

‘But I have no key upon me. You will find none in the tower either, for I searched it thoroughly;—unless indeed the men have returned and thrown it in there, that it may not be found upon them, should they be taken.’

‘Aye, aye, you’ll be sure to find some come off. But may-be you threw the key into the lake through the loop hole on the other side of the tower, when we were breaking in. You’re up to that.’

‘I did not know the lake was below the other side of the tower.’

‘And yet you should know something about the country by this time, one would think. You’ve examined it well.’

‘But how could I have been the murderer, when you heard fire-arms;—and you know,’ turning to his host, ‘that I had none with me. You saw me go out without any.’

‘I know nothing about it,’ said the man. ‘You might have pistols in your pocket easy enough.’

‘You will find mine in my room—unloaded.’

‘Like enough,’ replied the man with a sneer. ‘I dare say you’ve plenty belonging to you, besides what you had out with you.’

‘But what has become of them?—Where are they?’

‘May be they’re in the tower; or perhaps you threw them into the lake through the tower loophole too, along with the key. You’re cunning enough.’

‘If I had been so very cunning, I think it would have been more cunning still to have thrown the dead body into the lake too, instead of bringing it into the tower,—if I had been the murderer.’

‘No!—you knew better than that,’ they replied. ‘You knew the bushes would have caught it. You carried it to the tower because you know it’s haunted, and belongs to the devil, and that nobody dares to go near it,—except to deliver some innocent person out of it. And we ventured for you, thinking you were murdered.’

‘You were very good—but you seem inclined to murder me now, yourselves ; which you certainly will do, if you condemn me.’

‘You deserve it, for you murdered *him*’—pointing with horror to the corpse.

‘But you must see that I could not have dragged the dead body myself all the way from the mountain to the tower ; and even if I had, my clothes would have been stained with blood.’

They said that the cloak which covered the corpse, and which no doubt he had worn when the murder was perpetrated, was stained with blood, and that they supposed the two men he talked about, who were clearly his accomplices, had helped him to carry the murdered body.

The magistrate now ordered that his person should be searched, which was done—and concealed in his bosom was found the bloody scarf !

A shout of horror and conviction now burst from the crowd.

‘I believe,’ thought Lindsay, ‘the devil himself is in league against me.’

They would not listen to his account of the chief having given him this scarf, which indeed he did not wonder at, for it seemed perfectly preposterous. And amidst groans and execrations,

the examination ended by his demanding—first, that strict and immediate search should be made for the two murderers and their confederates, if they had any:—second, the advantage of an interpreter:—thirdly, time and opportunity to send to Geneva for his passport, and for proofs that he was, what he represented himself—viz. Horace Lindsay, the only son of Lord Montfort, and travelling solely for pleasure. He further declared, that as a British subject he claimed the protection of the British Charge d’Affaires for Switzerland, then residing near Lausanne, to whom he was personally known; and he warned them that his legal murder would involve the canton in a quarrel with Great Britain, who espoused the rights of the meanest of her subjects as her own. Finally, he claimed a regular trial, and appealed from the judgment of their court to the *Landsgemeinde*, or *Bundestag*.

They stood aghast at his presumption even in naming these awful bodies; and the magistrate informed him ‘that the assembly of the *Landsgemeinde*, or *Conveniendum* of landholders, and still more, the august *Bundestag*, or representative meeting of the three leagues,—only deliberated and determined on legislative and political measures,

and never tried criminal or legal causes. He further observed, that his request for delay, for the purpose of proving who he was, could not be granted, and could avail him nothing if it were—for that neither subjects of Great Britain, nor any other state, nor Lords, nor yet Princes, could escape capital punishment in the Grisons, if convicted of murder; that his demand of an interpreter should be granted, and that the Baillie himself would sit upon him in the morning, when he would assuredly be hanged in due form.

With this consolatory prospect, he was sent to pass the night in prison.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE TRIAL.

The midnight clock has toll'd, and hark ! the bell
Of death beats slow ! Heard ye the note profound ?
It pauses now : and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

MASON.

MORNING came ;—the bell of the village of Sajlas tolled slowly and solemnly for the assembling of the Court, like the knell of death. The wonderful tidings had spread far and wide. Peasants from remote villages and hamlets were flocking up the narrow valleys, and over the mountains ;—not to witness the trial, but to see the murderer, and hear him doomed. When Lindsay was brought forth, a low stifled whisper of curiosity and horror was heard from the crowd. Men shrunk back from him, while they strained their eager eyes to see him ; the women

drew their garments closer round them as he approached—as if his very touch had been contamination ; and even the little children clung affrighted to their mothers' knees, trembling, but scarcely knowing what horrible thing they feared. The trial commenced. It was first reported that the men whom the prisoner had denounced had been searched for in vain—that on viewing by day light the spot where the murder was supposed to have been perpetrated, marks of feet deep stamped into the earth, as if in mortal struggle, were distinctly visible, and the ground was soaked in gore. Lindsay instantly demanded, with his natural acuteness, that those footmarks should be measured, and compared with his foot ; certain that they would not be found to correspond. But he was told, in return, that the ground was so wet with blood and with the sleet of the storm, that the traces were too indistinct to admit of being measured ; although they too plainly showed how dreadful had been the conflict.

The evidence of the preceding night was again gone through with greater minuteness, and it tended so positively to criminate the prisoner, that not a doubt remained in the mind of any one in court of his guilt.

Lindsay's able reply and vindication of himself were given with an energy and eloquence, and a proud confidence, which might have made a strong impression upon his hearers—if they could have understood it; but when *done* into *Ladin*, by the dull clown that acted as his interpreter, all its spirit and force, and even its sense evaporated.

Another paper was produced which had been found that morning, near the spot where the murder had been perpetrated, and where his handkerchief had been discovered; which he recognised to his infinite dismay, to be a fragment of a poem he had begun to compose. He attempted, however, to argue, that the very fact of his writing poetry, (and that it was original poetry was manifested by the erasures), was strong proof of his innocence,—since an assassin would never betake himself to such an employment. But the Baillie was of a different opinion, and maintained that the discovery of a paper confessedly in the prisoner's hand writing, so near the spot, was almost of itself a conclusive proof of his guilt.

‘Well,’ thought Lindsay, ‘after all, it is rather hard to be hanged merely for writing a few bad

verses. If all offenders were to be served so, what strings of poets would be hung up !

The Baillie, after a long harangue, very little to the purpose, ended by observing, that though there was every reason to believe that the prisoner had accomplices, that circumstance did not diminish his own guilt, which was proved beyond any possibility of doubt. He was accordingly declared ‘guilty of the murder,’ and the awful sentence of death was passed upon him.

What were his sensations at that moment cannot be described. The whole affair was so sudden, so unexpected, so wholly out of the ordinary course of events, that he could scarcely yet believe in its reality, and he felt as if under the influence of a horrible dream. Astonishment and indignation seemed to chain up the faculties of his soul, and benumbed his feelings.

A solemn silence had followed the proclamation of the awful sentence, which in that court had never been heard before. After a few minutes, a tide of dreadful recollection at once rushed over the stunned soul of Lindsay, and wildly and unconsciously he threw his bewildered gaze around him ; when, to his utter amazement, it rested on

the tall athletic form of the dark browed assassin, who with folded arms was standing alone,—his looks intently fixed upon him, as if he would have read into his very soul.

‘That is he!’ exclaimed Lindsay; ‘that is the murderer! seize him!’

But to his astonishment, all shrunk back from him with looks of fear and murmurs of avoidance; for he was one of those wild hunters whom they believed to be leagued with the powers of darkness, and indomitable by the force of man.

‘Seize him!’ repeated Lindsay, but no one offered to approach him.

‘This is most strange!’ exclaimed Lindsay. ‘I denounce him as the murderer, and you refuse to take him into custody? Will you let him loose to prey on society again? Will you let him, by his escape, add my murder to that of those whom he has already sent to a bloody grave?’

‘You say truly,’ said the man; ‘many have I sent to a bloody grave! Many have I murdered in the prime of youth and hope.’

The people shrunk from him with deeper horror, but none attempted to lay hold of him.

‘Then you confess yourself to be the murderer,’ exclaimed Lindsay.

‘*The* murderer!’ he repeated sarcastically. ‘I confess myself to be *a* murderer;—and so are you.’

‘I a murderer! Tis false!’

‘It is true. You are a murderer as much as myself.’

‘What! Do you seek to implicate me in your guilt? Why commit that fresh and wanton crime? What end can your perjury serve, since you acknowledge that you were the murderer?’

‘*The* murderer!—of what?’

‘Of that poor youth, over whose bloody corpse I saw you last night standing in the tower.’

‘Well!—what of that?’

‘You confess you were his murderer?’

‘I was not.’

‘Were you not present when he was murdered?’

‘I was!’

‘And is not that the same thing?’

‘Somewhat different.’

‘Yes,—the difference between a partner in a deed, and a sole agent. But at least do me the justice to bear witness that I was not present at the murder, and had no share in it?’

‘Young man, I will do you that justice you have not done me. You were ready enough to point me out as the murderer—though you knew nothing at all about it.’

‘ You do then testify that I am innocent of this murder ?’

‘ I do !’

‘ And you acknowledge that though not the actual perpetrator of the deed, you aided and abetted in it.’

‘ I did no such thing.’

‘ But you acknowledge, at least, being present when it was perpetrated.’

‘ I do.’

‘ And were you, then, a mere passive spectator ?’

‘ On the contrary I took a very active part in the combat.’

‘ And yet you say you were not instrumental in killing him.’

‘ No—I did not kill him ; I kill’d another.’

A stifled exclamation of horror burst from the crowd.

‘ Another—another murdered !—Barbarian !’

‘ Aye another—a bigger, and stronger, and bolder—and one that took a great deal more trouble in killing than that poor stripling. If you,’ he continued, looking round on the court and the people, ‘ had not all been fools together, you might easily have known that all that great pool of blood could never have come from that poor boy alone.’

He had not the tenth part as much blood in his whole body ; and if you had had the sense to have looked a little further into the thicket, you would have found the dead body that I killed myself.'

Amazement at the hardihood of the villain, seemed to freeze the blood of his auditors with horror. A dead silence reigned through the court. The Baillie's faculties seemed palsied, and he sat with his mouth half open, and his eyes starting from their sockets, gazing at the cool, stern assassin, without knowing in the least what to do or say ;—so that Lindsay had to suggest the necessity of sending out a party of men to bring in the murdered body he spoke of, and also of examining the man further.

A party were accordingly sent out for this purpose. Lindsay, however, observed a singular sardonic sort of smile on the countenance of the assassin, as he gave the men very minute directions where to find the dead body ; and he suggested to the Baillie, in an under tone, the propriety of sending out a stronger body, lest the gang of banditti should be lying in ambush at the spot.

'Right,' said the assassin, observing the augmentation of the men. 'You will need a strong party, if you succeed in bringing off that dead body.'

In fact, the air of proud defiance, and the contemptuous demeanour of the man, seemed to mark his consciousness of impunity, and of possessing the means of securing his escape. So that Lindsay was inclined to think his troop of banditti were at hand, and sufficiently strong to overpower all resistance. His anxiety therefore was great that every particular of the murder of which he had been accused, should be brought to light, while it was yet possible, and he urged the Baillie to examine him further respecting his avowed share in that mysterious transaction.

Thus urged on, the Baillie hum'd and ha'd—and at last, in a trembling voice, said—‘So then, you—you come to surrender yourself up to me.’

‘Surrender myself to you!’ repeated the man—eying the diminutive Baillie with a glance of the most unmeasured contempt—‘Surrender myself to you, indeed! No—that I will never do, friend!’

The Baillie shook. ‘But you—you—owned yourself to be a murderer!’

‘Well—what of that?’ he asked, with a look which made the Baillie start and wriggle in his seat.

‘Nothing,’ he said. ‘Nothing at all—only—only—you must be hanged.’

‘But I wont!’

‘But indeed—I can’t help it—I must sentence you to be hanged.’

‘That you may do as often as you like—but you can’t hang me.’

The whole assembly shuddered and shrunk with affright. Here was a plain defiance of them all—even of the Baillie himself. ‘He could not be hanged!’ ‘No no!’ they muttered. ‘Ropes won’t bind him, walls won’t hold him, fire won’t burn him, water won’t drown him! He’s the devil’s special commissioner! He knows that!’

None but Lindsay now had courage to speak to him at all, and on being questioned by him, he distinctly confirmed Lindsay’s own statement in every particular, and fully exculpated him: so that his innocence could not be doubted, if this man’s testimony might be believed,—but the incredulous peasantry still remained unconvinced of it, and seemed to think all the worse of him from such a witness appearing in his favour.

To every other point, this mysterious being gave the same sort of strange, audacious, baffling answers, as he had done before.

Lindsay asked him ‘why, since he had acknowledged his innocence, he had called him a murderer?’

‘I believe we are both in that line,’ he said, very coolly. ‘I am a murderer by trade, a regular professed murderer! and so are you! You told me so yourself!’

‘What do you mean by such a strange assertion?’

‘I mean that both of us are licensed murderers, and that the more human beings we murder, the more we glory in it.’

‘Do you mean, that you are a soldier as well as myself?’

‘Yes—and is not a soldier a murderer? Is not his trade the trade of blood? Do all the banditti in Europe commit, in an age, one half of the murder, and bloodshed, and rapine, that is committed by us in one single campaign?’

Lindsay saw in this, that ingenious sophistry with which men seek to conceal from themselves the turpitude of their own crimes, by confounding them with what is honourable and noble. But he had no inclination to contest the matter with such a man; and, waiving the subject, he urged him to give such information respecting the actual murderer, as would lead to his discovery.

‘O! he’ll be discovered, never fear! He’ll be brought into court, and then he’ll give you indisputable testimony about the murder.’

‘And you had no share in it?’

‘I have told you not,’ he replied.

‘Your denial will avail you nothing,’ said the Baillie, who began to pluck up a little courage, ‘unless you have some witnesses to prove what you say.’

‘I have one,’ he replied.

‘Who is he?’ eagerly asked the Baillie.

‘The dead man!’ he replied, gravely.

A sort of shriek of terror now burst from the pale and trembling people, as they instinctively shrunk together—and even the Baillie looked as cadaverous as if he, not the prisoner, was about to be hanged.

‘I cite the dead man as my witness,’ said the Unknown. ‘Bring him into court! He’ll prove that I had no share in his murder!’

‘Wh—wh—wh—what;—will you—make him speak?’ asked the gasping Baillie.

‘You’ll see. Bring him into court, I say!’ he exclaimed, imperiously.

The corpse, which for the form sake of proving the murder against Lindsay, had been laid in an adjoining building, just as it was found, was now brought in by the trembling officers of justice, at his reiterated command, and laid upon a raised platform, in view of the whole court. An awful

silence reigned. Every eye in that vast assembly was gazing on it, as if expecting every minute that it would rise and arraign its murderer.

The Unknown was the first to speak.

‘Now,’ he exclaimed—‘why dont you examine him? He’ll bear incontrovertible witness that I am guiltless of his murder! And what’s more, he’ll prove to your satisfaction who was his murderer! Come! examine him! Why what sort of a judge are you, that can’t examine a witness when brought before you?’

‘Wh—what?—How?—Examine him? Wh—why—he can’t speak!’ stammered the Baillie, in a tone of fearful inquiry, rather than assertion.

‘Speak, no!’—said the man with a laugh; but he will prove a much more able witness than you a judge, if you will only examine him as you ought!’

‘You mock the forbearance of the court, sir,’ said the Baillie;—who seemed to recover himself a little on the assurance the dead man would not talk.

‘I crave your pardon, good Mr. Baillie. If you, in your wisdom, cannot learn to examine the witnesses brought before you to any purpose, and innocent lives are to be the forfeit of your incapacity and negligence, it is high time you were taught the duties of your office. This dead

man is a competent witness—both of my innocence, and of the innocence of that young man; and yet you would have hanged us both, without even examining him! If you had examined him, his testimony would have acquitted the prisoner, and I need not have taken the trouble to have come, to save *you* from committing the crime of murder, by hanging innocent men. I have no other witness, but he is sufficient. Therefore I charge you examine the dead man, and you will be satisfied.’

‘I—I—don’t well know how!’ stammered the Baillie.

‘Examine him, Sir, I say.’

The Baillie started on his seat with affright at the look and tone with which this was uttered, and addressing the corpse with true magisterial gravity, said, ‘Murdered man!—who murdered you?’

A laugh—which Lindsay, notwithstanding his situation, could not restrain, at this ludicrous scene, and at the visage of the Baillie, drew forth a sardonic smile from the stranger, but every other face wore an expression of the most profound gravity and awe. Thus, the only persons who shewed any signs of mirth, were the two who were in the apparent predicament of being hanged forthwith.

‘You won’t examine him!’ said the Unknown; ‘Then I’ll make him give his testimony.’ And

taking off the large cloak in which the body was enveloped, the same in which it had been brought from the tower, and then the cloak of the deceased, he displayed his garments, which were torn to pieces. Pulling their rents aside, he shewed the body dreadfully mangled ; evidently with the fangs and tusks of a wild beast. A burst of conviction was heard from the crowd.

‘ You see now ! ’ said the stranger. ‘ Strip the body.’

When divested of its tattered garments, the corpse appeared horribly disfigured with the frightful gashes made by the wild beast. A ghastly wound near the groin, seemed to be that which had proved fatal.

‘ They are innocent ! They are innocent ! ’ resounded through the court.

After some degree of calmness had been restored, the Baillie, with some trepidation, inquired—‘ But did you really murder another yourself, then as you said ? ’

‘ I did—worthy friend ! ’ replied the Unknown ; ‘ and here comes, if I mistake not, his dead body.’

The peasants, as he was speaking, brought in a huge dead black bear.

‘ I take the liberty to present to your worship, this defunct, of which I was the murderer, and

whose body myself and my man Frantz did barbarously mangle and mutilate in the way you see.'

'But unhappily not in time to save this poor victim !' said Lindsay.

'No—poor boy !' exclaimed the Unknown; while Lindsay thought a shade of deep feeling passed over his face, and betrayed itself in his tone. 'Before, alarmed by his screams, we could reach the spot, rescue was too late. He was in the fangs of the bear.'

'What made you carry the body to the tower ?' asked Lindsay.

'To save it from being devoured by the wild beasts,' said the Unknown. 'Had it remained, it would have been torn limb from limb before morning.'

The bear, after being mortally wounded, had contrived to drag himself to a considerable distance; both to avoid his assailants, and in obedience to an instinct wild animals possess, to lay themselves in the most remote and concealed spot they can find to die in.

'Were there any papers about the poor youth's body, to shew who he was, and where he came from ?' asked the old village magistrate. 'He seems, from his appearance, to have been a poor wandering Italian.'

The Unknown said, he had not examined his person.

Upon searching him, his pockets were found to contain a very small sum of money, a lock of hair carefully tied up, with a bit of riband, and inclosed in a small box, a rosary, an image of the virgin, and a worn piece of paper, apparently a passport, nearly reduced to shreds by frequent examination, and by the claws of the bear, which had perforated it;—so that little more of it was now legible than the name of ‘Antonio Chiaveri Milanese. Dieci otto anni.’

The remains of poor Antonio Chiaveri were ordered to be decently interred at Sajlas, according to the rites of the Catholic Church.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DISAPPEARANCE.

Ma tu per balze e ruinosi sassi
Cerchi entrare in pregione ; e così sia.
Non hai di che dolerti di me poi
Ch'io tel predico, e tu pur gir vi vuoi.

Orlando Furioso, Canto II.—61.

Fate sits on these dark battlements, and frowns ;
And as the portals open to receive me,
Her voice in sullen echoes through the courts,
Tells of a nameless deed.

Night thickens—

And the crow makes wing to the rooky wood ;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse !

SHAKSPEARE.

SOME form, considerable delay, and much tedious apology, accompanied Lindsay's liberation from the durance of the law. The civil authorities bowed and speechified, as civil authorities generally do, when they find they have got beyond their depth, like Justice Shallow ;—the very

turnkeys felt themselves obliged to express their sorrow—in their longest phrases and faces—for having presumed to lock up ‘so noble a gentleman.’ The honest peasants, crowding round with countenances of mingled joy and shame, and expressions of hearty satisfaction, interspersed with sore self-upbraidings—‘hoped and feared, and were sorry and glad’—in a breath. Before Lindsay could escape from their well-meant, yet oppressive salutations, or extricate himself from the kindly greetings that encountered him wherever he turned, the mysterious stranger, whom he ardently wished to see and converse with, had vanished, no one knew whither. The words and the deeds of this extraordinary being were so utterly at variance,—the one giving an impression of the most savage ferocity, the other apparently guided by the most active humanity;—the unaccountable fact, that a man, whose habits and mysterious mode of life, seemed to be those of an outlaw and a robber, should yet have ventured his own life to rescue another from the fangs of a wild beast,—have refrained from plundering either his dead body, or Lindsay himself, when in his power;—and have actually appeared in a court of justice to save him from an ignominious death;—the strange questions he had

put to him when in the tower ;—the air of authority and command he possessed, and the astonishment and awe he produced on the minds of all who saw and heard him—so strongly awakened Lindsay's curiosity, that he could not rest without attempting to meet him again. He accordingly prepared to set off to walk to the tower ; less for the ostensible purpose he assigned—that of curiosity to see it by daylight, than to take the chance of falling in with this mysterious being again ;—thus with strange apparent inconsistency, voluntarily seeking the very next day, the same spot, and the same situation, from which, the preceding night, he had made the most desperate efforts to escape.

Previously, however, he sent off an express to Geneva, to order his servants, who had been there ever since his departure from Chamouni, to bring his carriage and baggage to Milan, as fast as possible, as he himself intended to take the easy passage from Sajlas, by Casaccio to Chiavenna, a road which is perfectly practicable even for carriages.

In vain did the peasants shake their heads, and deprecate his resolution of visiting the tower—most seriously representing, ‘ that the said tower had been haunted by evil spirits from time immemorial, and was the acknowledged and established

property of the devil ;—that therefore for him to go to it, was putting himself into the very jaws of Satan, and a sinful tempting of providence, which had once delivered him in a miraculous manner from the consequences of his ignorantly venturing there :—but if knowingly he did it, it would be accounted a delivering of himself into the hand of the arch-fiend, who, though he often worked by human agents, such as robbers, and wild hunters, and nightly wanderers, and even the prowling beasts of prey, that infest the wilderness—was not less the *primum mobile* of all the foul deeds committed within the precincts of this—his peculiar castle and residence :—where demons, and spectres, and imps of darkness, were known to hold their infernal court, and celebrate, by the waning moon, their horrid orgies. They related the most horrible stories of those who had ventured there, disappearing, and never being heard of more ; and earnestly assured him, that nobody ever entered that accursed tower, unless for the purpose of delivering some innocent living creature (in which case the powers of darkness were disarmed)—without some dreadful evil afterwards befalling them.

Lindsay, while he smiled at their credulity and superstition, firmly believed that the evil spirits

that infested this tower, were of a very dangerous and mischievous sort, and required to be carefully guarded against. But as this mysterious being seemed at present its chief occupant, and appeared to mean him, at least, no harm ; he could not resist the ardent desire he felt to meet with him once more, and accordingly he set off upon his excursion to the haunted tower, taking with him his loaded pistols, and followed by the anxious wishes of the inhabitants of the village.

When he reached the spot which commands the first view of the tower, he stopped to contemplate it. It had evidently formed part of a building of great strength and magnitude, of an oblong quadrangular form, with a tower at each of the four corners, only one of which was now entire. Ruined walls and broken battlements, scattered over a considerable space, were the sole vestiges remaining of the rest of this once proud castle. This remaining tower stood upon the summit of a steep woody hill, which rose from the midst of a deep basin formed by much higher mountains, and on the utmost verge of the cliff, overhanging the lake. The broken perpendicular sides of the deep precipice beneath it, although covered with brush wood, and with wild trees shooting out horizontally from

the clefts of the rock, rendered the fortress inaccessible from the lake ;—and the other sides of the hill being encircled by a brawling torrent, which emptied itself into the lake, were protected as if by a natural moat.

The deep solitude of the spot, buried amidst trackless mountains, and sunk in the darkness of the wild woods and ravines which surrounded it ; the ceaseless roar of the swollen torrent which foamed around its base, and the sullen murmur of the lake, breaking in waves against the rocks beneath it,—together with the thoughts of the wild beasts of prey that prowled near it, and the ruthless assassins who sought shelter within it—impressed Lindsay, as he surveyed it, with those feelings of melancholy, which the scene, heightened by the lowering darkness of the stormy evening sky, was calculated to inspire.

But rousing himself from those feelings, he hastily descended into the deep ravine, crossed the water by rude stepping stones, climbed the opposite hill, and entered the tower. All was still and silent ; but he noticed that the open door had already been strongly repaired, and that the pile of fire-wood which he had raised, was entirely removed from it. He lingered at the threshold a little time,

then walked round the interior of the building, and examined it attentively in every part. All was still and silent. He raised himself by a crevice in the wall, to look through the loop-hole down upon the lake, when suddenly he heard the door of the tower bang to with a tremendous clap. He sprang down and flew to it, but it was locked, and his efforts to force it open were vain. He felt that he was too surely entrapped. He turned round—and before him stood the giant figure of the Unknown, and his silent attendant. They instantly seized and disarmed him. Resistance was in vain ;—escape impossible. He was betrayed into the power of this mysterious being, who seemed to be the fated arbiter of his destiny, and his life once more was at his mercy.

Night advanced ; hour after hour passed away, and still Lindsay returned not to the village. The terrified peasants at length summoned up courage to venture to the ruin in a body ; but the door was idly flapping in the howling blast ; the tower was cold and silent, and untenanted. No one answered to their call ; no trace of Lindsay, alive or dead, could be discovered after the most diligent search ; and the horror-struck people of Sajlas and the neighbouring vallies, devoutly

believed, either that 'the wild hunter,' by command of the devil, had made away with him, or that the devil himself, in *propria persona*, had carried him off bodily—an opinion more generally entertained;—but that Satan had got him into his clutches was a fact not to be disputed. Neither was it doubted that his Black Majesty was celebrating this notable exploit in the tempest he raised that night among the Engadine mountains;—at every rising blast of which, the pale peasants trembled as they drew closer together round their cottage fire, and heaped fresh wood upon the blazing hearth.

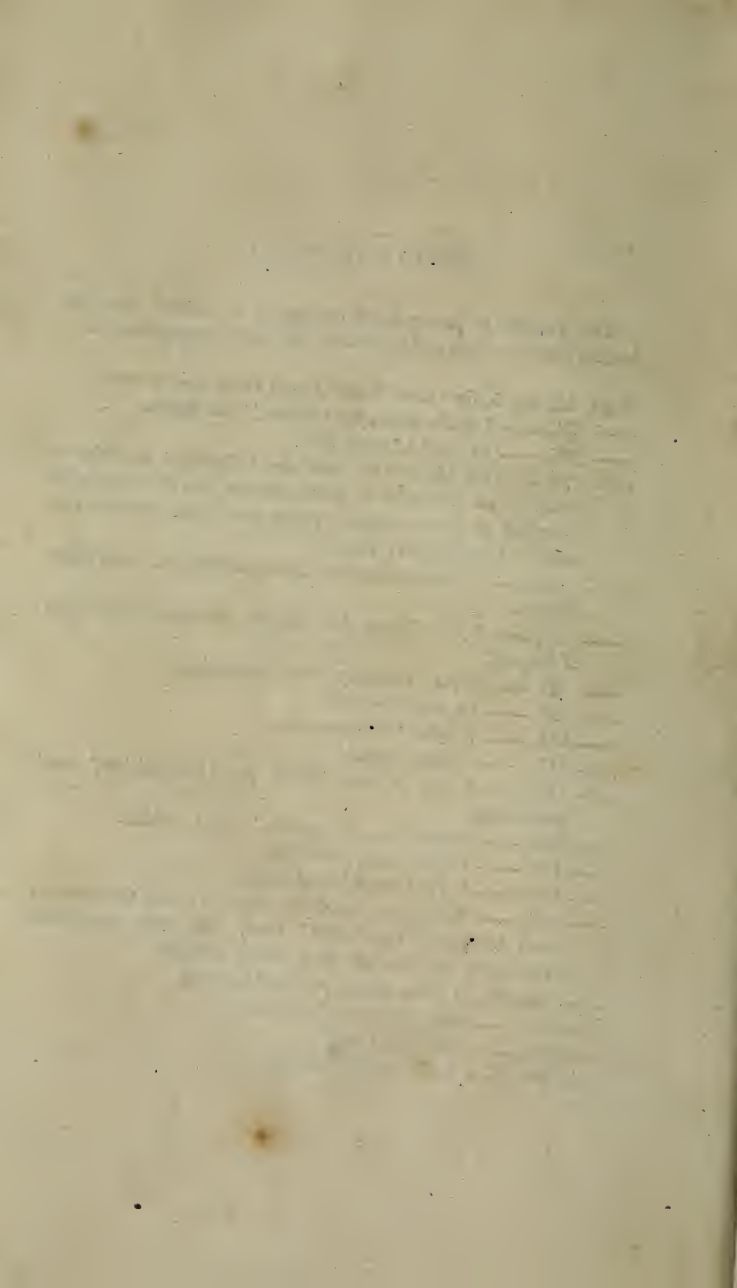
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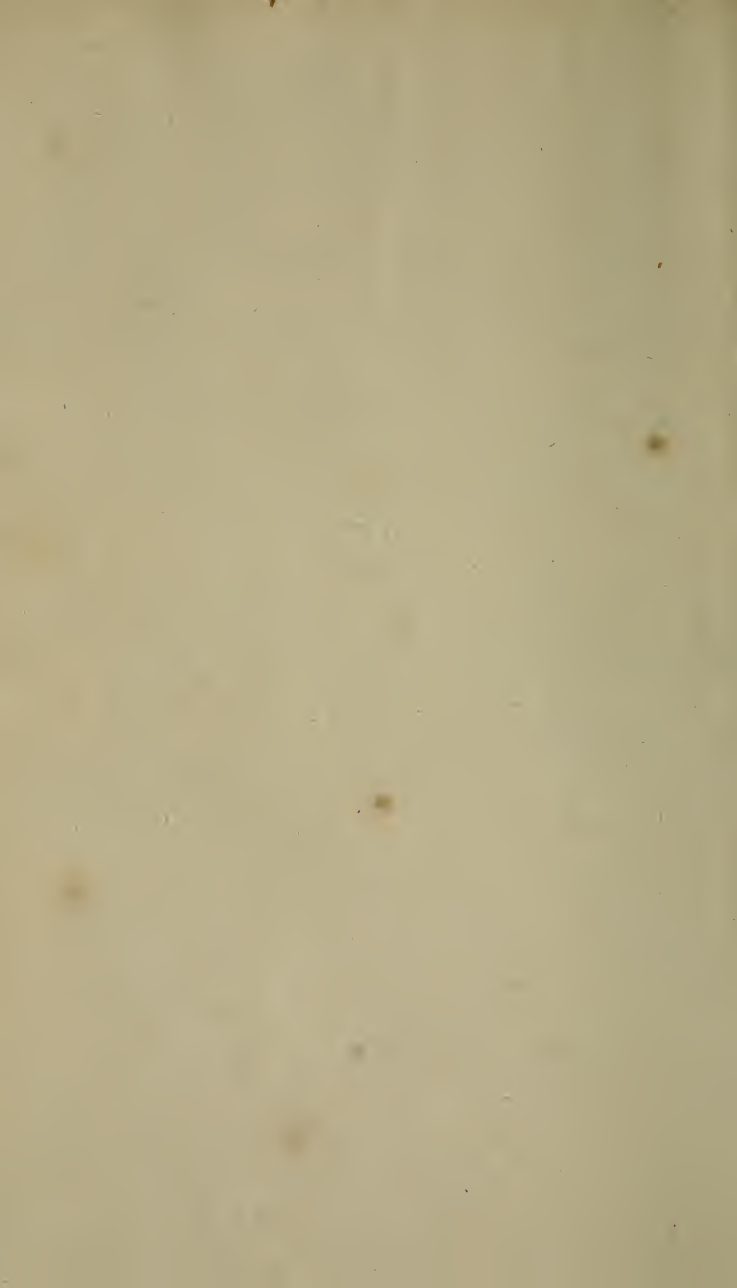
ERRATA TO VOL. II.

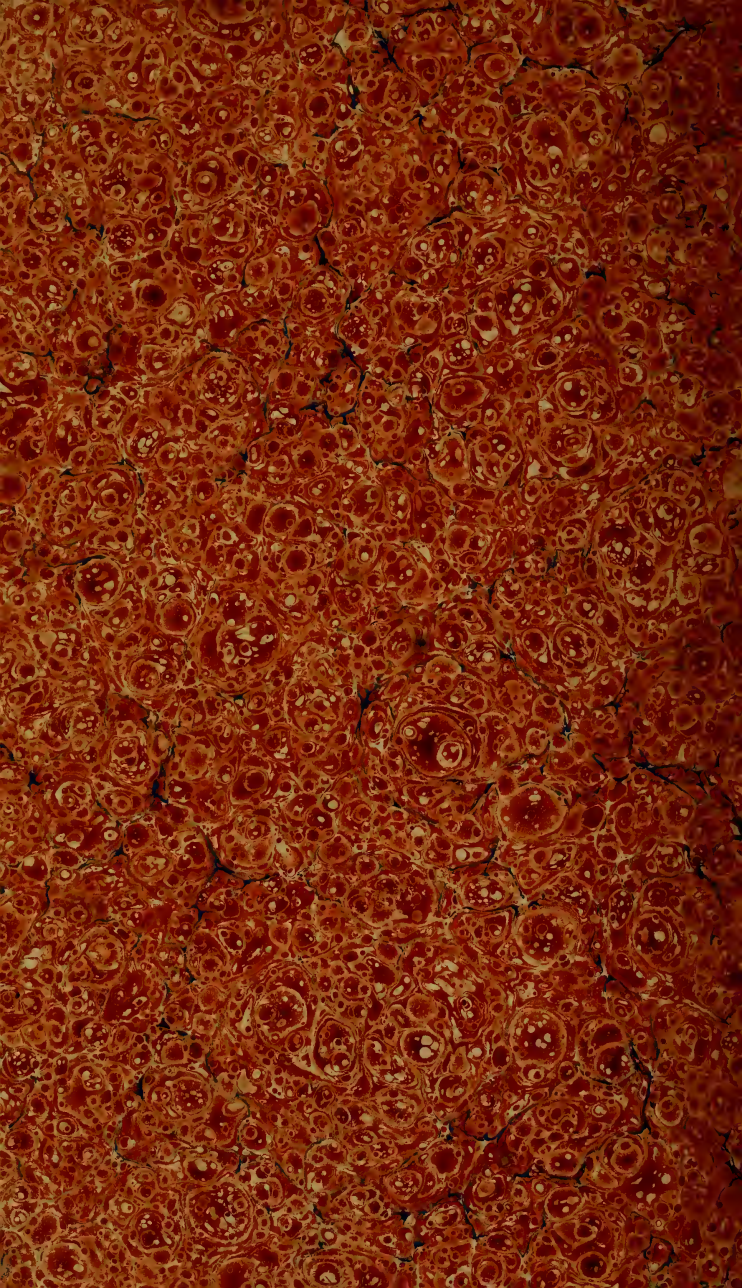
The Reader is particularly requested to correct the following errors, which corrupt either the sense or grammar :—

- Page 19, line 5, for 'Lord Roslin,' read Lord Rosemount.*
 — 34, — 1 *of the motto, for 'dehire,' read dehinc.*
 — 60, — 14, *for 'I,' read We.*
 — 72, — 13, 14, *and 15, read else I shall not be able to go at all. A char ride of three leagues the first day will bring me to Lauterbrunn ; about the same distance the next, to Interlachen ; then*
 — 78, — 7 *from bottom, for 'Baron of Setoun,' read Lord Setoun.*
 — 79, — 8 *from bottom, for 'Barons of Setoun,' read Earls of Setoun.*
 — 83, — 9, *for 'shadowy,' read shadowing.*
 — 96, — 14, *omit 'side of.'*
 — 101, — 7, *after 'at' insert the.*
 — 111, — 2, *omit 'other.'*
 — 122, — 6 *and 5 from bottom, for 'humanition,' read humanities.*
 — 126, — *last but one, for 'which,' read to which.*
 — 130, — 11, *for 'lay,' read lie.*
 — 136, — 7, *for 'burst,' read bursts.*
 — 164, — 4, 5, 6, *for 'and the air of a softer climate and more luxuriant vegetation,' read, the more luxuriant vegetation and the air of a softer climate.*
 — 169, — 3 *from bottom, for 'in,' read on.*
 — 224, — *last, for 'This,' read His.*
 — 261, — *last, omit 'and.'*
 — 290, — 1, *for 'was,' read were.*











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